



## RUMANIANS VICTORIOUS ON THE LEFT FLANK.

**Haig Delivers Two Sharp Attacks.  
Hard Fighting East and West.**

BY ARTHUR S. DRAPER.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.) CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—Heavy fighting has again broken out north of the Ancre, the scene of the last great British offensive. Haig's troops delivered two strong attacks on the German lines this morning. One, near Serre, on the northwestern tip of this front, broke down completely before the German fire, according to Berlin. The second, staged north of Beauvois, penetrated the enemy's defenses temporarily, but a counter assault Ruprecht's troops succeeded in driving the British. Engagements are still in progress along this front. Berlin says tonight, "The Germans claim the capture of fifty prisoners in these operations, while the British have lost ten thousand men for the last two days up to 204."

British patrols entered enemy trenches last night at two points north of Arras, and brought back prisoners. French patrols, also in the Vesoul and a German raid on Combressy Height, on the Somme terminated successfully. The British system of trench raiding, perfected in attacking positions, is unquestionably harrowing the enemy and giving results only a little short of those obtained by powerful mass attacks, and at infinitely smaller cost.

A typical British attack upon a portion of the line occurred after six days of the heaviest artillery preparations. The pounding of the guns grew more intense as the hour of the advance approached. Shortly before daybreak the order to leave the trenches and begin the dash up the German lines was given. The Russian official statement describes the attack thus:

"The German attack south of Ruprecht, between Vladimir-Volynsk and Lutsk in Volynia, brought to light a new invention. The Russians had been able to bring up a battery of fire from the artillery shelter in the rear, moved out of the shelter of its earthworks."

Following close to the edge of the earthworks, of which we directed steadily toward the German lines, the attackers moved forward. Suddenly the British barrage mingled with the counter barrage of the Germans, and the moment the attackers were under fire and they surrendered and fled as soon as the first handful of British had entered their crumbling defenses.

French patrols were immediately ordered to repair the damage and incorporate the trenches with the British line. This so-called minor operation was carried out with slight loss. The British were as successful as far as more extensive and bloody attack would have been. It was only one of many which have been made of late.

**RUMANIA.**

The extreme right flank of Mackensen's army, which was the scene of a Tauric offensive preceding the left flank the scene of Rumanian victory. In the center, near Focșani, both forces were comparatively inactive during the day.

The position in the swamp lowlands of the Danube between Braila and Galatz, were thrown back toward the Sereth and driven from the river banks. The movement greatest impressively the threat to Galatz, the last Danube port in the hands of the Russians. The fall of this position means the collapse of the whole southern Sereth line of defense.

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Elsewhere the attempts of both sides to advance were beaten off.

Everybody seems to bring all to Galatz. The Rumanian vessels attempted on Wednesday night to make their way up the Danube from the Black Sea. Passing Iaçca, some twenty-five miles east of Galați, they struck a mine and sank. Another forced to run aground on the northern bank. Whether any of the ships that succeeded in running the gauntlet successfully is not stated.

There has been a renewal of fighting on the Tauric front, but so far it has been restricted to minor operations. South of Lake Urmia a surplus of \$1,500,000.

## THE SUPREMACY OF "THE TIMES"

*It's Lead as an Advertising Medium in the Year 1916*

Concurrent with other important events in Southern California, the closing of the old year marks a big lead in the volume of paid advertising printed in The Times over all its rivals.

Again, careful investors and buyers of newspaper publicity in this section of the country during the past year have demonstrated their faith in The Times by inserting more separate advertisements and more liberal space in its advertising columns than in those of any other newspaper.

The merchant who uses pages to exploit his goods and the individual who offers to sell, or wants to purchase anything, are agreed as to the certain results accruing from advertising in The Times. It is as indispensable to one as to the other, proving it to be the most efficient advertising medium in California.

The following tabulated statement indicates concisely the pre-eminence of The Times in Los Angeles:

### ADVERTISING IN LOS ANGELES NEWSPAPERS FOR 1916.

	LINES.
THE TIMES	15,166,574
Second morning newspaper	5,906,282
Third morning newspaper	1,000,000
First evening newspaper	6,958,288
Second evening newspaper	6,746,052
Third evening newspaper	3,023,494

Further evidence of The Times being the logical and economical medium in reaching the masses is the fact that it continues to print, more "iner" or "want" advertising than any other two newspapers on the Pacific Coast. An incomparable record, proving beyond all controversy its peerless supremacy in the advertising field.

### MOUNTED POLICE SENT TO WAR.

Canada's Famous Guardsmen will be Replaced with Chinese Men.

(DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Jan. 12.—The Northwest mounted police, Canada's famous guardians of law and order along the frontiers of civilization, are going to war. The organization, which was threatened with disruption through the loss of men who enlisted for overseas services, is to have its unity preserved, the government has decided, by being sent in a body to Europe. The day it became known that Chicago men with police experience will be in demand to form the provincial police which is to replace the old force. The whole, 1,100,000 square miles from Manitoba to the Klondike, which the patrol is in an uproar. Alberta farmers have made an organized protest against removal of the mounted police.

The Canadian patrols are making good progress through the four-mile wide forest west of the River Aa, where there has not been a major engagement in the fighting. At the present rate the patrols may reach the important railroad center and German base of Mita very quickly, being not more than 100 miles from the front at the present moment. Through Mita passes the railroad which serves the whole German front from the Dvina to the Baltic, and its capture would be a heavy blow to the Central Powers.

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MORNING.

Districts.

DEATH

SON, CHARGE,

prosecutor Accuses

in Open Court.

WIRE.]

reveal the importance of the letter. Berkman is in Berkman's office collecting funds for Meany's defense. Immediately after the legislation the District Attorney's office has been in touch with him. Berkman has repeatedly charged that the District Attorney's office has edited Berkman's letters given to the press to mislead the public concerning the minds of the principal prospective jurors. Flicker and Co. have as consistently charged that they were not trying to reach a "junk" in advance of the trial. The Flicker and Co. pamphlet, an attack upon the police and the District Attorney's office, several weeks ago, charged that they were enemies of the defense.

COURT WARNS.

Today Judge Griffin warned reporters that it was not necessary for the District Attorney to publicly charge the defense with trying to reach a "junk" in advance of the trial. The defense, he said, is generally accused of trying to reach a "junk" in advance of the trial.

"I will go to any lengths to those architcts out of the way, even if I have to leave the country personally," he said. During the discussions he charged that the defense were shutting off the door to the courtroom, afraid that the Democrats had been playing politics.

"I will be personally responsible to the court if criminal action is my result," he added.

Cunha said that "when the same name, Berkman, Miss Fitzgerald and others were charged with being implicated with murder" in connection with the preparedness parade had exploded, and as leaders in the staged conspiracy.

"PARSON OR BE KILLED."

Late yesterday Flicker and Co. wrote an article which was published in an Industrial Workers of the World publication in Chicago, and in which they charged that it was improper for the District Attorney to publicly charge the defense with trying to reach a "junk" in advance of the trial.

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JOHNSON COMMENTS.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 11.—For-elect Johnson was asked what he first heard of the news.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—President Wilson today recognized the bravery of two Barbuda citizens who braved a shark infested ocean to rescue two men condemned to death.

The men, Henry Harris and Frederick Jeffrey, took from the Fairfield Camp M. G. Dow and his crew of seven when the vessel went on a Canadian contingent, being investigated by local representatives of the Department of Justice.

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PHILIPS PROMOTED.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—William Phillips, of Michigan, third Assistant Secretary of State, was promoted to Ambassador to the West Indies, November 21, 1915. The two men swam to the wreck with a line after every boat on the island had given up the attempt to rescue the crew.

VON TARNOW PLEASED AT AMERICAN BILLET.

CRUDE-OIL RATE.

MAID FINDS BODY.

LONDON COMMENT ON GERMAN NOTE.

KNOWN AS VAN HILL.

GRIFFIN (W. Va.) Jan. 12.—Secretary Simon, who was born in West Virginia, but a noted writer, told the press yesterday that he did not know the man who wrote the note in which the girl was mentioned, but that he had told him that he was in possession of the "junk" in question.

PARIS COMMENT ON THE ALLIES' REPLY.

WAR TROUBLES TOLD BY KING OF NORWAY.

STANLEY DOLLAR STRIKES A BLOW.

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WATER BILL.

KING Haakon, in his speech from the throne at the opening of the Norwegian Parliament, referred to the constantly-increasing difficulties that neutrals are experiencing owing to the war.

The Stanley Dollar, which was floated before the war, was advanced to the government by Senator Mr. Hart, of Victoria, and left for Active Bank.

WIRE.]

DEAR! MAY JAIL LAWSON.

Universal Training Plan is Before the Committee.

Officers Look for Action at the Next Session.

Attitude of Administration not Clearly Defined.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Clothed in a suit, the House Rules committee will call Thomas W. Johnson, probably the most prominent member of the committee, to make money in official secrets.

Johnson, as it is generally known, the committee then met the other to the House and the Senate on contempt.

This is Wood.

Representative in Congress from Indiana, who is told he owes public apology to Secretary Lansing, Tammany, Barney Branch of South Carolina and Wall street and several other Democrats for surmising they might not refuse more than unanimous approval before adjourning.

The action of the House committee today, however, will not interfere with work on the Chamberlain bill. In addition, the committee has it perfect as soon as possible and made ready for consideration at the present session, most of them now are convinced that the proposed legislation will not be far beyond the time set by March 1. Senator Chamberlain, whose universal training bill is before a Senate subcommittee, sees little hope that it will receive more than unanimous approval before adjourning.

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PENSIONS PROPOSED FOR POOR OLD MEN.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Every American citizen over 65 who is incapable of manual labor and whose wife is dead or disabled, would get a pension of \$2 a week under a bill before the House Pension Committee today. Representative Sherwood of Ohio is author of the bill.

PRESIDENT PRESENTS TOKENS FOR BRAVERY.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—President Wilson today recognized the bravery of two Barbuda citizens who braved a shark infested ocean to rescue two men condemned to death.

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UNNEUTRAL ACT REPORTED IN EAST.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

ROTTERDAM, Jan. 12 (via London).—Count Tarnowski von Tarnow, the new Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the United States, before embarking on the steamer Noordam tonight for New York.

The Ambassador, who is tall and slender, does not look more than 40 years of age. He speaks English fluently and is an attaché in Washington. Since that time he has not been to the United States. "How are you?" said Count Tarnowski.

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AUSTRIAN VIEW OF ENTENTE REPLY.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

LONDON, Jan. 12.—Count Czernin von Chudenz, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, has addressed to the diplomatic representatives of the United States and other neutrals and of the Holy See a note defining the Austro-Hungarian government's views of the situation created by the Entente's reply to the peace proposal of the Central Powers, according to a dispatch transmitted under Thürler's date, transmitted by Reuter's Amsterdam correspondent.

The note is quoted as follows:

"Clearly," it says, "Germany would not be talking so much about peace if she did not want it rather badly. It is also clear she wants only peace, but a peace based on a modus vivendi, a modus vivendi which has been violated.

She can have peace at any moment by returning to her own country and can end the 'starvation campaign' by dropping the stones.

"Let us remind these imperial Uriah Heeps that the Germans reduced the population of Paris by 200,000,000, that we have been Bismarck treated the sufferings of the French women and babies as the subject for savage jest."

The Count Tarnowski in the note is affronted and as regards that reference to the Boer republic, points to the Seer, Boer, and German and in Southern Africa and German East Africa, adding:

"Thus it is that the British empire wins affection even from former enemies." But the note is not entirely satisfactory. The Greek government will be informed that, although its response is gratifying so far as it goes, a more definite statement is needed. For example, the immediate release of Venizelos prisoners was demanded. The Greek reply agreed to the Seer, but did not stipulate that he should take place.

"Before God and mankind we repudiate responsibility for the continuance of the war."

There is no question of a fifteen days' delay regarding the carrying out of demands, as has been reported. The four allied powers are until the demands are conceded in full, it is declared.

REPLY OF GREECE NOT SATISFACTORY.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

LONDON, Jan. 12.—The Daily Mail describes "Berlin's delirious document" as a mixture of whims and falsehoods.

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(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)

LONDON, Jan. 12.—The Daily Mail describes "Berlin's delirious document" as a mixture of whims and falsehoods.

"Clearly," it says, "Germany would not be talking so much about peace if she did not want it rather badly. It is also clear she wants only peace, but a peace based on a modus vivendi, a modus vivendi which has been violated.

She can have peace at any moment by returning to her own country and can end the 'starvation campaign' by dropping the stones.

"Let us remind these imperial Uriah Heeps that the Germans reduced the population of Paris by 200,000,000, that we have been Bismarck treated the sufferings of the French women and babies as the subject for savage jest."

The Count Tarnowski in the note is affronted and as regards that reference to the Boer republic, points to the Seer, Boer, and German and in Southern Africa and German East Africa, adding:

"Thus it is that the British empire wins affection even from former enemies." But the note is not entirely satisfactory. The Greek government will be informed that, although its response is gratifying so far as it goes, a more definite statement is needed. For example, the immediate release of Venizelos prisoners was demanded. The Greek reply agreed to the Seer, but did not stipulate that he should take place.

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619 South Spring Street

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HAVE THIS MAIL ADDRESSED TO THE BUREAU.

ARLINGTON HOTEL

SANTA BARBARA

An absolutely fireproof Hotel—All Outlets Rooms, affording plenty of light and air—Headquarters for tourists from all parts of the world. Private Laboratories in connection with all rooms. Ideal climate the year round. Automobile road is now perfect 3½ hours run Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. Unexcelled facilities for care of automobiles in hotel grounds.

E. P. DUNN, Lessee.

The Most Attractive and Sportiest Golf Links in California.



"The House of Hospitality"  
Famed for its general hospitality, this house lives up to its good name. Location, elegance and refinement have given this magnificent resort a world-famous reputation.

AMERICAN PLAN  
ASSOCIATED PLANTERS  
Counties Divisions—Plants of recreation for guests. Golf at the Virginia Country Club, maintaining the sportiest 18-hole course in the West. Tennis on the courts, swimming pool, golf, tennis, basketball, dancing, Sunday Tennis & Hike, etc. Hotel, 1000 feet elevation. Hotel cottages equipped with all modern conveniences. Plan to spend the week-end at the Virginia. Wm. F. Nestor, Mgr.

Lambert Treatment  
Leaf Lodge is devoted principally to the treatment of inebriates. The Lambert Treatment is the only specific recognized by the medical fraternity. Quiet, home-like place.

WEST HOLLYWOOD TEL HOLLY 1541

CAMP BALDY WINTER MOUNTAIN RESORT Located on a 1000 foot elevation. Hotel cottages equipped with all modern conveniences. Plan to appointment at Elsie R. D. Depp, San Antonio Hotel. CAMP BALDY COMPANY, CAMP BALDY, CAL.

MT. LOWE Cottages Spend a delightful week or week-end at YE ALPINE TERN and cottages. Low rates. Camp supplies at city prices. Lunch or dinner, \$6. Reservations P. M. Information Bureau. Five train daily from Santa and Main.

CATALINA

BANNING LINE Steamer "CABRILLO" (permit for 225 passengers) makes daily trips to San Pedro. Agents, 104 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles. Phone Home 18844; Sunset 21. Home 2111.

EL-JA ARMS THE PERFECT APARTMENT HOTEL  
Steak house, our parlor, tea room, etc. One of the finest appointed houses on the Pacific Coast. Rates \$1.00 per day up. Mrs. L. J. Baumback, Prop. Sunset 67. Home 3211.

RADIUM SULPHUR SPRINGS Drink and bathe in the most radio-active natural curative waters in the world. Keep you young. HOT BATH treatments for Rheumatism, Colds, Poor Circulation, Skin Diseases, etc. Female patients welcome. Doctor's advice free. West Sixth street car line. Phone 57124.

THE VENICE PLUNGE  
OPEN EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.  
HOT SALT BATHS PLUNGE TEMPERATURES 85 DEG.

Los Angeles Hotels and Apartments  
Million-Dollar Popular-Priced  
NEW ROSSLYN HOTEL  
MART BROS. \$1 PER DAY UP.  
\$200 ROOMS. 11-12-200 Rooms. 11-12-200 Rooms. 12-200 Rooms. 12-200 Rooms.

Steamships

\$16 SAN FRANCISCO and RETURN  
\$49 SEATTLE-TACOMA and RETURN  
BIRTH AND MEALS INCLUDED

SAIL EVERY DAY (EXCEPT)  
Harvard, Yale, Governor, President, Umatilla, Queen  
54 San Diego and Return

DAWNIGHT EXPRESSIONS  
SUNDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY

THROUGH TICKETS TO ALL POINTS IN U. S. CANADA, ALASKA  
MONTSUJI, JAPAN, CHINA, AUSTRALIA.

Pacific Steamship Co., 624 South Spring Street  
115 W. Ocean Ave., Long Beach

STEAMSHIP BEAVER Sails Wednesday, Jan. 17  
SAN FRANCISCO \$5.35 and \$8.35  
PORTLAND \$13.35 and \$23.50

WITHOUT CHANGE. ALL BARS INCLUDED. MEALS AND BERTH.

54 San Diego Street, C. G. KRUEGER, Dist. Pass. Agt. Home 12551. Main 1894.

American—Hawaiian  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY  
All sailings between U. S. Atlantic and U. S. Pacific  
Sailings from San Francisco January 12, 18, 24, February 1, 7, 13, 19, 25 and every  
Saturday thereafter for passenger service.

Union S. S. Co. of New Zealand  
54 California Street, San Francisco  
or local Steamship and Railroad Agents

AUSTRALIA  
NEW ZEALAND AND SOUTH SHIPS  
Via Tahiti and Revonape.Sailings from San Francisco January 12, 18, 24, February 1, 7, 13, 19, 25 and every  
Saturday thereafter for passenger service.

54 California Street, San Francisco

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PORTLAND (Or.) Jan. 13.—A verdict for \$21,500 against the U. S. Candler Company, insolvent, and his co-defendant was awarded by a jury in the State Circuit Court today, that unrepresented by counsel, that the patient will recover. Mr. Daly was represented by a lawyer.

ARNOLD DALY BETTER  
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)  
NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—Arnold Daly, actor, has so improved, his physician announced today, that he is now fit enough to return to the stage. His private surgeon, Dr. J. H. Advanced, Mr. Neal \$40,000 for stock to put on land he had previously acquired at a low figure.

"It is clear," asserts the newspaper, "that the American public could have made such a statement, but it has been proved that neither Count von Bernstorff nor any member of the German Embassy at Washington ever said any such thing."

He is leaving tomorrow for the East.

Happy.

ROAD TO SUCCESS.

Young Arizona Rancher Captures  
a Bride, Ranch and \$40,000 in  
Taxes' Work and Now

He is Enjoying a  
Honeymoon.

Forty thousand dollars, a ranch, and above all, a bride is what J. W. Neal captured in two years' time in his ranches in Arizona. He is now at the Rosslyn on his honeymoon, and laughs at the suggestion that the young man cannot get rich fast.

Having had much training as a cattlemen in his youth, he secured the confidence of a wealthy and influential Arizona woman, and out of his private fortune, he advanced, Mr. Neal \$40,000 for stock to put on land he had previously acquired at a low figure.

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CANADA BUYS STERLING.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

ST. JOHNS (N. B.) Jan. 12.—The purchase by the Canadian government of the International Railroad of New Brunswick, which extends from Quebec to St. John, the Maine end, was reported today. The price, it was stated, was between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000.

For a Weak Stomach.  
As a general rule all you need to do is to adopt a diet suited to your age and occupation and to keep your weight down. When you have eaten too much and when constipated, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets.—[Advertisement.]

Get in Ahead.

Telephone your Sunday ad. to The Times Friday or early Saturday.

The Victor Hugo  
RESTAURANT FRANCAIS—A LA CARTE  
Gentle French cooking—delightful entertainments—More than a restaurant—Metropolitan—Inspection.

623 South Hill Street

Angelus Grill  
Ladies Feel Perfectly  
At Home Here

The return of the famous Angelus French Rêve.

Capstone Orchestra During Dinner Hour

Origin.  
LAY EXPLOSION  
TO INCENDIARY.

Total Loss in New Jersey is  
Sixteen Millions.

Investigation to be Held to  
Fix the Blame.

Nobody Killed, According to  
Company Statement.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE)

NEW YORK, Jan. 12.—A state that the fire and explosions which wrecked the plant of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company at Kingsland, N. J., yesterday was "possibly, if not probably, of incendiary origin," was issued here today by the officials of the company. The total loss, it was stated, was \$16,000,000.

Until investigation is completed no further statement will be made as to what evidences of incendiary have been found, it was said by an officer of the company.

The statement follows:

In March, 1916, the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Ltd., of Montreal, entered into contracts with the Russian government to supply 5,000,000 rounds of three-inch ammunition, half short and half long.

The contracts were partly completed by March, 1916, and on March 2, 1916, they were assigned to a corporation agency of Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Ltd., which took over the two main Russian contracts and all subsidiary contracts and supplies undertaken to complete and deliver the full quantity of 5,000,000 rounds.

Agency of Canadian Car and Foundry Company, Ltd., had a large plant at Kingsland, N. J., for the purpose of assembling and preparing them shall be shipped. No shells were manufactured.

The plant was supplied from time to time at Kingsland from 3,000 to 4,000 men. Large quantities of shells have been shipped to Russia.

CONTRACTS COMPLETED.

The two contracts were practically completed and large quantity of shells had been delivered in storage at Kingsland to the representatives of the Russian government, and the balance of the shells were being shipped to the port of Vladivostok where a fire took place in one of the large buildings used for cleaning shells.

The buildings destroyed were valued at \$750,000. The value of the contents of the buildings destroyed amounted approximately to \$16,000,000, of which \$8,000,000 belonged to the United States.

The amount was protected to the amount of about \$2,000,000 in insurance on the buildings and contents.

So far as we have been able to ascertain, no one was killed or seriously injured.

An examination into the circumstances attending the origin of the fire in building No. 12, which was located in the northern part of the plant, indicated that it is possible, if not probable, that it was of incendiary origin.

The entire plant was most carefully protected, as far as possible, known to science had been installed and every possible provision made to safeguard the adjoining premises against injuries resulting from an explosion.

GERMANS DENY

(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.)

BERLIN, Jan. 12 (via Sayville).—The semi-official Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung published a statement to the effect that Count von Bernstorff had stated that Germany was anxious for peace at any price, while the British and French were anxious to continue the war.

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## THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

### EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

**Committee to Meet.**

A special meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Security League will be held this evening at the league's office, No. 227 Coulter Building.

**Cannadins to Meet.**

Officers for the new year will be elected by the Canadian Society of Southern California at a meeting Tuesday evening at the Gamut Clubhouse, No. 1944 South Hope street.

**Reports on Home.**

Mrs. John Cooke, superintendent of the Children's Home for Women, made a report on the year's activities at a meeting of the Central W.C.T.U. at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon at No. 391 North Broadway.

**European Situation.**

G. C. Holzel, a professor of History College, Spokane, will lecture in Pasadena Friday evening on the "European Situation," in the interest of the German Red Cross. Mr. Holzel recently returned from Germany.

**Catholic Benefit Play.**

"A Victim of Despotism," a play dealing with life in Turkey, will be given in St. Paul's Hall, 741 South Broadway, Los Angeles, this Tuesday at 8 o'clock for the benefit of the local Syrian Catholic Church. Tickets may be obtained at all the Catholic bookstores.

**Mission Players Here.**

Seventy members of the Mission Players Company are due in Los Angeles at 2:30 o'clock this morning over the Southern Pacific. The train they traveled on was expected to arrive about 8:30 last night from the West, owing to delays, was more than five hours late.

**Sill For Aloud.**

In answer to a question at yesterday's session of the Public Service Commission as to when the aqueduct power would be ready to take over the street lighting, Chief Electrical Engineer Hettengood replied: "We'll be able to take it over in five months, or possibly in three or four months."

**Sigma Chi Luncheon.**

Sigma Chi Fraternity will hold a luncheon at the Bristol Cafe at 12:30 p.m. today. Three weeks ago the fraternity revived its custom of meeting at luncheon once a week, and said gents were to be attended by a few of the old boys, and quite a few of the younger members. A special room has been set apart at the cafe.

**Antelope Valley Dinner.**

The Antelope Valley Chamber of Commerce will give an informal dinner at Christiania's, No. 745 South Broadway, Tuesday night, January 20, at 6:30 o'clock. Good speakers will recount the valley's progress of the past year and express its hopes for the future. Those interested are urged to attend. Admission is \$1 a plate.

**Poor Young Zions.**

The Young Zion Association will hold a meeting at the Musical Hall, No. 223 South Hill street, Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock. The principal speaker will be Frank Levy, a well-known business man of Los Angeles, and his subject will be "The Every Day Life of The American Jew." There will also be other speakers, and a variety of singing and dancing. Admission will be free. WH Honor "Bobby" Burns.

A concert and dance to celebrate the one hundred and fifty-eighth birthday anniversary of Robert Burns will be given at the Caliente Club, Birchwood Hall, January 28th, at 8 o'clock p.m. Those who will take part in the programme are Miss Beatrice Mandes, Mrs. H. Proctor Jones, Mrs. Bond, Pete Melchers, Margaret Tait, Helen Dearing, David A. Ogilvie and Howard Mattel.

**On Staff of "Crimson."**

At the annual midyear elections of the Harvard Daily Crimson at Cambridge, Mass., on January 11, William H. Allen of this city was elected to the editorial staff. He is a member of the class of 1912. The choice of the new editor was made after a long and careful examination, which had lasted since the beginning of the college year and based upon the work the candidates have done for the paper during that time.

**Newspaper Writer.**

The Public Service Commission yesterday engaged the services of Leslie A. Young, at \$90 a month, to measure daily the flow of water in the aqueduct system for six months. The job is declared to be no sinecure, as many hardships in snow and cold await the measurer, but the data to be thus gathered will be of great importance in connection with the power projects on the upper portion of the aqueduct.

**Newspaper Address.**

"A Fleet Street Romance" is the subject of an address to the students of the University of Southern California. The speaker will be Charles Lippman, recently night news editor for the London Daily Mail and will speak on the anomalies of the University Press Club, a group of undergraduates, who are interested in journalism. Mr. Lippman will speak on the London Daily Herald during his brief career, and will tell the story of that interesting newspaper experiment. His address will be given at 11:45 o'clock in the public without charge.

**Chancery Lecture.**

Charles Wakefield Cadman, noted composer, who is making Los Angeles his home, will explain his "Underwater Suite" in a public address to the University of Southern California, on the evening of Wednesday morning at 10:15 o'clock, at Cumming School of Expression, No. 199 South Vermont avenue. The address, which will be heard for the first time when it is played by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra next Friday and Saturday, Mr. Cadman is illustrated with a piano, on the piano, of the original Indian thematic material on which the "Thunderbird Suite" is based, is open to the public without charge.

**Students' Club.**

The Schoolmasters' Club, an organization of men connected with the public schools in Los Angeles, will celebrate "University of Southern California" day, toasting the City. Mr. Albert Shieh, superintendent of schools, will make an address on the work of the university, and Dr. R. D. Hunt, president of the University of Southern California will speak on "Relations between the University and the Community." Montville

Flowers, the author and lecturer, will give his lecture, "What is a Nation?" and the University Glee Club, directed by Prof. Horatio Coggswell, will sing. The schoolmasters will have as their guests a large number of the members of the faculty of the university.

**Wanted: Our Husband.**

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The Schoolmasters' Club, an organization of men connected with the public schools in Los Angeles, will celebrate "University of Southern California" day, toasting the City. Mr. Albert Shieh, superintendent of schools, will make an address on the work of the university, and Dr. R. D. Hunt, president of the University of Southern California will speak on "Relations between the University and the Community." Montville

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**Wanted: Our Husband.**

A special meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Security League will be held this evening at the league's office, No. 227 Coulter Building, at 8:30 o'clock to make arrangements for the annual meeting in Summer, Mont., from whence the Chicago police received a similar letter a few weeks ago.

**Building Credit Men's Dinner.**

The annual banquet of the Building Credit Men's Dinner will be held at the Sierra Madre Club at 6:30 p.m. tonight. The successful bidders for part contracts on the new structure soon to be erected in the downtown section, which will house the association, will be announced after the dinner.

**Reports on Home.**

Officers for the new year will be elected by the Canadian Society of Southern California at a meeting Tuesday evening at the Gamut Clubhouse, No. 1944 South Hope street.

**European Situation.**

G. C. Holzel, a professor of History College, Spokane, will lecture in Pasadena Friday evening on the "European Situation," in the interest of the German Red Cross. Mr. Holzel recently returned from Germany.

**Catholic Benefit Play.**

"A Victim of Despotism," a play dealing with life in Turkey, will be given in St. Paul's Hall, 741 South Broadway, next Tuesday night at 8:30 o'clock. Lee Chardine, vice-president of the Citizens' Club, and Samuels Bank, presides. Ned P. O'Brien, secretary of the Grocers' Association, will speak concerning "Merchants' Council." H. A. Pickert, president of the Retail Merchants' Council, also will speak. "Merchants' Council" and the Red Cross will be present.

**Mission Players Here.**

Seventy members of the Mission Players Company are due in Los Angeles at 2:30 o'clock this morning over the Southern Pacific. The train they traveled on was expected to arrive about 8:30 last night from the West, owing to delays, was more than five hours late.

**Sill For Aloud.**

In answer to a question at yesterday's session of the Public Service Commission as to when the aqueduct power would be ready to take over the street lighting, Chief Electrical Engineer Hettengood replied: "We'll be able to take it over in five months, or possibly in three or four months."

**Sigma Chi Luncheon.**

Sigma Chi Fraternity will hold a luncheon at the Bristol Cafe at 12:30 p.m. today. Three weeks ago the fraternity revived its custom of meeting at luncheon once a week, and said gents were to be attended by a few of the old boys, and quite a few of the younger members. A special room has been set apart at the cafe.

**Antelope Valley Dinner.**

The Antelope Valley Chamber of Commerce will give an informal dinner at Christiania's, No. 745 South Broadway, Tuesday night, January 20, at 6:30 o'clock. Good speakers will recount the valley's progress of the past year and express its hopes for the future. Those interested are urged to attend. Admission is \$1 a plate.

**Poor Young Zions.**

The Young Zion Association will hold a meeting at the Musical Hall, No. 223 South Hill street, Tuesday evening at 8:30 o'clock. The principal speaker will be Frank Levy, a well-known business man of Los Angeles, and his subject will be "The Every Day Life of The American Jew." There will also be other speakers, and a variety of singing and dancing. Admission will be free.

**WH Honor "Bobby" Burns.**

A concert and dance to celebrate the one hundred and fifty-eighth birthday anniversary of Robert Burns will be given at the Caliente Club, Birchwood Hall, January 28th, at 8 o'clock p.m. Those who will take part in the programme are Miss Beatrice Mandes, Mrs. H. Proctor Jones, Mrs. Bond, Pete Melchers, Margaret Tait, Helen Dearing, David A. Ogilvie and Howard Mattel.

**On Staff of "Crimson."**

At the annual midyear elections of the Harvard Daily Crimson at Cambridge, Mass., on January 11, William H. Allen of this city was elected to the editorial staff. He is a member of the class of 1912. The choice of the new editor was made after a long and careful examination, which had lasted since the beginning of the college year and based upon the work the candidates have done for the paper during that time.

**Newspaper Writer.**

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Advancing Southern Metropolis.

## Pictorial City Sheet (II.)

## The Times



FIFTH YEAR

A Riot at  
Point of Gun.In County Jail Start  
Can't Finish.Holds of the Howling  
With Revolver.Wade in and Heads  
in the Dungeon.BOMB WORKS  
A MIRACLE.Restores Speech to "Deaf  
Dumb" Allen and Determines  
Nationality.

A bomb—or rather a toy torpedo—in the hands of Immigration Inspector Miller worked a miracle yesterday. It restored speech to a "deaf-mute" and simultaneously determined his nationality—a problem which had stumped the inspectors for six hours.

Inspectors Miller and Brazeau picked up a suspected Chinese in the suburbs. He had a mustache and some of the characteristics of a Mexican, which a friend of his stoutly maintained him to be. The suspect pitifully indicated that he was deaf and dumb, when, in succession, Spanish, Chinese, Korean, Hindoo and East Indian interpreters were called to examine him.

Mr. Miller went out and bought a pocketful of toy torpedoes. The suspect was taken along the street toward the County Jail. On the pavement just behind him Mr. Miller hurled a torpedo. The Chinaman jumped six feet, six inches in the air.

"Gee, kai! Wassa mala?" he yelled.

command of the jailer is about the suspect that he knew him.

HE COMES ON.

The I.W.W. then bunched in a corner and told the Sheriff to come on. He did, and in a couple of minutes the bums were ready to quit.

After the guard walked peacefully to the jail door, the door was locked upon them they began stamping on the floor and creating more noise.

Again they were warned to be quiet, and when they refused the Sheriff had their shoes removed.

Now kick all you want to," the Sheriff said.

## MEMORIAL FOR PASTOR.

Services for Dr. Coyle will be held Tomorrow at Westlake Church.

Memorial services for the late Dr. Robert Francis Coyle will be held in the Westlake Presbyterian Church, where he had served as pastor for the last three years, at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

These services will be under the auspices of the Los Angeles Presbytery and the session of the church. Addresses will be made by Dr. Hugh K. Walker of Long Beach, Rev. J. A. Stevenson of Santa Ana, and Rev. E. S. Chapman of this city. Other ministers who will have a part in the services will be Rev. Herbert Booth Smith, Rev. H. Malcolm, Rev. W. D. Ladd and Rev. G. F. Fairbanks.

Appropriate music will be rendered by the Westlake Church choir.

There will be no morning or evening services in this church, except the Sabbath-school at the usual hour.

Dr. Coyle died suddenly at his country home, near Fullerton, Friday night, the 5th inst.

## B. Blackstone Co.

Children's Section—Third Floor  
Serge Coats \$2.50Developed in a splendid quality of serge for children  
6 to 12 years of age. With or without belts; navy and white.

Children's Hats Go

Former prices to \$1.75, Hats for 95¢  
Former prices to \$3.75, Hats for \$1.95  
Former prices to \$5.00, Hats for \$2.50New Gingham  
Dresses at 85¢

Splendid new dresses of striped gingham with belt, collar and cuffs of plain chambray. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Specially priced at 85¢.

Serge Sailor  
Dresses at \$8.50.

Splendid new dresses in sand color; made with deep plaited skirt and tape trimmings. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Price at \$8.50.

Saturday Special  
400 Heavy Bath Towels

\$2.50, by the dozen.

A value of especial note.

One Day \$2.50 Dozen

Linen Scarfs  
and Doilies

HALF PRICE

Cream linen scarfs with scalloped edges in colors—Tan linen scarfs and doilies with hemstitched edges. All sizes.

Third Floor.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1917.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION | By the Federal Census (1910) — 852,826  
By the City Directory (1910) — 852,826ELECTION DATE  
IS POSTPONED.To Vote on Charter Changes  
February Twenty-third.Power Matter may not Come  
up for Three Months.Council Tarily Calls Itself  
"Bunch of Boneheads."

"We have gone before the public  
as a bunch of boneheads," re-  
marked Councilman John Tompkins  
yesterday in committee of the whole  
when the Council found it necessary  
to change the date of the power  
charter amendment special election  
from February 2 to Friday, Febru-  
ary 23.

"Well, Friday, February 22, is bet-  
ter than a Friday the 13th," said  
Lyndon W. Williams when somebody  
suggested it might be "twenty-three  
for the bonds."

Arrangements were tentatively made with the county for it to post-  
pone its election of the two commissioners  
and the protection bonds until the same date, February 22, was de-  
cided on because the city must call  
an election no later than February  
22, 1918, to vote on the 21 per cent.  
liquor initiative ordinance.

Nobody appeared ill-pleased at a  
chance to delay the election, because it  
affords opportunity to attempt to  
overturn the amendment by opposition  
to the power proposal. It  
was openly advocated that the actual  
power-bond election be stayed off as long as possible, some urging  
it not earlier than the middle of  
April and one suggestion being that  
it go over till June or July.

The reason given out for deferring  
the election of the two commissioners  
was that Dr. John R. Hayes is anxious  
that the original amendment be  
changed. Special Counsel W. B.  
Matthews of the Board of Public  
Safety has recommended, said Dr.  
Hayes desired a change in the sub-  
division relating to contracts for the  
sale of surplus power by the city in  
order to provide that such contracts  
not interfere with the operation of  
the Council instead of by resolution.  
The effect of this is to make them  
subject to the referendum, of which  
he approves.

Some marks are seen. The boy's  
father, E. Oliveras, refused to attend  
the meeting, stating that he was afraid he would lose his tem-  
per if he did.

Prof. Thorneburg last night made  
the following statement:

"The Oliveras is a habitual  
truant and is becoming incorrigible. He  
promised me Christmas that he  
would attend school regularly, but  
in spite of this promise he left last  
Wednesday in spite of my refusal  
to grant him a vacation. I am  
opposed to corporal punishment  
except in extreme cases, where the  
discipline of the school is jeopardized,  
as in this particular case."

Oliveras was brought back to the  
school he dared me to touch him,  
saying that his parents were  
the only ones who had the right to  
punish him. When I told him that I  
had to punish the boy, he told me that  
the precaution of complying with the  
State law, which makes it mandatory  
that punishment must be administered  
that it be done by the teacher, and he  
care to reveal the names of these  
teachers at this time, as they were  
only called in for the purpose of  
complying with the law, and came  
on my instructions."

"I had a perfect right to go and  
get the boy, as I am a regularly  
appointed truant officer, that au-  
thorized me to do so, confirmed on  
me by the County Board of Education.  
I am ready to meet all criticism,  
as my action was justified on the  
ground of maintaining school  
discipline."

TOURS PARTIES DUE.

Two large Raymond Whitcomb  
tours parties are expected in Los  
Angeles during the next few days.  
The first is the party over the  
Southern Pacific and stops at Riverside  
Monday morning. After a short  
sojourn among the orange groves  
the tour then continues to San  
Francisco, where the party will be  
on the 15th.

The second tour is the party of  
the American Legion, which  
will start on the 15th.

Mrs. Haskell was well known in  
1889 and at the time of the mar-  
riage the couple were said to have  
been the most beautiful pair in  
the United States. Mrs. Haskell was  
long noted as a beauty. She sepa-  
rated from her husband twelve  
years ago.

Her daughters, with the exception of  
one in this city and one in Chicago, live in St. Paul. They are  
Henry E. von Wedelstaedt, station-  
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president of the American Station-  
ers Association.

Prof. Hobart M. Haskell, who has been decorated  
by several of the crowned  
houses of Europe for his unusual  
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Religious.

**OPEN A CHURCH FOR ARMENIANS***To be Known as Gethsemane Congregational.**Purchase the Edifice of the Former Salem Church.**General News of the Local Flocks and Shepherds.*

The Armenian Congregationalists of Los Angeles, who for the past seven years have been worshipping with the First Congregationalist Church, will open their own church edifice tomorrow at Twenty-eighth and Paloma streets. They have purchased the building formerly known as the Salem Congregational Church, having made a payment of \$3,000 on the purchase price, and assumed the balance. The new organization will be known as the German Congregational Church, and Rev. A. S. Yeretzian is the pastor.

There is now a membership of seventy, with a general attendance of about one hundred. The first service will be at 10:30. Tomorrow will be the Armenian Day. There will be a large assembly in the afternoon. Large assemblies have been gathering on Wednesday evening to hear Mr. Cornell's discussion of the subject of "Impressions."

**NEW PASTOR.**

UNIVERSITY CHRISTIAN.

Rev. Henry C. Kendrick of Ontario has accepted the pastorate of the University Christian Church, nucleus.

His first sermon under this pastorate will be given tomorrow morning when he will preach on the First Epistle of John.

The Rev. Charles E. Cornell, founder of the First Nazarene, Sixth and Wall streets. This is one of the ten-minute addresses at the people's forum at 7:30 o'clock. There will be special musical features for all services.

**FIRST NAZARENE.**

SERMON ON ST. JOHN.

"Loving and Hating a Brother" will be the subject of the sermon on the First Epistles of John.

The Rev. Arthur G. Stepper, of "Money and the Kingdom," U. M. Thomas, on "What Can Men Do?" E. Collom, on "The Outlook," and Lorin A. Handley, president of the Board of Public Works, will give a ten-minute address at the people's forum at 7:30 o'clock. There will be special musical features for all services.

**FOUNDERS' DAY.**

FIRST UNITED BRETHREN.

"Founders' day" will be observed in the First United Brethren Church, Second street and Figueroa, tomorrow morning. Dr. John A. Eby will preach on the origin and history of the United Brethren church, which first started as a reformed movement among the German and Scandinavian people in Pennsylvania in 1767. The movement was led by a great German Reformed teacher, Dr. Philip W. Otterbein.

The First Epistles of John will lead the people's meeting in the afternoon, and at night the pastor will preach an evangelistic message, "Sharing Today."

Large assemblies have been gathering on Wednesday evening to hear Mr. Cornell's discussion of the subject of "God's Love," the second of a series of sermons on John 3:16.

**CHRISTIAN HEALING.**

"HOW TO BE WELL."

Two features out of the usual

will mark the services tomorrow in the Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church, Prospect and Franklin avenues.

In the morning Rev. Clyde Shepard will speak on "Miracles of Healing" and in the evening Rev. J. Kaiser will preach in English "The Wedding at Canaan."

Installation of the elders for the new year will take place tomorrow morning in the Boyle Heights German Lutheran Church, East Second and Dakota streets. The sermon, in German, will be given by Rev. G. H. Smakula.

At the Trinity German Lutheran Church, West Eighteenth and Cherry streets, Rev. A. E. Michel will speak on "The Hidden Treasures of the Soul."

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At the East Side Emmanuel Lutheran Church, No. 144 North Griffith Avenue, Rev. M. H. Tietjen will speak on "The Parable of the Gaining Disciples" and in the evening he will speak in English on "The Consequences of Denying Christ."

Dr. James S. McDowell will speak in the Hobart-boulevard Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow morning on "The Bible in Public Life." In the evening Rev. L. Rogers will preach in the evening on "The Parable of the Tares."

The Eventual Triumph of God's Kingdom will be the theme of the sermon of Rev. James S. McDowell tomorrow morning in East Congregational Church, Daly street, near North Broadway. In the evening he will speak on "The Ministry of the Cross."

Dr. James S. McDowell will speak in the Hobart-boulevard Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow morning on "The Bible in Public Life." In the evening Rev. L. Rogers will preach in the evening on "The Parable of the Tares."

In the Highland Park Christian Church, Monte Vista avenue and Avenue 58, tomorrow morning Rev. Dan Trundle will preach on "The King and His Kingdom" and in the evening he will speak on "Full Concentration."

"A Great Question Answered" will be the subject of a discourse tomorrow evening by Levi D. Barr in the Woodland Methodist Episcopal Church.

The noon service in the church will talk about "The Children of Men."

Tomorrow morning Rev. Edward E. Bright will speak in Blanchard Hall on "My Creed." This address is given in response to many requests.

The services will be conducted at 11 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. at the church in the evening, except in the Fourth and Ninth churches, where evening services will be omitted, and Fifth church, where the services open at 7:45 o'clock.

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.**

SUBJECT FOR TOMORROW.

The subject for tomorrow in the Christian Science churches of this city will be "Sacrament." The services will be conducted at 11 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. at the church in the evening, except in the Fourth and Ninth churches, where evening services will be omitted, and Fifth church, where the services open at 7:45 o'clock.

At the evening service Dr. James A. French, minister of the First Baptist Church, president of the Church Federation, and a warm personal friend of Dr. Day, will speak briefly in the church to the departing minister.

Next Monday night the brotherhood of the church will hold a meeting at the home of Dr. Day, where he will speak his words of farewell to the men of the church. Dinner will be served at 6:30. Next Thursday evening the women of the church will have a reception for Mrs. Day and Miss Day, and Mme. Day in the church parlor, from 8 to 10:30 o'clock, to which the public is cordially invited.

**TO HUSBANDS.**

SPECIAL SERMON FOR 'EM.

A special sermon for husbands will be given tomorrow night in the Emmanuel Presbyterian Church, tenth and Figueroa, streets, by Rev. Herbert Booth Smith. The new vested man, chosen by the Orphan Club, selected by Prof. DuPuy, will give a fine musical programme. At the morning service will occur the quarterly communion, reception of members, and administration of the ordinance of baptism. A large class of new members will be welcomed into the fellowship of the church.

On Thursday evening the physical director of the association is also promoting a new class for its members, to be conducted by A. B. Carter of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance company, who will be present to sing moral hymns.

At the Y.M.C.A. clubhouses, on East Stephenson Avenue, Paul Fritch, a student at Occidental College, will speak. Wednesday night at 6:45 o'clock, a new series of Bible studies for young men resident there.

The After-Coffee Bible Class tomorrow-morning will follow the international Sunday-school lesson on "John the Baptist, and Jesus." R. L. Russell, banjoist, and Francis Simmer, violinist, will play.

Tomorrow night at the Armenian branch of the Y.M.C.A., a stereophonic and evangelistic service will be held for men, women and children, following Bible classes for boys and young men.

**DR. TORREY'S TOPICS.**

BIBLE INSTITUTE AUDITORIUM.

At the Church of the Open Door, 812 South Figueroa, Auditorium, Dr. R. A. Torrey will preach tomorrow morning on "Saving the Children." His topic in the evening will be "Heaven and Who are Going There." A fine male quartette will sing, in addition to the big chorus directed by Prof. J. B. Trowbridge, vice President of the First Universalist Church. From the same Bible Institute training school a great male chorus, which will prove a notable feature of the worship, is in process of formation. It is to be used in the opening of the free Friday-night classes, to which, as well as to all other services, the public is cordially invited.

**TRINITY AUDITORIUM.**

SPEAKER FROM TRENCHER.

The pathetic story of Belgium will be told tomorrow evening in Trinity Auditorium by Dr. Henr. Anet, in an address on "The War in Belgium." He comes fresh from the battlefield at Flanders and will speak under the auspices of the American Legion Committee, ap-

pointed by the Council of Federated Churches of Christ in America.

At the morning service, Dr. Charles C. Selecman will preach on "Our Countrymen." Dr. E. Collom, on "The Outlook," and Lorin A. Handley, president of the Board of Public Works, will give a ten-minute address at the people's forum at 7:30 o'clock. There will be special musical features for all services.

A special concert will be given at 2 o'clock under the auspices of the Schubert Club. The Philharmonic Orchestra of fifty pieces will play, and other artists to appear will include Mme. Constance Ballou, soprano; Gage Christopher, basso, and Willi Garraway, pianist.

The minister will speak in the evening on "Ways in Which We Can Give Encouragement."

**FOUNDERS' DAY.**

FIRST UNITED BRETHREN.

"Founders' day" will be observed in the First United Brethren Church, Second street and Figueroa, tomorrow morning. Dr. John A. Eby will preach on the origin and history of the United Brethren church, which first started as a reformed movement among the German and Scandinavian people in Pennsylvania in 1767. The movement was led by a great German Reformed teacher, Dr. Philip W. Otterbein.

The First Epistles of John will lead the people's meeting in the afternoon, and at night the pastor will preach an evangelistic message, "Sharing Today."

Large assemblies have been gathering on Wednesday evening to hear Prof. Cornell's discussion of the subject of "Impressions."

**GENERAL NEWS OF THE LOCAL FLOCKS AND SHEPHERDS.**

The Armenian Congregationalists of Los Angeles, who for the past seven years have been worshipping with the First Congregationalist Church, will open their own church edifice tomorrow at Twenty-eighth and Paloma streets. They have purchased the building formerly known as the Salem Congregational Church, having made a payment of \$3,000 on the purchase price, and assumed the balance. The new organization will be known as the German Congregational Church, and Rev. A. S. Yeretzian is the pastor.

There is now a membership of seventy, with a general attendance of about one hundred. The first service will be at 10:30. Tomorrow will be the Armenian Day. There will be a large assembly in the afternoon. Large assemblies have been gathering on Wednesday evening to hear Mr. Cornell's discussion of the subject of "Impressions."

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CARGO LIFTS;  
TRAFFIC BOOMS.Exceeds All Previous  
Business Marks.Two Weeks New Freight  
Untouched.and Who are Going There?  
QUARTETTE  
accompanist.  
— You Are Invited.GRAND AVE  
AT MILITARY

Church in America.

ELECMAN

Messages—and Delivers It.

at the Rich Man's Table.

Famous Belgian Preacher.

Front. REV. HENRY ANTE, LL.

the Soul of Belgium."

Dr. Kingsley at the Big Game.

2000 seats.

Municipal Concert

2000 seats under Henry

Christopher. Piano, Wm. G.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Corner Sixth and Hill Street

W. E. Price, Pastor.

Many Addressees Mrs. M. M. Price,

W. E. Price, University Church.

ODIST.—CHURCH

W. E. Price, Pastor.

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IAN.

CH. Rev. Russell F. Thorpe, Min.

F. THRAPP Will Speak.

ing Our Conversion

Encouragement."

etette and Chorus.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Rev. Vernon and Georgia Cope.

Today. "Provisions to the

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CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Rev. John Philip McNaughton.

BAPTISTES A PROGRAMME

Illustrated.

PAL.

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SERMONS BY THE RECTOR:

"Removing the Obstruction

"The Coming Golden Age"

"On University Day to Come

"The Rules of the Road

1917

for

45 p.m.—Organ Recital

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UMBRELLA

Cecil B. De Mille's

Cinema Masterpiece

Geraldine Farrar

IN

JOAN THE WOMAN

BY JEANIE MACPHERSON

Supported by an All-Star Cast

Including

TULLY MARSHALL

JAMES NEILL

CLIFFORD CLARKE

MARJORIE DAW

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A Symphony Orchestra of Sixty

PRICES: MATINEES, 25c-50c-75c-1.00, LOGES \$1.50

MATINEES, 25c-50c-75c

MANK THEATER—

Special Engagement

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

STARTING TOMORROW MATINEE

EVERYMAN

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Last Night, Prices \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c

SHOWS: 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30

Muguette Clark in "SNOW

WHITE"

BLANCHE SWEET in "THE

EVIL EYE"

The Best of Vaudeville

St. Sunday, Jan. 14th, 8:30 a.m.

"The Trail of the Lonesome Pill" and Latest

Success."

All Week.

Abbie Miller, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, 9:30

Practically Spiritual Living on Stage

Thursdays, 8:30 p.m., Pathé Semi-Weekly News View.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS

In a Drama

Title Like

Also "The Trail of the Lonesome Pill" and Latest

Episodes "Pearl of the Army."

The Dazzling and Noted Emotional Star

ALHAMBRA—

Miller's Hill St., Sat. 7th &amp; 8th on Hill St.

JUNE CAPRICE

In a brand new and charming story

"A MODERN CINDERELLA."

Prices: 5c-15c, 7:15c and \$1.50.

HILL FARNUM

In a supporting drama

Silence.

Prices: 25c-50c

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OPENING

12:30 P.M.

CONTINUOUS

11 P.M.

11 P

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**Tos Angeles Times**

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LOS ANGELES (Loc Ahng-hay-ah)

Entered at the Postoffice as mail matter of Class II.

TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.

(At Home.)—New York money movements indicated a further material strengthening of bank reserves augmented by a return flow of currency from interior reserve centers. Purchases by an international banking house of \$60,000,000 first-mortgage 5% bonds of the United States Rubber Company was held an augur of large domestic financing during the year. Investment bonds, including internationals, were steady to strong, but speculative issues were variably lower. Bright gains in the general Stock Exchange last, due to short-covering because of the tenor of the Allies' peace reply, were soon offset by the Wall-street professional trading element.

(Abroad.)—Incomplete returns from the fifth Austrian war loan show 4,412,500,000 crowns subscribed with approximately 200,000,000 already subscribed, but still outstanding. The loan is thus the largest yet raised in Austria. It is announced that the Prussian budget for 1917 to be presented to Parliament will provide for a considerable increase in receipts, says an Overseas News Agency statement.

**Buenos Noches!**  
Buffalo Bill has crossed the Great Divide. We'll all take the same lone trail one of these days and may we meet it with the same brave smile as did our old friend of the West! Adios, old Scout—see you soon!

**THE WORST OF IT.**  
The worst part about this civilization business is that when a man's nerves are worn to a frazzle from waiting on his car that is twenty minutes late he is compelled to lift his hat and smile at the homeliest woman he ever saw because she jests against him and steps on his toes as a result of the motorman starting the car before she is fairly well aboard.

**We'll Be Glad.**  
It is rumored that the old Burbank Theater is to take a flag at musical comedy. Los Angeles always did patronize anything that sounded like music and we are such a prosperous, happy bunch that we take to comedy like ducks to water; so a combination of music and comedy at one of the oldest theaters in the city will not be welcome.

**ONLY ONE SIDE.**  
At the Adamson law hearing Mr. Gompers protested bitterly against any measure to compel arbitration of disputes between employers and employees. Why should the government ever ask Mr. Gompers to arbitrate anything? Can't Uncle Sam see that there is always only one side to the labor question and that the Gompers side? What right has the government to interfere with the grafting Gompers? For shame, you Sensors!

**Egypt's Revenge.**  
As has often been said, the conqueror cannot force his ethics on the conquered, though the vanquished may spread his vices among the victors. For centuries Egypt has suffered the woes of a subjugated country, and the chief fruit of her bondage seems to have been a crop of vices. Cairo is the most corrupt city in the world. Though British suzerainty has done much to develop the natural resources of Egypt and to place its finances on a solid basis, it has neglected to clean up that worst plague spot on earth, the vice-sodden city of Cairo.

In consequence the fellahs have viciously revenged themselves on their white overlords. For since the war spread to Egypt, thousands of soldiers from Australia and New Zealand have been quartered there and many of them have succumbed to the seductive siren of Cairo. These have taken back with them to "white" Australia the worst contagious disease with which humanity is afflicted and it is spreading in all the large cities of the Antipodes.

Australia prides herself on having excluded the colored labor of the Orient—and has imported its worse colored diseases. So while rejecting what might be useful for its development, Australia has received instead what can only tend to its decay.

**Muzzling the Newspapers.**

A so-called "Corrupt Practices Bill" has been introduced into Congress to compel newspapers to accept all non-libelous political advertising at the established commercial rates.

The bill is unwise, unfair and will serve no worthy purpose. Newspapers have the right to accept or refuse advertising of any kind at whatever rates they see fit to establish; and the newspapers should rise up in unison and fight this bill so severely that politicians will not again have the heart to bring another like it into Congress.

A newspaper not only has the right but is expected as a duty to refuse objectionable commercial advertising; yet the "Corrupt Practices Bill" if enacted, would leave the newspaper helpless against objectionable political advertising. And, moreover, this bill would require that newspapers extend to politicians for temporary business the same rates that are given to commercial houses whose patronage is permanent year after year.

Further, the measure provides that no publication shall publish gratuitously any political matter during a campaign except that written by its own employees, unless the matter is signed by the real name of the author. This is a form of censorship absolutely repugnant to the American spirit.

**BARGAINING FOR PEACE.**  
A skillful horse-buyer always pretends to be indifferent. He doesn't like the color of the horse. The fact is, he doesn't care much about horses, anyhow.

The answer of the Entente Allies is to be read in some such terms. The rejection of Germany's offer of peace is not altogether sincere. No nearer to sincerity, in truth, was Germany's original message of peace. It is the prospective buyer putting on his hat and pretending to leave the store. Germany's opening message was intended chiefly for home consumption—for the German public and the German newspapers. The answer of the Allies is intended for each other—for the family circle.

Peace having been suggested, England, with ostentatious piety, exclaims: "Peace! Not until you have given my sister, La Belle France, what she wants!" And France exclaims: "Peace! Impossible while our dear friend Russia is deprived of Constantinople!" And in chorus all the big Entente Powers scream in agony at the idea of peace without balm for the wounds of little Serbia, Belgium, Montenegro and way stations.

All pure theatricals! Diplomatic etiquette, as between allies, requires at this stage of the proceedings of bank reserves augmented by a return flow of currency from interior reserve centers. Purchases by an international banking house of \$60,000,000 first-mortgage 5% bonds of the United States Rubber Company was held an augur of large domestic financing during the year. Investment bonds, including internationals, were steady to strong, but speculative issues were variably lower. Bright gains in the general Stock Exchange last, due to short-covering because of the tenor of the Allies' peace reply, were soon offset by the Wall-street professional trading element.

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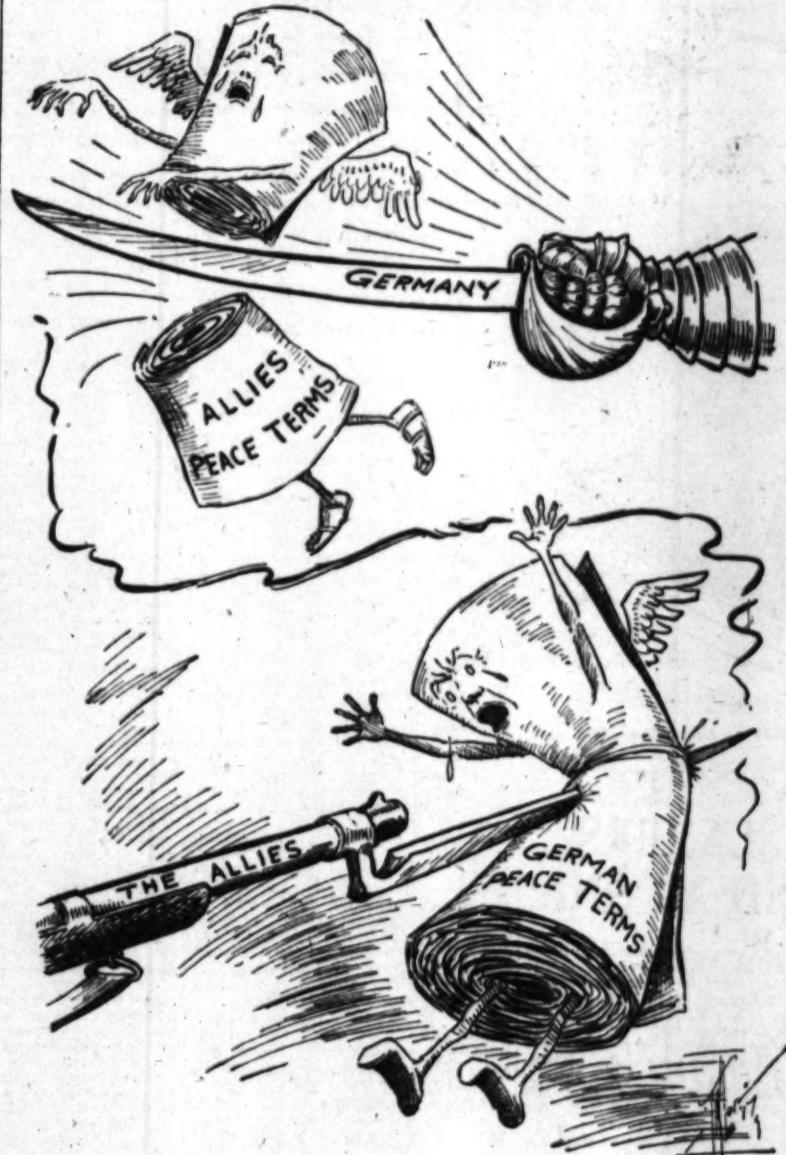
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## Los Angeles Daily Times

JANUARY 18, 1917.—[PART II]

SATURDAY MORNING.

### Peace Movements.



### STREAKS OF WIT.

Reason for it.

[Indianapolis Star] Jinx: I understand your church has sent the minister to Michigan for a month.

Dix: That's right.

Jinx: For a vacation, I suppose?

Dix: Yes; the congregation decided that we were entitled to one.

Result of Familiarity.

[Birmingham Age Herald] "I wish I hadn't seen my doctor trying to get gold."

"Why?"

"I had so much confidence in him at one time I imagined he could do almost anything well."

Don't Blame Them.

[Yonkers Statesman] Bill: What's he limping for?

Jim: He was hurt in battle.

"Really?"

"Yes, he was fighting potato-bugs in the garden, and a couple of 'em bit him."

A Safe Bet.

[Judge] She: Antiquarians have translated a Babylonian letter 4,000 years old.

He: Some translators, what?

She: But you can't decipher this football report?

Very Natural.

[Judge] Crawford: Does your wife believe everything you tell her about yourself?

Crawford: No; she'd rather hear what everybody tells her about me.

High Cost of Living.

[London Saturday Journal] Irene Diner: Hey waiter, there's not a drop of real coffee in this mixture!

Fresh Waiter: Some little bird told you that?

Irene Diner: Yes, a swallow?

Does Two Men's Work.

[Pittsburgh Post] Do you know that our bookkeeper is short in his accounts?

"Yes, a few hundred bones. Consequently he works every night and never wants a vacation. Let him alone. We're ahead of the game."

Worth It.

[Yonkers Statesman] "Has the doctor been here?" asked the woman.

"Yes, he has," replied the gouty woman.

"What did he say?"

"Two dollars."

A Difference.

[Life] "I hope you find your daughter much improved since she was to college."

"Plain John Smith, eh?"

"No, indeed John is the handsome man in this town."

Resented It.

[London Answer] "What is your husband's name?" asked the directory canvasser.

John Smith.

"Plain John Smith, eh?"

"No, indeed John is the handsome man in this town."

Playing the Game.

[Boston Transcript] Father: Betty, I am shocked! Your mother tells me you are engaged to three boys.

Beth: Why shouldn't I? The dog will do nearly everything I ask him to do.

An Exacting Woman.

[Puck] Belle: You seem to think more of that dog than you do of your husband.

Beth: Why shouldn't I? The dog will do nearly everything I ask him to do.

Resented It.

[London Answer] "What is your husband's name?" asked the directory canvasser.

John Smith.

"Plain John Smith, eh?"

"No, indeed John is the handsome man in this town."

To combat these doctrines, what are those that sustain the Allies? We may present them thus:

First—There is a justice unconquerable by force and superior in dignity to the greatest force.

Every human power ought to bow down to this justice and to what we call the divine power of the universe.

Second—Nations are not like flocks that one can separate, divide and change as their conquerors may decide.

All nations possess in their traditions, manners, customs, their literature, their institutions, more especially in their desire to remain whole, what in an individual is his conscience, his personality.

With this conception they should be treated as free individuals having the right to govern themselves within the limits of justice.

Third—in regard to the government that is to say, of the nation considered as a political body, an individual is not a thing to whom the government alone can confer moral consciousness and rights. The individual has independently a value, a dignity, which the government does not recognize.

Because he's got sense enough not to come out and fly around until all boys of your age are in bed."

Wanted it Right.

[Browning's Magazine] The reporter was interviewing the leading politician.

"This," said the interviewee, "is the case of the steel mill."

"I'm sorry, please," interrupted the interviewer, "but in behalf of accuracy, would you kindly spell that word?"

Positive Evidence.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger] There goes another married man," said the girl at the candy counter.

"How do you know?" asked the cashier.

"He used to buy a three-pound box of candy twice a week and now he buys half a pound once a month."

RIPPLING RHYMES.

ON THE WAGON.

A legion recently awoke off; they said, "We've had a plenty; no more we'll crowd up to the trough, and drink the milk."

And now, while yet the pledge seems to have devolved every minute, and from a tank they'd knock the bang and drink the liquid in it. Cheer up—this epoch is the worst the first few weeks of striving to curb a million-dollar





## s Abroad.

## ASSOCIATED OIL

Showed more activity and the

price advance this week,

the market interestingly employed in

our

Market Bulletin 40

January 18th

These Market Bulletins and news

notes are issued weekly.

When nothing else

news is available, they are interwoven and fit in the

our Special Bulletin.

Prompt and Efficient Service

All Securities Bought or Sold

on Orders.

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Member and Board Broker

Member, New York Stock Exchange

Member, New York Bullion Exchange

Tel. 6252, Main 6117

No Promotions

We recommend the purchase

"REVENUE COPPER STOCK"

Call or write for particulars.

No Refunds

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Telephone A-5430 Los Angeles, Cal.

WINDSOR SQUARE

Do you know you can buy

a lot 75x120 ft.

NOW

at our special price, now!

R. A. ROWAN &amp; CO.

Fifty Year 6% Bonds

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ion of Los Angeles subscribers in

the same!

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Bryant Mathews

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Secretary

A-5431

The City of Los Angeles

Savings Bank

on Application

TILLISON

et Agent.

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LAY, New York City.

The U.

TIES COMPANY

Building, Bldwy. 5544.

PDS

ON &amp; CO.

th Street

Hotel

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Exchange

n Exchange

of Trade

Fire

Coast

ing, San Francisco, offer to bid

or order for the California Com-

and interest, on two years.

Fully covered farms, or where

with the

rental, farm fully covered, or

SATURDAY MORNING.

## Los Angeles Daily Times

JANUARY 13, 1917.

## COAST HIGHWAY MEASURE READY

County Counsel Completes a Draft of Act.

Need Five Hundred Thousand for the Work.

State Solons will Decide at an Early Date.

County Counsel Hill yesterday finished a draft of the act which will be presented to the Legislature, providing money for the construction of a coast highway from Oxnard, Ventura county, to San Juan, Orange county. The measure, which will be taken up by the State solons at an early date and which has the backing of the boards of supervisors in the three counties interested and the Auto Club of Southern California, follows:

Section 1. There is hereby appropriated out of any money in the State treasury, not otherwise appropriated, \$500,000 for the acquisition, location, survey and construction of a highway beginning at or near Oxnard, in Ventura county, and extending southward to San Juan, in Orange county.

Section 2. The work of acquiring, locating, surveying and constructing the highway shall be under the direction and control of the State department of engineering, and it shall be the duty of the department to start the survey, locate and construct the highway at or near Oxnard, in Ventura county, thence southwesterly along the coast of the Pacific Ocean for a distance of about thirty miles, ending at or near the highway at or near San Juan, in Orange county.

Section 3. The State Controller is hereby directed and directed to draw his warrants in such amounts and at such times as the State department of engineering may present claims therefor, and the State Controller is directed to pay the same.

Depredations.

## TWO CONFESS TO TEN BURGLARIES.

MUCH STOLEN GOODS FOUND IN ROOMS THEY RENTED.

Third Suspect Taken in Custody and Second-hand Merchant Who Received Goods is Detained, Though Charge may not be Made Against Him.

Raymond J. Brown and Benjamin Benet are the two most distinctive persons in the City jail. They have confessed to ten burglaries, involving the taking of much loot.

Later was arrested Harry Shulman, 24 years old, in a room at Temple street and Bunker Hill avenue, and Isaac Goldstein, a second-hand merchant, who is alleged to have acted as fence for the thieves. The complaint against Goldstein has not been substantiated, and the police are not certain whether they will prefer charges against him.

Benit, who is 22 years old, confessed to Detective Fitzgerald and said that his pal committed the ten crimes.

The following are the places he said they entered:

The home of A. C. Taylor, No. 1541 Grand avenue; A. E. Fowkes, No. 116 Burlington avenue; Spencer H. Knapp, No. 1510 Bonita place; J. H. Casgrave, No. 1514 North Colorado street; E. D. Baker, No. 112 North Oxford street; W. R. Johnson, No. 1524 Stanley avenue; George W. King, No. 1514 Stanley avenue; George Kotke, No. 144 South Grand; also places in Sherman, Jr., No. 1545 West Sixth street, and H. Sennus, No. 1970 peachwood drive.

In confessing the men identified themselves as persons who identified themselves as persons who violated the rule that criminals shall not ransack two homes within the same block when they operated on San Juan avenue.

In the possession of Goldstein was found much silverware. But he insists that he did not know it was stolen and there is no information leading to such belief.

The men had in their rooms more than \$600 worth of articles stolen from the various places.

They were taken into custody at Hill and California streets by Detectives Fitzgerald, Zeigler, Rich and Robert.

All Promised.

## NEW JUDGE COMING?

Former Commerce Board Member, Fresh from Franz Bopp Trial in San Francisco, Expected Here to Preside in Federal Judge Bledsoe's Court.

Although definite arrangements have not yet been made, it became known here yesterday that Judge W. H. Hunt, a member of the Board of Commerce that was legislated out of existence by act of Congress, may be called upon to sit in United States District Judge Bledsoe's court during the time that Justice is engaged in the trial of what are known as the "oil cases."

Judge Hunt was formerly a member of the United States Circuit Court in Montana, and recently presided in the trial of Franz Bopp, German Consul-General at San Francisco, who, with others was accused of having conspired to commit munition shipments intended for the Entente Allies.

The proposed arrangements for the presence of Judge Hunt here included his residing at the home of B. Aviles and others, who are charged with conspiracy to violate the neutrality laws.

BACK TO OREGON.

Sheriff T. M. Hurlburt of Multnomah county, Oregon, will take Gladys Opal Davis, 14 years old, and Michael Chiamenti, the young Italian, charged with contributing to the girl's delinquency, back to Oregon this morning. The couple went to get married, but the Sheriff states that the girl's father is bitterly opposed to the match.

## The Public Service.

At the Courthouse.

SEEKS NEW TRIAL OF DIVORCE SUIT.

WASN'T HERSELF WHEN CASE WAS HEARD, SHE SAYS.

Contractor's Wife Claims Son was Kept from Witness Stand, and Therefore Her Cruelty Charges Remained Unsubstantiated—Other Woman Named.

On the ground that her husband, Jonathan C. Duncan, a metal lath contractor, induced their son, James Clem Duncan, 14 years old, to keep away from the witness stand, Mrs. Emma E. Duncan asks the court, in a suit filed yesterday, to set aside an interlocutory decree of divorce which Mr. Duncan obtained last May, and to set the case for retrial.

Mrs. Duncan claims that her son had testified, he would have supported his mother if she had been in her divorce complaint. One of the allegations was that when she failed to get Mr. Duncan a piece of cheese-cloth he asked for, he became angry and threatened to leave the house.

At the trial of the action she claimed she was in mental distress and not able to present her side of the case as she did. Both the trial judge and her own attorney said further that she remained her mentally unbalanced.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Duncan states, she was sent to a sanitarium for treatment and remained under treatment for three months and is now herself again.

Another cause of complaint mentioned in Mrs. Duncan's complaint is the conduct of her son, James C. Fleming has taken charge of the household at No. 3932 Budlong avenue; that she formerly conducted a rooming-house downtown, and is now managing it.

According to the company, the trial of the action was adjourned until next month.

One nullified, charge more serious.

Now charged with murder, Thomas Redman will not have to defend himself again, failure-to-protect charge, the latest in a series of charges by Judge Craig. The more serious accusation was made against the prisoner a few days ago when his wife, who is now in the County Hospital, she alleges he killed William Jordan, her father.

At the time of Mr. Jordan's death Redman was held under suspicion, but was released after it was stated she accidentally killed her father. After that Redman began abusing his wife, she claims, and she decided she would tell the truth about him.

BATH-TUB BED.

Wife Given Divorce.

In Judge Wood's divorce court yesterday Mrs. Ruth May Richardson, hard-boiled wife of a postman, was given a divorce from a husband who was not kind of finding herself with two children to care for, one of whom came from another man, after she left him. She is a widow and believes that it was better to provide well for one another home, she consented to its adoption by a Los Angeles family.

Even as she testified the thought of this other babe with strangers overwhelmed the girl, and she wept. There was also the thought that Mr. Richardson at first repudiated the child, later signed a written acknowledgement that he was its father.

Mr. Richardson's mother testified that she was shocked to learn that his wife was intoxicated, "and slept in the bath tub." She said he promised to do better, but was always the same. The decree was granted.

NOT NATURE FAKER.

EARL'S LIBEL ARGUED.

With citations from the law covering every paragraph of the editorial headed "This is for Helms and E. T. Earl," put forward by the defense general counsel for the Scripps papers, submitted to Judge Jackson yesterday his brief in the \$125,000 libel suit of E. T. Earl for alleged libel. He argued that the defendant did not state a cause of action, referring particularly to "boss" and "skunk," which appeared in the editorial and was not libelous, he said below as applying to Mr. Earl.

The editorial, Mr. Perry argued, referred to Mr. Earl as the political boss of Capt. W. H. Helms, who remains editor-in-chief of the paper against Editor Dana Sheeth. To call a man a "boss," he told the court, is not libelous. The word "skunk," he continued, can only be applied to a skunk.

"Sharky's" conviction in the State court will be argued further alone in the suit, unless the court sustains the defendant, that to call a man a "boss" to helms, Mr. Earl is skunk, the latter being an animal and Mr. Earl a human being, would brand the editor of the Record a na-tube faker.

IN AND OUT.

ABOUT THE COURTS.

DRINK OR DISEASE? Whether the peculiar gait of Richard H. Mattern, a peddler, was caused by intoxication or locomotor ataxia will determine the trial of a \$10,000 damage suit which he filed yesterday against L. B. Gabe and others for an alleged assault. Mr. Gabe resides on East Vernon avenue, and Mrs. Mattern claims he was guilty of being intoxicated, beaten and ejected from the premises. She walks with difficulty by reason of his affliction.

INCORPORATIONS: The Lincoln Motion Picture Company, incorporators J. Thomas Smith, Clarence Brooks, George G. Duthie, Walter Brooks and George P. Johnson, capital stock \$75,000, subscribed \$600; The Sunkist Candy Company, incorporators Charles E. Smith, Emily A. Smith and J. T. Schell, capital stock \$50,000, subscribed \$300; The California Mortgage Company, incorporators W. A. Copeland, A. L. Williams, Harry C. Howell, Walter Hamm and Henry P. Gundwin, capital stock \$100,000, subscribed \$50.

QUESTION LEGAL CLAIM.

The judgment of the old Board of Engineers in the case of Frank E. Gibson, \$5000 of the \$10,000 he demanded for professional services, in connection with San Fernando Irrigation District No. 2, is in question. It will file yesterday in the district, taxpayer in the district. He claims it is not a legal claim against the county, and asks the court to restrain the auditor from sending the demand. In presenting his claim into the board, Mr. Gibson stated that he would welcome a suit to test the justice of the demand.

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At the City Hall.

THEY SEEK DELAY; ALSO URGE HASTE.

SAME COMPANY MAKES DOUBLE PLEA TO COUNCIL.

Rindge Estate Would Hurry Storm Ditch but Postpone Opening of Crenshaw Boulevard Because Truck Gardeners will suffer, They Decide, from Loss of Crops.

Asking for a delay in opening the lower end of Crenshaw boulevard and haste in extending the temporary storm-water ditch on the northerly side of Exposition boulevard, the Rindge company yesterday explained to the Board of Public Works its reasons for the two requests.

The company says that unless the work on Crenshaw boulevard is delayed sixty or ninety days damage will be sustained by the Japanese and Chinese truck gardeners who are growing crops upon the property of the Artesian Water Company, through which passes the sixty-foot right of way tendered by these companies.

The company states that the tenants have been served with notices to leave the property and cultivate crops, and that this rather sudden demand, if enforced, will result in loss both to the tenants and the donators of the lot of water.

According to the company, the trial of the action was adjourned until next month and is now expected this month and February.

Another cause of complaint mentioned in Mrs. Duncan's complaint, is the conduct of her son, James C. Fleming has taken charge of the household at No. 3932 Budlong avenue; that she formerly conducted a rooming-house downtown, and is now managing it.

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## SEAL BEACH

A Mile of Ocean Frontage Extending from Alamitos Bay to Anaheim Bay.

Strictly and delightfully up to date in every essential of a seaside resort and home city. Every lot fronts onadam street, with cement curbs, cement walks; water, gas, electricity, sewers (will be in by spring); street lights at every corner.

EVERY LOT IS WITHIN 1200 FEET OF SALT WATER

not miles inland.

SEAL BEACH has a splendid wide-awake municipal government.

A Chamber of Commerce, a newspaper, and in fact, everything that a modern, growing, enterprising community should have. We are making it.

THE GREATEST AMUSEMENT RESORT ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Over quarter of a million dollars have been expended on amusement features during the past twelve months, and large additional sums are being spent. We intend to have TWO MILLION PEOPLE VISIT US THIS YEAR.

YOU SHOULD BE INTERESTED.

We need apartment-houses, cottages and bungalow courts to accommodate the coming throngs.

We will make special inducements to those buying and building now.

SAFE, CONSERVATIVE INVESTMENT.

Go to Seal Beach and investigate the opportunities for safe, conservative investment. All good roads lead to Seal Beach; or by the Pacific Electric South Coast line direct, or via Seal Beach.

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**HIGH  
STREETS**

Children!  
Fairyland  
Today  
Fifth Floor

**Saled!**  
at \$3.95

Look just as well—and a little  
other suits—what an achieve-  
ment you do this now—in  
six weeks, in 6 to 17-year sizes.  
at \$8.95  
or to insure joy to 29 boys whom  
you desire suits perfectly tailored  
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**Coats, \$10.00.**

ends his overcoat—so related will  
prove back, high waist effect—  
in 10 sizes, 19c  
rs and stripes, 25c  
year sizes, 75c  
ith every purchase in our Big  
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"The lands of the sun dilate the soul."

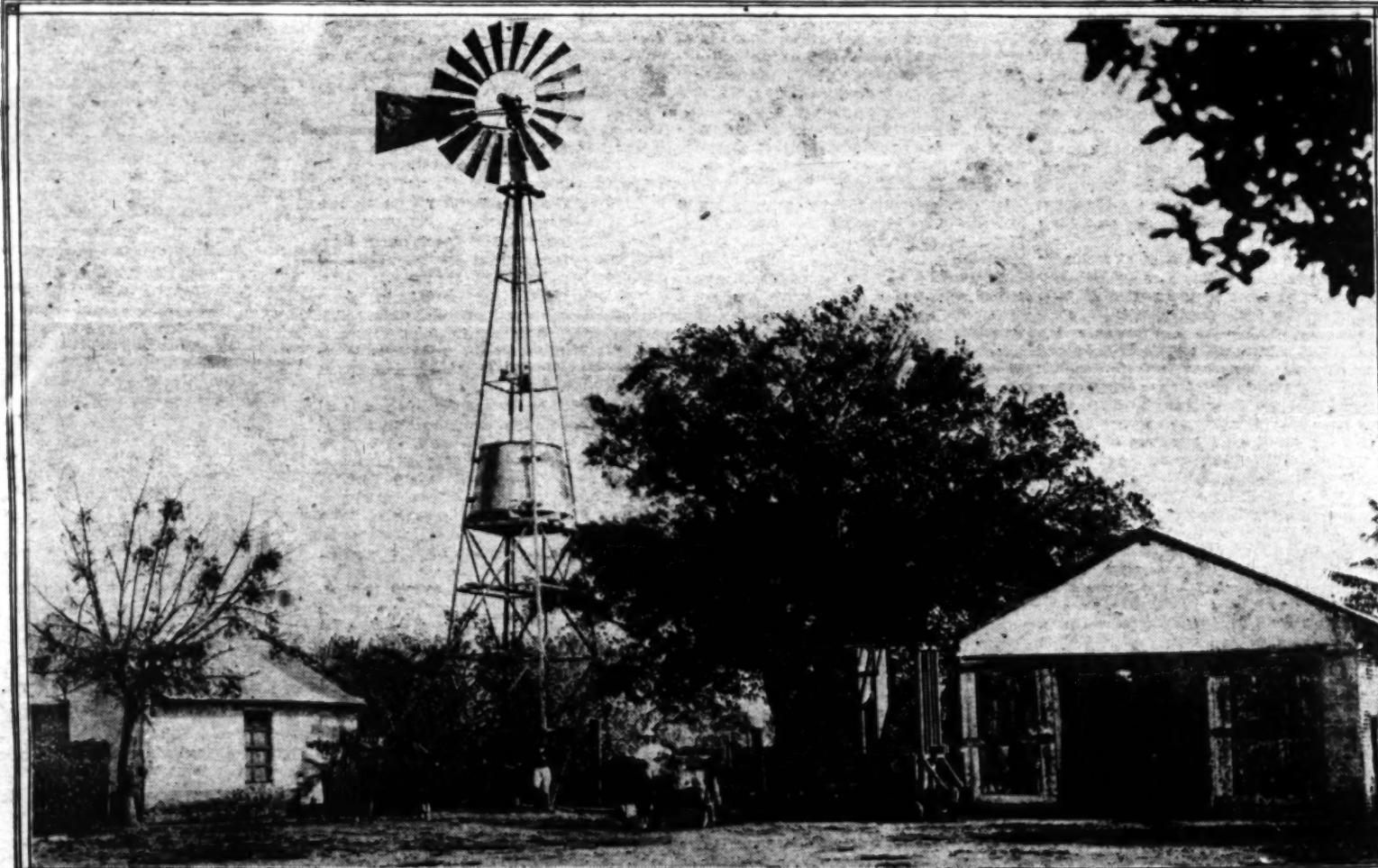
## OUR LATIN-AMERICAN NEIGHBORS

"The lands of the sun dilate the soul."

### Picturesque Views of Rural Life in South America.



Agricultural College Garden Scene.



Part of Farm of Agricultural School, Argentina.

[81]

17

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Stand, 5 Cent.  
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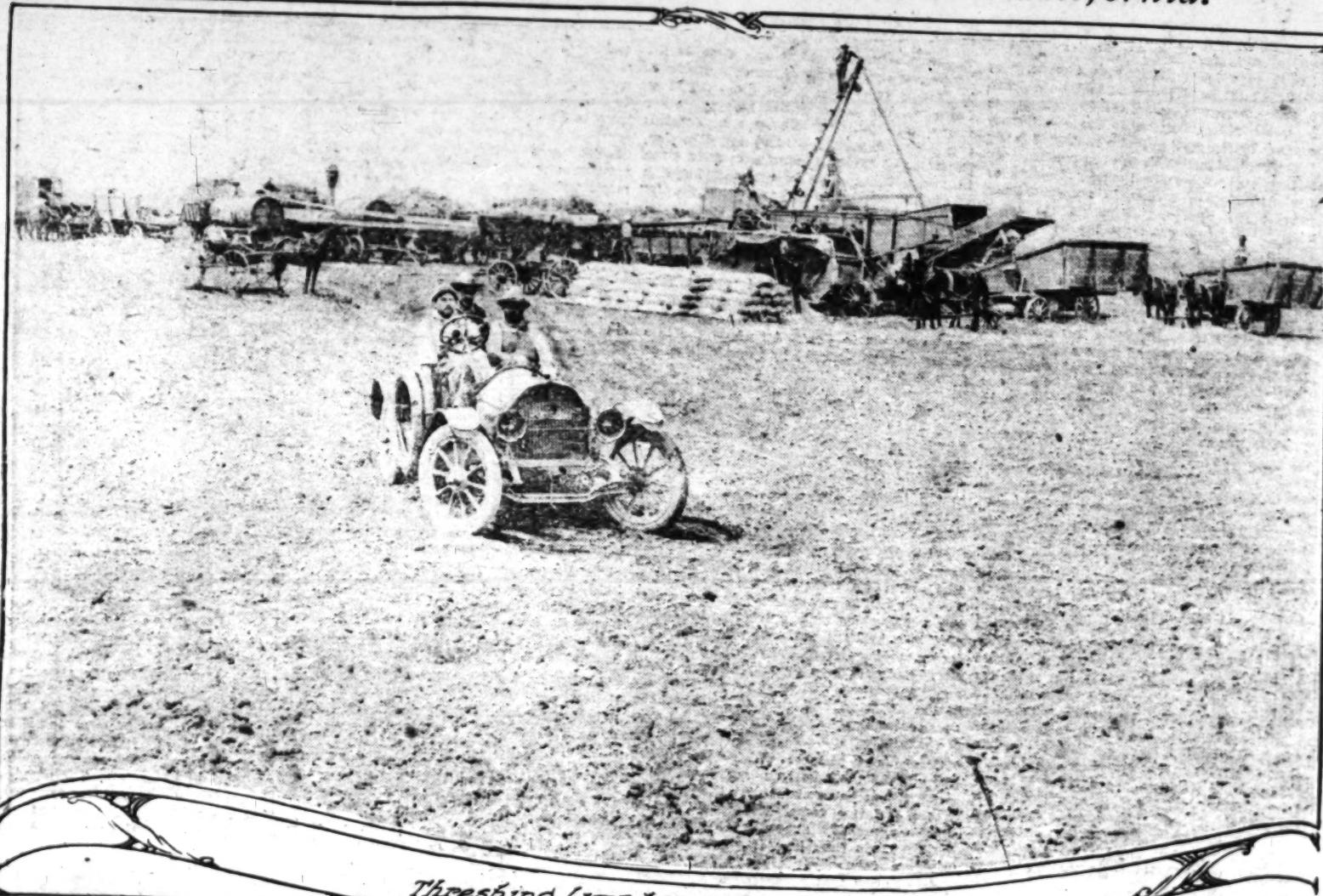
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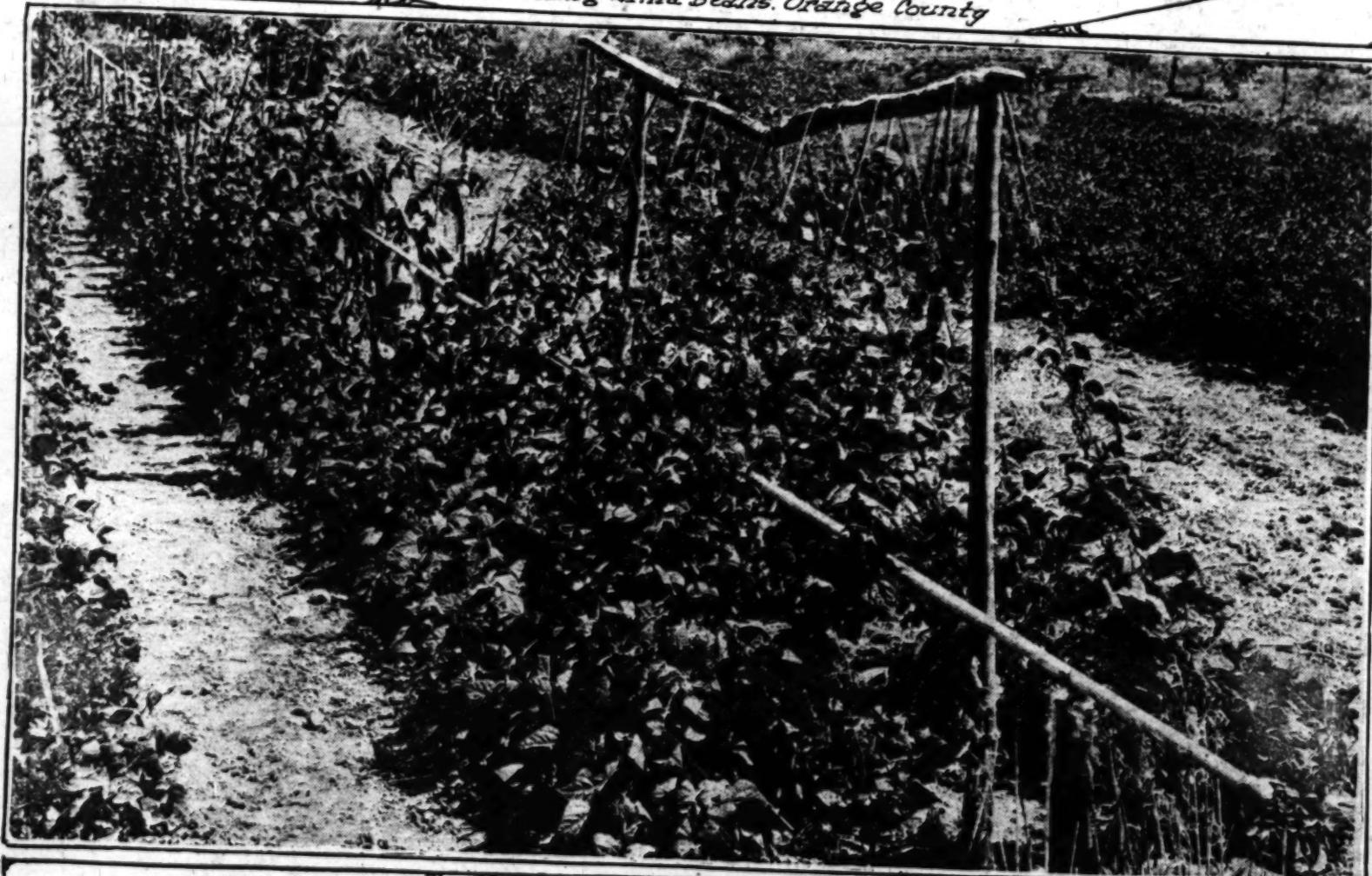
**CALIFORNIA AND THE THREE AMERICAS**  
*The Future Great Commercial Empire.*

## *The Future Great Commercial Empire.*

## Glimpses of the Bean Industry in Southern California.



Threshing Lima Beans. Orange County



## Trellised Kentucky Wonder beans

16

KUREE was caused by a shell carried into the hull on a cat-head during December, 1941, from which it was recovered. The mine exploded in the navy yard at shore, both his wife and son were severely injured. Bruce's wife, Mrs. William Bruce, of the Milwaukee Yacht Club, was severely injured. Bruce's son, William, was also severely injured. Bruce's wife, Mrs. William Bruce, of the Milwaukee Yacht Club, was severely injured. Bruce's son, William, was also severely injured.

# SOME OF THE VAGARIES OF TIM BENITO

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Jan. 16, 1917. I

## INDEPENDENCIA DE CHILE.

Notas Históricas. Por el Dr. J. Ziegner-Uriburu.

**E**L DÍA siguiente de la batalla de Chacabuco, entraron a la ciudad, abandonada por los españoles, las primeras partidas del ejército patriota. El pueblo hizo una recepción entusiasta al ejército vencedor, y el día 15 de Febrero de 1817, reunido en "Círculo abierto", proclamó al General San Martín Director Supremo de Chile. El general argentino renunció indeclinablemente al honor que se le hacia, e indicó que se nombrara al General Bernardo de O'Higgins para desempeñar ese puesto. Así se hizo el día 16. Los primeros trabajos del nuevo mandatario se dirigieron, como era natural, a activar las operaciones de la guerra. Los destacamentos desprendidos de Mendoza habían restablecido el gobierno revolucionario en las provincias del Norte y del Sur, desde Atacama hasta las orillas del Maule.

Sólo en Concepción quedaban en pie las autoridades españolas, dirigidas por el Coronel Ordóñez.

El Director Supremo dispuso que el Coronel don Juan Gregorio de Las Heras marchase al Sur con una división regular para establecer el gobierno revolucionario en aquellas provincias.

Poco después, el mismo director O'Higgins marchó al Sur con nuevos refuerzos de tropas para ponerse a la cabeza del ejército patriota. Las Heras, entretanto, había sostenido dos reñidos combates, el de Curapaligüe y el de Gavilán, y en ambos rechazó gloriosamente a los realistas, obligándolos a encerrarse en Talcahuano.

Ordóñez, en cambio, recibió del Perú un refuerzo de 1600 hombres.

El resto del año 1817 se pasó en constantes combates. Talcahuano está situada en una pequeña península unida al continente por una estrecha lengua de tierra. En esta angostura, Ordóñez había cortado una grieta profunda, detrás de la cual construyó espesas palizadas defendidas por sendas cañones.

Esta línea de defensa era formidable. Agréguese a ésta que Ordóñez era verdaderamente dueño del mar, y que le bastaron unas cuantas lanchas para mandar hacer excursiones en la costa vecina, proporcionarse víveres e inquietar por todos los medios a los patriotas. Ordóñez, utilizó estos recursos con tanta habilidad, que sostuvo la guerra durante un año.

Al fin, O'Higgins preparó el asalto de las fortificaciones de Talcahuano. Poco tiempo antes, había llegado al campamento un militar francés llamado Miguel Brayer, que se había distinguido a las órdenes de Napoleón I, y venía a ofrecer su espada a la causa revolucionaria de Chile. Brayer propuso un plan de ataque, que aceptó O'Higgins.

Los patriotas, de acuerdo con dicho plan, atacaron a Talcahuano con arrojo y disciplina admirables, pero fueron rechazados, dejando el campo cubierto de muertos y heridos.

A pesar de este contraste, la situación de los patriotas era tan favorable que el Director O'Higgins tenía ya tanta fe en el éxito definitivo que hizo proclamar la Independencia, designando para este acto tan solemne, el primer aniversario de la batalla de Chacabuco.

El día designado formaron las tropas, y concitó el pueblo en masa a la plaza; en uno de cuyos frentes se levantaba un tablado adornado con banderas chilenas y argentinas unidas, y en su centro el retrato del General San Martín.

A las nueve de la mañana subió el tablado el director delegado, el enviado de las Provincias Unidas del Río de la Plata, Don Tomás Guido, llevando en sus manos la bandera chilena, y el presidente de la Municipalidad, llevando en sus manos la argentina.

Se leyó el acta de la independencia, siendo jurada sobre los Santos Evangelios por el obispo, el Director, por el mismo San Martín y por el pueblo entero.

La alianza argentina-chilena es un hecho histórico de capital importancia en la Independencia Americana.

Esta alianza empezó en los años 1811 a 1814, por los mutuos auxilios que se prestaron ambas naciones, combatiendo unidas bajo sus banderas independientes en sus respectivos territorios; se consolida con el Paso de los Andes, y la batalla de Chacabuco, y se selló con sangre en el asalto de Talcahuano.

De ella surgió el Ejército Unido y la libertad de Chile y el Perú. O'Higgins, al subir al mando, dirigió sus esfuerzos a reorganizar el ejército, y dio el nombramiento de generalísimo al general San Martín, denominándose "Ejército Unido de los Andes y Chile," y llegó a reunir 9500 hombres perfectamente armados y equipados y más de 14,000 fusiles en almacenes.

Entretanto, Puebla, virrey del Perú, enviaba a Chile un ejército de 3400 veteranos que, unidos a los que mandaba Ordóñez en Talcahuano, formaron un cuerpo de 5000 soldados, que puso a las órdenes del brigadier Osorio.

San Martín dirigió una valiente proclama al ejército patriota y se dispuso al combate.

O'Higgins emprendió su retirada de Talcahuano, para hacer el vacío al enemigo, llevándose consigo más de 50,000 personas y los ganados que encontró a su paso.

Al ver que O'Higgins abandonaba sin combatir las provincias meridionales, Osorio creyó que los patriotas no se hallaban en estado de oponer resistencia. Con el objeto de inducirlos a pasar el Maule, O'Higgins se retiró hacia Curicó, dejando sólo algunas partidas para vigilar la marcha del enemigo. Osorio se dejó engañar por este motivo; pasó el Maule y avanzó hasta las orillas del río Lontué.

San Martín marchó al Sur y se reunió a O'Higgins en San Fernando.

Osorio al ver el peligro en que se encontraba, se retiró rápidamente. Los patriotas se hallaban, por el contrario, en la situación más favorable. Entonces, Ordóñez, para salir de situación, las embarrancó, propuso echar de noche sobre el ejército patriota. Aceptado el plan, fue Ordóñez encargado de ejecutarlo.

El ejército patriota permanecía acampado al oriente de Talcahuano, en la llanura de Cancha Rayada. Temiendo San Martín ser sorprendido durante la noche, ordenó un cambio de posiciones para burlar los planes del enemigo. El ejército había comenzado a ejecutar este movimiento, cuando de improviso cayeron sobre él los realistas. A causa de la oscuridad, los batallones patriotas hicieron fuego unos contra otros. Las mulas que debían mover la artillería de la segunda división, se dispersaron en todas direcciones, rompiendo las filas de los soldados chilenos. El caballo que montaba O'Higgins cayó muerto de un balazo y el mismo general recibió otro en el brazo derecho. A la turbación siguió la dispersión de los patriotas. Los esfuerzos de San Martín para organizar su ejército y rechazar el ataque, fueron impotentes; y él mismo se vió obligado a disponer la retirada en medio de la más espantosa confusión (Marzo 10 de 1818).

Sólo la primera división-patriota quedó intacta. Bajo el mando del Coronel Las Heras, se retiró del sitio del desastre y siguió su marcha hacia el Norte con toda felicidad. En la retirada, se le fueron reuniendo algunos cuerpos o partidas de otras divisiones, de manera que al llegar a San Fernando ya contaba más de 3000 hombres. En este pueblo estaban los generales San Martín y O'Higgins, que detenían a los dispersos y les hacían marchar ordenadamente a Santiago.

Grande fue la confusión que se apoderó de los patriotas de la capital, hasta que el 26 de Marzo llegó O'Higgins y resumió el mando supremo. El gobierno cobró entonces su antiguo vigor. La presencia del General San Martín, que llegó poco después, y la noticia de que Las Heras se retiraba con una división respetable, infundieron valor a los más asustados. En las llanuras de Maipú, al sur del la ciudad, se formó el campamento, y se reunieron cerca de 5000 soldados.

La sorpresa de Cancha Rayada había sido también costosa para los realistas. Perdieron cerca de 300 hombres. Canadienses con las marchas de los días anteriores se vieron obligados a caminar con lentitud y tomaron mil precauciones. El 4 de Abril, acampó Osorio en la parte occidental de las llanuras de Maipú, a tres leguas de distancia de la capital. Los independentes habían tenido, pues, 16 días para reponerse del desastre.

Los dos ejércitos pasaron la noche sobre las armas. El siguiente día (5 de Abril de 1818), ambos ejércitos se hallaban separados a la dominación española en el Perú, por Talcahuano.

rados por una corta distancia. Los independentes emprendieron el ataque, marchando resueltamente sobre las posesiones enemigos.

Por un instante, la batalla chilena se había engrosado con las presas quitadas al enemigo y con otros buques traídos del extranjero. Entonces también izquierda de los patriotas, que ésta comenzó a vacilar, y al fin tuvo que retroceder en gran desorden. En aquel momento, los españoles pudieron creerse vencedores.

Pero la reserva de los patriotas, apoyada por su artillería, entró entonces en combate. La lucha se renovó con nuevo ardor:

San Martín dirigió personalmente todas las operaciones, dando al ataque de sus tropas un empuje irresistible.

Los españoles comenzaron a ceder y se pronunciaron en breve en completa retirada. Osorio creyéndolo todo perdido, fugó del campo. Ordóñez organizó todavía una heroica aunque inútil resistencia; pero, asado por todas partes, antes de anochecer,

se rindió con la mayor parte de los jefes,

oficiales y tropa que le rodeaban. El

parque y el armamento de los realistas

cayó en poder de los patriotas.

El Director O'Higgins, debilitado por la herida, que había recibido en Cancha Rayada, y más aún por los fatigosos trabajos

que habían exigido la reorganización del ejército, se hallaba enfermo en Santiago el día de la batalla.

Pero, olvidando sus sufrimientos, salió de la capital acompañado por algunos cuerpos de milicias y llegó al sitio del combate a tiempo todavía para tomar parte en el último ataque de los realistas.

La Independencia de Chile quedó definitivamente afianzada desde aquel día. La batalla de Maipú tuvo, además, una grande influencia en la suerte de la Independencia Sud Americana.

El virrey del Perú tuvo que mantenerse desde entonces a la defensiva, y aceptar la existencia de dos estados independientes, Chile y las Provincias Unidas; sin embargo, la guerra se prolongó en Chile algún tiempo todavía. Los fugitivos realistas de Maipú, quedaron dominando en las provincias del Sur. Osorio, con 750 hombres, se embarcó en Talcahuano, y Sánchez, al defensor de Chillán, quedó en esas provincias con 1500 hombres.

En esa época, estaba próximo a llegar a Chile un contingente de tropas españolas. El monarca había reunido con grandes dificultades un cuerpo de 2000 hombres, que salió de Cádiz el 21 de Mayo de 1818 en nueve transportes, convoyados por la magnífica fragata de guerra "María Isabel." El director O'Higgins tuvo oportunamente noticias de la salida de este expedición, y desde entonces dio nuevo impulso a los aprestos navales en que estaba empeñado desde tiempo atrás; adquiriendo, al efecto, algunas naves en Inglaterra y Estados Unidos.

Sánchez, con sus 1500 hombres, se mantuvo cuanto pudo en el Sur hasta que fue sometido por una expedición formal que organizó O'Higgins, al mando del general argentino don Antonio González Balcarce, quien derrotó a los realistas en repetidos combates, hasta que al fin Sánchez, abrumado con tantos desastres, se embarcó para el Perú (Enero de 1819).

Entretanto, la escuadrilla chilena, al mando del almirante argentino don Manuel Blanco Encalada, había derrotado a la expedición española, apoderándose de los transportes y de 700 hombres (a fines de 1818).

La alianza argentina-chilena ya había dado por resultado la libertad y la creación de la República de Chile; pero el pensamiento de San Martín era libertar también el Perú.

Firme en su propósito, dirigió una ardorosa proclama al ejército, comprometiéndolo ante la América a llevar la libertad al Perú (13 de Noviembre de 1818).

Esta proclama fue confirmada por otra de O'Higgins, y ambos documentos fueron difundidos por toda la costa del Pacífico por la escuadrilla chilena, al mando de Cochran.

La diplomacia de los gobiernos argentino

y chileno, puso el sello internacional a este solemne compromiso.

En Febrero de 1819, el enviado de Chile

Irisarri, de paso para Europa, firmó en Buenos Aires un pacto de alianza con el

gobierno argentino, "para poner término

a la dominación española en el Perú, por you!"

medio de una expedición combinada, costeada por las dos naciones.

A principios de 1819, la escuadrilla chilena se había engrosado con las presas quitadas al enemigo y con otros buques traídos del extranjero. Entonces también llegaban a Chile algunos marineros—atrados en Inglaterra por los agentes de O'Higgins. El más notable de éstos fué Lord Tomás Cochrane, almirante inglés, que se había labrado una reputación europea por sus talentos y por su arrojo. Venía a Chile a ofrecer sus servicios a la causa de la Independencia. O'Higgins le dió el mando de la escuadrilla con el título de vicealmirante.

En Enero de 1819, Cochrane zarpó de Valparaíso con siete naves para hostilizar al virrey del Perú. Las naves españolas fueron a encerrarse en El Callao, bajo los fuegos de sus fortificaciones; allí las atacó Cochrane valerosamente, pero después de infructuosas tentativas para sacar a la escuadrilla española de su fondeadero, el almirante apresó algunas naves mercantes, desembarcó en varios puntos de la costa para proveerse de víveres, y volvió a Valparaíso (17 de Junio).

El Director O'Higgins renovó sus esfuerzos para armar otras naves que habían llegado del extranjero. Por fin, el 12 de Septiembre de 1819 salió de nuevo Cochrane con nueve buques bien guarnecidos.

La segunda campaña del célebre marino no dio resultados más decisivos y regresó a Valparaíso. Al regreso, se apoderó de Valdivia después de un combate glorioso (Febrero 1820).

Mientras sucedían estos acontecimientos, San Martín y O'Higgins hacían esfuerzos sobrehumanos para organizar la expedición libertadora del Perú. Por fin, a mediados de Agosto de 1820, se hallaron reunidos en Valparaíso ocho buques de guerra y diecisiete transportes, bajo las órdenes de Lord Cochrane.

En ellos se embarcaron 4430 soldados de las tres armas, bajo las órdenes del General San Martín, encargado del mando superior de las fuerzas de mar y tierra. El 20 del mismo mes, la expedición se hizo a la vela en el puerto de Valparaíso.

La administración de O'Higgins fué fundada para el progreso de Chile; pero tuvo que luchar con la oposición tenaz, dirigida aún desde el exterior por los hermanos Carrera, que permanecían en Buenos Aires, extraños a los trabajos emprendidos para libertar a su patria. José Miguel Carrera, deseando derrocar a O'Higgins, compró a crédito, en los Estados Unidos armas y naves, para organizar una expedición, que fué impedida con toda energía por el gobierno argentino. Entonces, dos de los hermanos Carrera, don Juan José y don Luis, se dirigieron de incognito a Chile a provocar la revolución; pero fueron apresados y fusilados en Mendoza (Abril 8 de 1818).

### An Unconscious Linguist.

Men have traveled safely, if not always placidly, throughout Europe with no other language than English at their command, but few have been so lucky as a correspondent of a New York paper, whose English was actually taken for French by the Frenchmen themselves!

While he spoke no language other than English this gentleman had never had any trouble in traveling in Europe. In the only instance when he greatly longed to be able to speak another language, he was helped out of a predicament in a most unexpected way. At a railway station in Paris he could not make the porters understand that he wanted his baggage. Finally, he explained:

"Oh, b'gosh!"

One of the porters replied, "Oui, bah-zash, oui, oui, bah-gash," and he soon produced the American's trunk. That was the first time he knew that the French have the word "baggage," and learned how they pronounce it.

### Ah, There!

[Indianapolis News:] A traffic officer is stationed in front of a hotel in Winsted, Ct. Two women from the suburbs came to town the other day, and the traffic officer waved to them, directing them to the right. Both the women in the wagon waved back and called in their sweetest tones, "Ah, there."

*California Leads.* By Percy L. Edwards.

# LIMA BEANS—A VALUABLE SPECIAL CROP.

*The Illustrated Weekly Magazine*

## THE MOTION PICTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Introducing North and South Americans. By William A. Reid.

MORE than one-fourth of America's incoming millions are now daily entertained, enlightened or amused at the motion-picture theater; that is, if we are to accept the calculations of statisticians as being fairly approximate.

One of the most practical factors in drawing the peoples of North and South America into closer acquaintance is the silent story carried by the motion picture. Today many large audiences scattered over our land are sitting in comfortable theaters looking at the gathering of rubber in some far-away jungle; and by the picture we see every stage of development from the flowing sap of the rubber tree to the easy-riding tires of the millions of vehicles in use in the United States. Likewise, by the same means American audiences are shown the development stages of vegetable ivory (tagua) from tropical forests to the buttons on millions of coats of men and women; the gaucho, or cowboy, on South American pampas passes in review and we are amazed at his wonderful horsemanship in herding the millions of cattle that eventually reach the North American consumer in the form of beef and hides. Many other South American development enterprises are now delineated in the motion-picture theater throughout the country, and no one today should complain of inability to become acquainted with the varied activities of our neighbors of the far Southland.

On the other hand, we find that North American films have penetrated to all leading towns and cities of South or Central America. In the "cinemas," as the motion-picture houses are often called, the Latin American sits and watches the story of the automobile, the making of a steel rail, the sanitizing of a city, the modern method of highway construction, the up-to-date dairy and the herd that supplies it, the gigantic canning plant, and many other great industries whose products are needed by countries that are as yet supplying only the raw materials. Not only have American films found an increasing commercial market in Latin America, but the United States government, through its commercial attaches stationed over the southern continent, will, by means of the motion picture, show the citizens hundreds of North American industrial establishments. Many commercial and industrial films have already been prepared and are doubtless en route to their respective fields of usefulness. This official innovation owes its inception to the activity of our Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce at Washington, whose watchfulness of foreign trade during recent years has become very pronounced.

Let us consider some of the aspects and activities of the motion-picture business in South America. In the larger cities the theaters erected for the purpose represent considerable outlay of capital. If they have not been built especially for this class of service, they are in most cases buildings that have been remodeled and modernized, and elegance and attractiveness are leading features. In that part of the world as in North America, some of the finest playhouses have opened their doors for the motion-picture entertainment, an innovation that permits the humble citizen to obtain entrance to the marble palaces of amusement that adorn most South American capitals. The opera is always beyond the financial reach of the average resident, and the advent of the "cline" in the same buildings proves doubly attractive.

After attending the motion-picture shows and mingling with theater crowds in scores of cities and towns of nine countries of South America, I return fully convinced that such diversions and amusements are quite as popular with the Latinas, if not more so, than with the people of the United States. Considering only the larger cities, there may not be as many "movies" as existed four or six years ago; the vast number of these amusements which sprung into existence over night, so to speak, had their short life of popularity and then passed to oblivion. As a rule, the majority of those quickly-erected and poorly arranged houses or old houses rearranged for motion-picture crowds soon ceased to be attractive to the better class citizen; they were avoided for the newer and cleaner theaters that were

gradually springing into the limelight of popular favor.

Today, however, the people of the city are not the only ones who enjoy the motion-picture show; the business has made its way to the smaller town and even to the hamlet, where the amusement appears to be just as popular as in the great city. Furthermore, the town often lacking other forms of public entertainment, depends solely on the motion picture for diversion. In numerous cases the most attractive place in the growing town is the new building where the movies are shown.

In a number of cases, like the theaters in São Paulo, La Paz, Mendoza, and others, the orchestra circle, as it is known in this country, is used as seating space for lower-priced ticket holders; and the higher-priced chairs or seats are arranged around and above the first floor. Boxes of course are numerous in South American theaters, and are eagerly sought by those able to occupy them. An incident of comment by foreigners is the custom prevailing in several sections of the southern continent of ladies and gentlemen wearing their hats during the performance. No courtesy to the ladies is offered, but to the North American the custom appears unusual, as in the United States men and usually women are expected and required to uncover their heads.

Glittering uniforms of employees are always in evidence at the best motion-picture theaters. One massive moving advertisement especially remembered by the writer is a good-looking man, seven feet in height, clad in a brilliant uniform, who stands before a moving-picture house in an Argentine city. His enormous proportions, and pleasant manners are well known among patrons of the theater, and even foreigners have cause to remember "el hombre muy alto" at the cinematograph.

Scenes and pictures which please the average South American audience would probably not be popular in the United States, and vice versa. A splendid motion play was recently shown in Buenos Aires daily for some weeks. It was called the "Noblesse gaucho" (noble cowboy,) and it is safe to say that a very large percentage of people of the city saw and admired the exhibition. Films and scenario were Argentina productions; and finer work or more beautiful scenes could scarcely be imagined. The film depicted the wild, free life of the pampa, and brought out many of the noble traits of the men and women whose life is spent in the great outdoors. Three-fourths of this film would charm an American audience; but the latter section would doubtless be considered unworthy of popular favor in this country. On the other hand, some of the pictures which have proved drawing cards in the United States have been practical failures as regards general appreciation by South American audiences.

In various parts of South America the North American film is growing into favor, for the reason that the producer is devoting time and attention to the study of what the Latin temperament likes and demands for amusement. Some of our early efforts in supplying film service to Latin America proved very unsatisfactory. European films, and especially the French production, have been far more popular with the average Latin audience. One of the reasons is the fact that the people are always interested in French styles, and of course many of the characters portrayed are attired in the latest Parisian fashions. This fact is also quite as pleasing to the gentlemen as to the ladies; for probably nowhere in the world does the subject of dress play a more important role in one's social standing than in the cities of Latin America.

At present the films that portray European war scenes are very popular all over the southern continent; probably even more so than in the United States, for the reason that from the cosmopolitan population of the larger cities there have been drawn hundreds or thousands of young manhood. Anything, therefore, that can bring home to the wives, mothers, fathers and sweethearts a scene from the battle front is eagerly awaited and largely patronized.

The price of the film from the United

States is usually higher than the same article received from Europe; furthermore, it requires a longer time to procure it from a North American house, the shipping facilities, even during war time, being less convenient than those supplied by European steamship lines. Quite recently a salesman representing a film corporation in the United States was successful in introducing his films in a number of cities of the east coast of South America. When the question of delivery at periodical intervals arose it was discovered that the American manufacturer was forced to ship his product via Europe instead of directly from New York to South America; and today these particular films made in the United States, used in South American cities, must be delivered via route of Europe.

In Brazil, where conditions are somewhat typical of those of other countries, the import duty on films is about \$5.50 per pound; while the average motion-picture machine costs approximately \$30 to import it into the country. To the above amounts must be added certain smaller taxes, stamps, brokers' fees, etc., all of which acts as a check against more active importation. Accordingly, the admission fees to picture shows must be higher than in the United States. Twenty-five to 75 cents is not an unusual charge for reserved seats. In a new motion-picture theater in Rosario, Argentina, I paid 42 cents for a ticket which was good for only an ordinary seat; a box chair in the same house was quoted at \$1.27. In addition to general admission. In other cities the admission to ordinary class houses is from 15 cents up; and nowhere did I find the admission as low as 5 cents, so common in the United States.

In Rio de Janeiro some of the best motion-picture theaters do not allow patrons to drop in and out at will. A certain film is advertised to begin at a given hour of the afternoon or evening; at the appointed time a door, or in many cases a heavy and highly decorated curtain, is dropped and the show in the auditorium begins its functions. A rather novel arrangement, and one also noted in other Brazilian cities, is the waiting lobby immediately in front of the entrance. After purchasing a ticket the patron enters the lobby or corridor, takes a comfortable seat and waits until the termination of the first act or reel, the time of which may be a few minutes or possibly half an hour. While waiting the patrons may enjoy the music, which is so placed that those in the audience or in the outer lobby have equal benefit. At times the crowds become congested, occupying all of the lobby seats and available standing room; in such cases the ticket seller withholds further admissions and the crowd remains upon the street, but the brilliant electric lights (if night) and the music of the band continue to swell the number of waiting patrons.

Buenos Aires, the great southern metropolis with its 1,500,000 people, is headquarters for films and picture-machines for many other cities and towns of that region of South America. Asuncion, Paraguay, for instance, receives practically all of its films from the Argentine capital. They are shipped by river steamer (water transportation being cheaper than rail) packed in tin, within an outer box made of wood. It requires nine to fifteen days for the round trip, including service at the playhouses in Asuncion. In the latter city the theater managers pay approximately \$500 per month for a service of about 4000 feet of film per day. In Montevideo, where films can be received over night from Buenos Aires, the rental service is about \$100 less than the expenses of Paraguay.

One of the practical uses to which the motion-picture is applied in South America is in the service of the Argentine Immigration Bureau in Buenos Aires. In normal times that country receives nearly 1000 immigrants per day. These people are kept a week at government expense at a well-equipped immigrant hotel, and during their sojourn there a series of motion-pictures not only entertain but instruct the newcomers in agricultural activities of the country, shows them glimpses of home life on the vast pampas where they are soon to be located, and otherwise imparts general information that the immigrant should possess.

Thus, by means of the motion-picture he gains a fair idea of his adopted land, and in a way, sees his future possibilities more clearly than could be explained in any other manner.

In one leading church in the Argentine capital I saw a good moving-picture outfit in operation. It was used at frequent intervals, showing mainly films of educational and religious subjects; and judging by the immense gatherings of children clamoring for admission, which was free, the innovation was proving popular, and the young minds obtaining lessons and uplift stories of enduring value.

The combined cafe and the open-air theater have become very popular in South America, the advent of the motion-picture adding to the attractiveness of the former. It also affords the vaudeville artist a slight breathing spell and allows him to extend his circuits, covering more of the smaller towns than in former years. In many regions the warm climate makes it possible to continue outdoor amusements during the entire year. Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, furnishes a good illustration; in that city some of the theaters have open sides; the roof alone protecting the audience from rain or sunshine and the absence of closed sides permitting a free circulation of the tropical breezes.

The custom of the Latin is to keep late hours, and the evening motion-picture shows rarely begin their performances before 9 p.m. In most of the homes the evening meal begins about 7:30 or 8 o'clock, and even when the entertainment starts at 9 o'clock there are always late arrivals. If the theater caters to afternoon crowds the popular hour is about 5 p.m.; this entertainment closes sufficiently early for the patron to reach home in time for dinner. The afternoon is the accepted time for the ladies and children to attend the shows without male escort; for in most Latin countries the lady rarely goes upon the streets, at night without one of the male members of her family. The nights are the most popular for the crowds, and at that time the whole family turns out, and every one who can afford an automobile presses it into service. At one of the best motion-picture theaters in Buenos Aires I counted more than 200 machines drawn up in lines awaiting the closing of only an average attraction. The hour was near midnight and about as much ceremony was observed as if the finest opera company had been the star performers.

Generally speaking, the South American remains through the entire programme, which may require two or more hours' time. Those who have not procured tickets for the full bill, may remain in their seats and secure additional tickets from the ushers who pass freely among patrons, or procure them during intermission, which occurs about twice during a long performance or where a number of reels are used in a series.

In attending South American motion-picture theaters one sees among others the following European films: Gaumont, Pathé, Cineo, Nordisk, Meister. Of American films the following are among those which I noticed more frequently here and there about the continent: Selig, Edison, Eclipse, Fox, Vitagraph, Kalem, Lubin, Thanhouser and several others. It seems needless to say that Sunday is the most popular day of the week for the motion-picture business all over South America; many persons do not work on that day and as a consequence the crowds are most easily gathered, while the same reels may be exhibited a number of times a day.

### Congressmen's Graft.

[St. Joseph News Press:] The high cost of Congressmen keeps on climbing higher. A few years ago the salary of a Congressman was \$5000 a year, when it was boosted to \$7500, and then he was given a private secretary with a salary of \$1500, which salary as a general rule went into the Congressman's own pocket. Now there has been voted into the annual legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill a provision increasing the salaries of Representatives' private secretaries from \$1500 to \$2000 a year and giving each Representative an additional employee at \$75 a month.

[79]

NEW JUD

Fresh from  
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## INDEPENDENCIA DE CHILE.

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

## SOME OF THE VAGARIES OF TIM BENITO.

*A Trip to Town.. By Mae Foster Jay.*

**T**HIM BENITO, Spanish-Italian Irishman, dignantly. "Stand up and freeze like a time, and what do you think he ordered? whisky, sir! Fifteen cents for that! Well, I didn't say a word, but that's the last drink day—partly from motives of thrift and partly because corpulence threatened—sent her husband forth into the forest with his ax to fell a mighty tree and drag it home, Tim, sorely grieved, rushed to the rescue, and saved his chief indignity. He was much in evidence about the tent till the wood was all in stove lengths, too, and we became well acquainted.

"Many's the time," soliloquized Tim one day as he rested between sawings and looked reminiscently about him, "that I've seen a dozen 800-gallon vats of grapes under the trees in this grove."

"Presses up here, and everything?" I asked.

"Human presses," laughed Tim.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, the way they did it in here, and lots of other places that I know of, was for the men to take off their clothes and get into the vats of grapes up to their necks. Then they would tramp on them, and rub up against the sides of the vats, and wallow about, and finally almost swim in the juice. I've done it many a time."

"You don't really mean all that do you, Tim?" I asked in dismay.

"Sure thing I mean it," he averred stoutly. "And it makes a whole lot better grade of wine than your presses do, too—not so bitter, for the seeds don't get crushed."

"Heavens!" I cried, quite upset by this uncannily literal case of "deep in the cup." Wine dinners very suddenly lost popularity with me. "How did you ever get clean again, Tim?" I questioned.

"Oh, it wore off in time," grinned Tim.

Truly, wine-colored men roaming the hills add quite a colorful touch to the romance of this bit of the world.

Tim, product of a little town down on the coast at the foot of the canyon, "born and raised in these parts," had yet been abroad in the world, and was acquainted with the ways and wiles of men.

"You have to be darn careful, sir," he confided to Tom one day, "when you get into these cities, or you get stung every time. I've learned my lessons—I'm on to them now. Why, one time, sir, when I was in San Luis I dropped into a fair-enough looking place for my dinner, and what do you suppose they touched me for it? Fifty cents, sir! Fifty cents for one meal! Never again for Tim Benito!"

"Bought a fellow a drink down there one

fore my lips are sealed by association with the spirit we both appreciate. I think that there are more odd names in the church than I ever heard of before. And most of them are so ludicrously appropriate. I don't see for the life of me how you remember them all.

I attended the regular Ladies' Aid meeting last Thursday afternoon in the church parlor. Mrs. Dildeper came up and offered to introduce me to all the others, I agreed, of course, and as the parlor were crowded we made quite a time of it. I had already met Mrs. Hawk, and as soon as she saw me she pounced upon the young lady her son is to marry and brought her to meet me. And the young lady's name was Miss Chick.

I met Mrs. Schufflebotham and the Misses Hunkepeller next, then an old lady who was certainly as young by nature as she could possibly be by name, and then the whole jolly crowd seemed to take charge of me. I lost Mrs. Dildeper entirely. And to tell you the truth I was never so tickled in all my life—I had a hard time keeping a straight face. You see, I wasn't used to those names—as you were, when you first came."

The minister smiled more broadly. "Oh, my name—I've been used to—"

"There was Mrs. Whitecotton," interrupted Mrs. Smith, "and who should she be talking with but Mrs. Bales. The two Bloom girls were introduced, with their widowed aunt, Mrs. Flower, and when I learned that the three boarded with a Mrs. Potts I thought they had surely found the right place for themselves."

Grandma Hammer was introduced and in turn asked me to meet her married daughter, and the married daughter's name was Pounds. I felt as if I'd hit my finger, only woman reads quickly. "Joel," she said. "I want you to meet our new minister. We are

shortest of commons."

"But I do want to say just one thing be-

*The Comedy of Names.*

## FITTING COGNOMENS OF A CERTAIN PASTOR AND HIS FLOCK.

BY CHARLES CAMPBELL JONES.

The minister bowed and reached for the new member's hand. "My first call," he said smilingly, "and if I've been two weeks getting here it's not all my fault. With so many folks to visit it requires time to get around."

Mrs. Smith seated him in a parlor chair and made answer: "I venture to say that it does. And if you like them all as I do you want to visit them regularly."

"It gives me sincere pleasure to hear you say that," responded the minister. "We have only a small church—but there does seem to be among us some real community of interest—and a genuine brother—and-sisterhood."

"I've noticed the spirit you mention," broke in Mrs. Smith brightly, "and I just think it is the finest thing any church could have. All the members to think and act together, not to be at all critical, to accept one another for just what that other tries to be—I tell you that counts for something."

"It is the spirit of the church," beamed the minister, "and all of our members seem to catch it. I caught it myself after my first Sunday. It's great! As I said before, there seems to be a true community of interest; as if we might all be in the same boat, or have a common cause, as it were. And I see you are already catching it. May be you'll understand it better after awhile."

Mrs. Smith smiled back at him. "I hope I am catching it, and I'm sure I'll learn to understand. Already I've resolved not to criticise anything the minister says, does, or is."

"But I do want to say just one thing be-

Bachs—I suppose she spells it B-a-c-h-s, but she pronounced it Box—and she made me acquainted with her near neighbor, Mrs. Naller. I met Mrs. Apper and Mrs. Peeler, and while I wondered if I was to meet next somebody named Supper, or something like that, I was hurried to the other end of the room and presented to Mrs. Cook and Miss Sauer."

"Oh, yes," interrupted the minister as Mrs. Smith paused to take breath. "The names do seem to fit, somehow. But perhaps that accounts for the community of interest you noticed. They are all in the same boat after all."

"It may be so," she answered. "but I certainly thought that I was undergoing a unique experience, to say the least. Such a lot of queer names, and all so fitting—it's just like a picture puzzle. And what do you suppose the last two women I met were named?"

"I haven't an idea."

"Well," resumed Mrs. Smith. "one of them was Mrs. Waite, and the other was Mrs. Watch. That is an actual fact."

"Two splendid women," said the minister heartily, "and I must admit the charge of queer names."

"A minister," said the housekeeper, speculatively, "must find it rather hard to get along with his sense of humor, if he is unlucky enough to have one."

"I'm used to fun being made of names," responded the man, "as I started to tell you a while ago. And a sense of humor is surely a necessary part of the equipment of a minister. It saves many a situation for him, and for his people."

The man of the house came in through the back door and entered the room. The woman read quickly. "Joel," she said. "I wanted to laugh instead of cry. I met Mrs. want you to meet our new minister. We are

shortest of commons."

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## Recent Notable Cartoons.

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

## GOOD SHORT STORIES FROM EVERYWHERE.

Compiled for the Illustrated Weekly.

## That Settled It.

**C**OMMISSIONER DILLON, apropos of his success in the New York milk strike, said to a reporter:

"The trust had dictated to the farmers so long it thought it could dictate to them forever. But the farmers got together, and from then on they took the initiative as completely as the lady in the story."

"One clubman said to another, pointing with a shocked look from the club window toward a lady in an ultra-modish skirt:

"I thought you said, George, that you'd never consent to let your wife wear one of those outrageous garments?"

"Yes, so I did," George replied, "but my wife overheard me." —[Washington Star.]

## Father Explains.

**P**A. WHAT is meant by the "psychological moment?"

"Have you never seen your mother ask me for a check, son?"

"Oh, yes, pa."

"And did you ever notice that she always waits until I have had a good dinner and she has brought my slippers and has pulled my easy chair around to the light and struck a match for my cigar?"

"Yes, pa."

"Well, that is what is known as the psychological moment for making a domestic touch." —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

## Any Hub Lawyer Would.

**J**DGE PARRY, in a recent article on "Rufus Choate, Advocate," says on occasion Choate would meet with his Sam Weller. Defending a prisoner for theft of money from a ship, a witness was called who had turned State's evidence, and whose testimony went to prove that Choate's client had instigated the theft.

"Well," asked Choate, "what did he say? Tell us how and what he spoke to you."

"Why," said the witness, "he told us there was a man in Boston named Choate and he'd get us off if they caught us with the money in our boots." —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

## Mark Twain's "Regime."

**R**EGIMENS! Regimens!" said Prof. Hilary McMasters before the Harvard Medical School.

"There are too many nonsensical regimens, young gentlemen. I prefer the regime of Mark Twain to all such rubbish."

"Mark had a very strict regime, you know. He never smoked but one cigar at a time, and he never smoked while sleeping."

"He never ate meat except with his meals, and he never drank except at meals and between meals."

"His father took a drugstore for a bad debt in Mark's boyhood, and among the stores were nine barrels of cod-liver oil. These lasted Mark seven years. The rest of the family had to get along with the ipecac and nux vomica, Mark being the pet. He was, in fact, the first Standard Oil trust. He got it all." —[Washington Star.]

## A Dead Shot.

**T**HE valor and candid simplicity of our Indian Babu is proverbial. A story goes of one agent of the German East campaign, who (in the words of a contemporary) was about the most laconic, competent, deadly earnest station master and marksman combined that ever lived. A regiment of men like him would end the war, for this is the wire he sent:

"One hundred Germans attacking station. Send immediately one rifle and one hundred rounds ammunition." — [Nairdbi (India) Leader.]

## The Broken Broker.

**T**HE late Judge Pennypacker of Philadelphia, was an advocate of the enfranchisement of woman, but he also advocated justice, in the relationship between the sexes, for man.

"Woman," he said, whimsically, one day at the Pennsylvania Historical Society, "mustn't play it both ways. She mustn't get the vote and the equal wage through man's sense of equity, and then get all Man's stands for 1892."

kinds of unfair privileges through his sense of gallantry.

"There's a lot of truth in the story of the young broker who, after his failures, was thrown over by a pretty girl."

"Why was the engagement broken off?" a banker asked the ruined broker.

"Well," he answered, "after I'd given her a string of pearls, an opera box and a birthday gift of a twelve-cylinder limousine, I went to smash, and her people accused me of amusing myself at her expense." —[Washington Star.]

## His Regimen.

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## Real Economy in Japan.

**A**MONG the Japanese, thrift is a virtue in high esteem. Two old misers of Tokio were one day discussing ways and means of saving.

"I manage to make a fan last about twenty years," said one. "I don't open the whole fan wastefully and wave it carelessly about. I open only one section at a time. That is good for about a year. Then I open the next, and so on until the fan is used up."

"Twenty years for a good fan!" exclaimed the other. "What sinful extravagance! In my family we use a fan for two or three generations, and this is the way we do it: We open the whole fan, but we don't wear it out by waving it. We hold it still, like this, under our nose, and wave our faces." —[Youth's Companion.]

## A Touching Love Note.

**W**HAT kind of a letter did your husband write when he was away?"

"He started, 'My Precious Treasure,' and ended by sending 'love.'"

"How did you answer?"

"I started with 'My Precious Treasure,' and ended with 'Send me \$10.'" —[Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

## Unjust Farmer.

**P**ROF. MUNSTERBERG of Harvard said at a summer school tea that he had never yet found a person he could not hypnotize, and that hypnotism had a great future in medical diagnosis.

"They who doubt hypnotism, they who deem hypnotism quackery," he said, "are as unjust as the old farmer."

"But you've got a good farm here," a visitor said. "You ought to be able to make money shipping vegetables to New York."

"Rot!" grunted the farmer.

"You've got the land," said the visitor.

You've got the railroad. Why don't you try the speculation?"

"What's the use?" said the farmer, yawning. "The old woman's too all-fired lazy to do the plowin' and plantin' and weedin'." —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

## Carrying It Too Far.

**M**RS. CURRAN and Mr. McManus spent their Saturday half holiday in artistic pursuits. Among the objects examined was a new public building. The feature of this building that appealed most strongly to Mr. Curran was an inscription cut into a huge stone.

"MDCCXXVIII," he read aloud. "What does their letters mean, Tim?"

"That," replied the cultured Mr. Mc-

Curran, "stands for 1898."

"Don't you think Tim, that they're over doing this spelling reform at hit?" —[New York Times.]

## Taking Baby's Picture.

**G**REAT heavens," roared the policeman, springing upstairs three steps at a time and dashing with uplifted club into the photographer's studio. "What are you fighting about up here? Are you all gone mad?"

Grandpa, Uncle Bill, Aunt Jane, pa and ma Cousin Gertie and young Mr. Swizzler, her young man, the two cousins from New York and Uncle Cuthbert and grandma looked very sheepish and attempted lame explanations.

But the photographer waved the energetic constable aside.

"Oh, that's all right, old man. We're just trying to keep the baby quiet while we take its picture, bless it. Now, hang those cymbals again, sir, please. Louder—louder. And you, madam, please make that funny face again. Now, miss, blow that trumpet. Get behind him, sir, and tickle him. Steady. That's it. Got him?" —[Salt Lake Herald Republican.]

## Always Good Humored.

**G**OUPERNEUR MORRIS was talking about the late Richard Harding Davis.

"Davis was never at a loss for a joke," said Mr. Morris. "I dined with him at Crossroads farm one evening, the dinner being served by a new and very awkward waitress."

The waitress, halfway through the dinner, slipped with a tray, spilled a bottle of beer down Davis's neck.

"He said to her reproachfully, as he swabbed the beer with his napkin:

"It was ginger ale, not beer, I asked for, Gretchen." —[Washington Star.]

## No Snap.

**D**R. SIMON FLEXNER of the Rockefeller Institute, announced ten years ago that he had mastered the secrets of infantile paralysis, but the epidemic in New York seems to disprove his claims.

The speaker was Mrs. Mary Halliwell Hurst of Boston. She continued:

"Our doctors, before this epidemic, seem, for all their scientific talk, as ignorant as the woman at the bridge drive."

A woman attended a bridge drive. She declared that she intended to win the first prize. Big things were expected of her.

"Great, then, was her partner's astonishment, when she led a king, and she placed another king on top of it and screamed triumphantly:

"Snap!" —[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

## Could Take It on Company.

**S**IR JOHN JELLINE, the latest recipient of the greatly coveted British Order of Merit, told a good story recently of a train journey he took one bitterly cold night on a local line in Scotland.

His only fellow traveler in the same compartment was a Scotsman, and he had just drawn his flask from his pocket when the train stopped at a little country station, and the door opened.

"Tickets, please," said the shivering collector, with a longing look at the flask.

"Oo, aye," observed the Scotsman, as he fumbled in his pockets. "Wull ye take a nip?"

The ticket collector looked up and down, and as the coast was clear he remarked that he didn't mind if he did.

The traveler handed him the ticket. "Take it oot o' that, then," was all he said, and he transferred his attention to the flask. —[Salt Lake Herald-Republican.]

## Tricks in All Trades.

**H**AVE you ever had any experience in handling high-class ware?" asked a dealer in bric-a-brac of an applicant for work.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but I think I can do it."

"Suppose," said the dealer, "you accidentally broke a very valuable porcelain vase, what would you do?"

"I should put it carefully together," re-

sponded the applicant.

"Consider yourself engaged," said the dealer. "Now, tell me where you learned that trick of the trade."

"A few years ago," answered the other. "I was one of the 'wealthy customer' class." —[Tid-Bits.]

## airy Fairy Troubles.

**T**WO girls in a street car were in animated conversation.

"Whatcher gonna wear?"

"My striped skirt."

"What else?"

"My pink shirtwaist."

"Gonna wear a hair ribbon?"

"I dunno. Are you?"

"I will if you do."

"I ain't certain."

"I ain't either."

"I think I'll ask ma."

"I'll ask my ma, too."

"Got a red hair ribbon?"

"Uh huh."

"I have, too."

"Gonna wear it?"

"I dunno."

"You wear yours and I'll wear mine."

"Awright."

One man in the seat behind the girls turned wearily to his companion.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "it must be great to have nothing on your mind but a hair ribbon!" —[Philadelphia Ledger.]

## Horticulture in Mustaches.

**C**HILDREN are consistent and logical in their thinking, if nothing else.

Uncle Jim removed a mustache he had worn for a year or so. A relative remarked she never had seen Uncle Jim with a mustache, and another member of the family said: "Oh, yes, he grew it about two years ago."

"Did he plant the seed?" little Bobbie asked. —[Indianapolis News.]

## Yarn by Gar Magnate.

**L**CLARENCE E. POSTLEWAITE, general manager of sales of the Pressed Steel Car Company, tells this on a friend:

"While traveling in the South recently I was obliged to change cars. Having seated myself, I glanced out of the window to find a motherly looking colored woman with a tray upon her head containing inviting quarters of fried chicken. After having regaled myself with a leg, I leaned out of the window and said:

"Auntie, this is awfully good chicken. Where did you get it?"

"Slowly the tray was deposited upon the platform. Then looking up, she said: 'Say, mister, you's from the norf, ain't you?'

"Yes, auntie," I said, "but what has that to do with the chicken?"

"Well," she said, "I knowed you was, else you would never ask a culurd person where they get chicken." —[Salt Lake Herald-Republican.]

## Stood on His Rights.

"WHY did you strike this man?" asked the judge, sternly.

"He called me a liar, Your Honor, replied the accused.

"Is that true?" asked the judge, turning to the man with the mussed-up face.

"Sure it's true," said the accuser. "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

"What have you got to say to that?" asked the judge of the defendant.

"It's got nothing to do with case. Your Honor," was the unexpected reply. "Even if I am a liar I guess I've got a right to be sensitive about it, ain't I?" —[Topeka State Journal.]

## Eggs About to Celebrate.

"HOW much are eggs today?" asked an efficient householder when he got his grocer on the telephone.

"Some eggs we have are 55 cents, and some 45 cents."

"Well, what is the difference?"

"The 55-cent eggs are fresh and the 45-cent eggs are April eggs."

"April eggs!" exclaimed the householder.

"Why, they soon will have a birthday anniversary, won't they?" —[Indianapolis News.]

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# LARRY KEGGE, THE BOSS O' THE RANCH.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

(Continued)

JAN. 12, 1917.]

It was possible to save the town. He said he knew a method o' defense bein' used by all the big strategists in the European fuses that would work fine against Mr. Robles. All he asked for helpin' Senor Commandant was a price that would've staggered the Morgans. Bein' in a hole an' desperate the commandant promised to make the resident gov'nor o' Sonora come through an' agreed to grab onto his wife's diamonds if necessary. Accordinly Larry had all the barbed wire in Yuma shipped to Dry Gulch an' carted over the line to San Raphael. He fixed the town up like a California hen-coop, got an American money draft from his excel-

lency, the gov'nor, an' like the good day he was, rode right over Pasco's way to report. "He told his boss that if he was a prairie dog he couldn't get into San Raphael—an' to prove it lugged him off to a hill an' with some field glasses showed him the barbed wire entanglements strung round the town. Pasco threw a fit and claimed his pet plan of a universal empire was ruined. Then Larry played his ace an' said as how he'd heard Pasco had bank accounts in every good-sized American city an' that if he'd dent his retirin' fund for a small chunk, a system might be found to overcome the hen-coop idea. Pasco appeared more ambitious

than pennions an' swore he'd rather have hell like Robles for all the dollars himself held up than his plans. That is why Gav's green earth. It ain't like him." Nickie Shipman sent ten boxes of wire clippers toward the border on a appointed day an' explains Larry's appearance 'round Dry Gulch a lit'l the richer for gov'nor's check and a sheaf o' U. S. go'ment bonds formerly drawin' interest for Pasco Herando Robles, bandit."

The sheriff squinted an eye and whistled incredulously. "I'd come nigher believin' all that, Shorty, if I didn't know Larry Kegge. He's a wild cat with the smell o' whisky on him but while he's sober he'd never sell out o' these dark nights he'll get the surprise

of his ornery existence."

## What Tom Edmonds Learned at College.

BY CARLTON O. DAVIS.

**B**ILL EDMONDS was old. For forty his boy, could not possibly arrive until the end of the week.

"Who's there?" he called out.

"Spike Burnett. And I've got word from Tom, your son. I left him down in Berkeley, two weeks ago, and as I was heading this way, he told me to drop in and see his dad."

The man had entered while he was speaking. He seemed nervous, for all that he talked so smoothly. He was well dressed, tall and thin, and unusually sallow of complexion. In one glance, his sharp quick-moving eyes seemed to take in the whole interior of the cabin.

Bill sat up.

"How's Tom? How's he getting along at college? You went to college with him, didn't you?"

The other nodded.

"Yes; I was a year ahead of him. I've got my M.E. now, you know. But Tom's getting along fine. There's great stuff in that boy. But—but Mr. Edmonds, you're down sick! Tom didn't say anything about that. What's the trouble?"

Bill explained at length, lying flat on his back, his rheumy old eyes fixed on the rough-raftered ceiling. In conclusion, he said:

"And so I wrote Tom, Mr. Burnett—told him the whole business, how sorry I was, and asked him if he'd please come up here. I want to get the assessment work done, and I want to get some of the gold out of that hole. It's there, Mr. Burnett; I tell you, there's sure gold there! Of course, I ain't got much out of it yet, but a bunch of red dirt that's no good at all, but I know. There's gold, heaps of it, back in this hill!"

Spike Burnett sat down on the edge of the bunk.

"Look here, Mr. Edmonds," he said, "Why drag Tom from his studies? Here I am, just begging for a chance at practical work. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write Tom another letter; I'll give him to understand he's to stick where he is; and then I'll go out and handle the claim for you. Remember, Mr. Edmonds, I'm a graduated mining engineer; I know this game. If there's anything in that old tunnel of yours, I'll find it. And you'll have enough to eat on and we can send Tom money so that he can finish at college. He hasn't so very long to remain there, now—"

"No; only three months."

"And when do you have to get your assessment work all done?"

"Three weeks from now."

"Oh, that's easy. You leave it to me, Mr. Edmonds, and we'll make it. Now I'll write Tom."

Toward the end of the week, old Bill got a happy idea. He felt strong enough, by then, to make the uphill climb to the tunnel's mouth. He thought to labor up the hillside to the tunnel and there, behind a tree, to watch Burnett toiling with young hands and a trained mind. Thus he would see just what college was doing for Tom.

He shut the cabin door behind him, being careful to leave out the latch-thong, and walked with slow, almost toddling steps through the dry grass and between the stunted jack pines up the crooked trail. Burnett had not been in to see him, all that morning; he smiled knowingly to himself; the young fellow was working like a Trojan in that dark hole of a tunnel, no doubt.

Arrived near the tunnel's mouth, he stepped behind a tree and waited. A long time, he waited and watched. Came no sound of crashing pick or scraping shovel; no muffled pounding of dynamite being packed into a drill-hole; no boom and shaking of earth. The hills were uncannily still.

"The young chap must have gone down into town for a pick-handie or something,"

Bill lay tossing with pain on the musty bunk that had been his bed for days. The knock came again, and so sharply this time. That Bill heard it. He expected no one. Tom,

Bill was forced to surmise, at last.

He left the shelter of the tree and, curious to see what work had been done, entered the tunnel. All about were the timbers, precisely as he had left them. A shallow pan lay where he remembered having dropped it that last day. Only, in coming out, he noted that a shovel was jabbed into the small ore dump on the hillside.

He could not remember having left that shovel there. No; it had been jabbed into the dump by some one else. And yes; ore had been taken from that dump. It looked smaller.

Bill went over to the dump and picked up a piece of the waste. It was tight-packed reddish dirt.

"Oh, the fool, fool!" Bill mumbled. "There isn't a particle of gold in this stuff!"

Suddenly, as he threw the ore away in disgust, a new thought struck him. And it shocked him that the thought had not entered his mind before. He cursed himself for a fool.

He saw it all now. The so-called friend of Tom had done no particle of work on the mine. He was a faker. He had assured Bill that he would work the mine and make the assessment; he had written Tom to remain at school; and then he had not turned a pick or a shovel.

He was a sneaking claim-jumper. He was lying in wait, now, until such time as Bill should find himself delinquent to the State. Then he would jump Bill's claim, acquire it legally, though treacherously, hold it as his own, and then finally dispose of it at a price!

"Yes; that's it," old Bill was forced to conclude. "But why did he take that ore from the dump? There's no gold in that!"

Hatless as he was, spurred on by the fear of losing the claim, Bill Edmonds labored down the long winding road to Coyote. He sent a telegram to Tom. It was an urgent call for help. It said:

"Come up to your old dad. I need you!"

That night old Bill tossed in his bunk in a purgatory of torment. To struggle toward a goal and then to have that goal forever jerked away from one—the knowledge was agony.

It was 3 o'clock the next day when Tom arrived. Breathless, his frank open countenance flushed from running, he burst into the cabin. There was not even a suitcase in his hand.

"The trouble, dad?" he asked anxiously. "What's wrong?"

Old Bill looked up at his six-foot offspring with eyes that were dull with hopelessness.

"Wrong, Tom!" he repeated. "Boy, it's all wrong. He said he was a friend of yours, and I took him at his word. Now he's laying back, out of sight—just waiting for the chance to jump the property. And—"

"Who? Who are you talking about, dad?"

"Burnett, Mr. Spike Burnett. He said you told him to drop in on me—"

"I? Why, nothing of the kind. I didn't send a soul up here. In another three months, I'd have been along myself. What's the idea? I don't even know anybody by the name of Burnett. But wait—Spike Burnett, you say?"

The old man nodded vehemently.

"Now I've placed him! They told me something about him down at Coyote. It seems Spike Burnett was recently run out of Chili Gulch for salting a claim. And so he tried to hitch up with you—heh!"

"We've got just a week in which to get our assessment work done."

"Haven't you enough ore blocked out to show for your assessment, dad?"

"Son, it's only a prospect hole."

"Yes; but there's stuff in that hole, isn't there?"

Old Bill nodded quite sagely.

"Sure thing! All you've got to do is to dig for it."

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, show me what you've done; then we can determine what we have to do."

Old Bill, muttering incoherent nothings, led the way up the mountainside. Everything was very quiet. A chipmunk scurried out from under a log and disappeared beneath a stack of dead foliage; and once a bluejay squawked from a pine and awoke sharp echoes down in the canyon.

The old man made immediately into the tunnel, but Tom stood looking about. In his heart, he thought what a poor mess of mining it all was. Then, in natural course, his eyes fell upon the dump of waste. He stooped down, picked up a bit of the ore, and gazed at it intently, his eyes slowly widening.

Just then, from within the tunnel, came a loud shaken cry. Old Bill backed out of the tunnel. His face was very pale.

"He's there, Tom!" he cried, pointing a trembling finger into the blackness of the tunnel. "He's in there!"

Tom sprang forward and entered the tunnel. He struck a match. Lying on his back in a slope to one side was Spike Burnett. He was unconscious. By his side was a condensing outfit—a crude aludel furnace such as a man might construct to vaporize and condense an ore.

"Mercurial suffocation! He's fainted dead away," said Tom quietly.

He turned to his father. He held up, under the flare of the match, a piece of the ore he had removed from the dump. He held it close to the old eyes of his father.

"Do you see this, dad?"

But old Bill's eyes lighted with no recognition, no enthusiasm. Stubbornly he said:

"It's not gold, I tell you. I know gold when I see it and I don't need no college to tell me that ain't gold!"

"I didn't say it was gold. But this fellow knew what it was. Only for the fact that he was ignorant of the danger in refining it, he'd have probably cleaned a wad of money and taken your mine, to boot."

He grabbed hold of his father's bent shoulder.

"It's cinnabar, dad—quicksilver ore, running around 75 per cent! Right now, because of the war, it's worth more than \$100 a flask! Gold?—the devil with gold! You and I are going to work this mine, and work it for quicksilver. It'll be a cinch to meet the assessment, now! Come on, dad! Let's start by cleaning the tunnel of its muck—this Spike Burnett—he's only fainted."

### A Planter of Pearls.

We hear of poultry farms, and bee farms, of cattle farms, and dog farms, and even cat farms, but so far as is known, there is only one pearl farm. It is a large farm for it extends over some 5000 square miles and is covered by shallow water. The site of this farm is Torres Strait, at the northmost point of Australia.

It belongs to a capitalist known in that quarter of the world as "the king of pearl-fishers." He stocked it with 150,000 pearl oysters rather more than fifteen years ago. It takes 1500 men to gather in his crop, of whom 200 are divers. Two hundred and fifty vessels are regularly employed.

In the shallow water that covers this great farm the shells grow very large, and the divers can operate well. The harvest is no mean one, for the pearls, when sold in London, fetch, it is said, \$200,000 and upward every year.

E. T.

[85]

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## *Recent Notable Cartoons.*



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## THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN.

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Jan. 13, 1917.]

## JERRY BRINGS MATTERS TO A FOCUS.

Love and Service. By Ora McDermott.

JANET was a bit of a thing with yellow hair that she wore wrapped round her head. She wore most of the human beings on the Valo ranch wrapped round her finger. There were none of them, from her huge, gray-haired father down to little Manolo, the Indian washwoman's offspring, who would not joyfully have challenged wildcats for her. This devotion was by no means confined to the Valo ranch. With the determination of Bermuda grass it had spread along intervening miles toward Tucson and off over the mesquite to where young O'Neill was nursing his bunch of cattle into a herd.

From Tucson it lured forth Dustin McKenzie, a cadaverous young man who had come West for his health. McKenzie made so many trips out from Tucson and was so obviously unfit for travel that kind-hearted Tilden, Janet's father, roared at him one day: "If you must come, then for criminy's sake come and stay awhile. Bring out your little match-safe and put up at the ranch. Oceans of room. Good for your health." Thereupon, McKenzie, believing that opportunity roars but once down any man's chimney, accepted with alacrity.

Up to this time O'Neill had felt that he could hold his own with any rival. But he was outraged in all his many instincts for fair play by the installation of this McKenzie within the radius of Janet's charm, while O'Neill, obviously intended by heaven, from the beginning of *Cosmos*, to be her mate, should have to ride twelve miles each day even to glimpse the sunlight in her hair. It was a preposterous situation. As soon as he realized its full significance he galloped over to Valo.

In the blistering noon tide Manolo dozed by the adobe wall, his head on the stomach of Janet's Airedale.

"Wake up, fojo," O'Neill said gently, stirring the child with his boot. "Go in and tell Janet to come out here a minute. Whisper in her ear."

With a grunt Manolo adjusted his fat little body to an upright position and trotted obediently into the house. His affection for O'Neill was not unmixed with fear. The *señor* was so tall, his hat was so high and his eyes were so fierce a gray! Also, the vaqueros down in the bunk house rounded their eyes and spoke in whispers when they told tales of the *señor*'s prowess with the broncos, his fearlessness in hunting cattle-thieves and his prodigious strength. They loved to work for him, and Manolo felt a thrill of pride that so humble an instrument as himself should carry the *señor*'s message to Janet.

In spite of Manolo's caution McKenzie overheard the whisper, and when Janet appeared on the porch O'Neill no more than noted how well her linen dress matched her eyes when McKenzie's gaunt frame loomed from the shadow of the doorway. O'Neill's face changed from bronze to purple.

"Beautiful morning we're having," he ventured, fanning himself with his huge hat.

"I think it's hot," Janet dimpled, "much too hot for you to stand there in the sun. Why didn't you come in?"

"Er—I well, I guess I'm getting kind o' bashful lately," he explained, frowning studiously down at the silver braiding on his hat.

"Impossible!" A peal of laughter rewarded him. "Come in this minute and have dinner with us. We were just sitting down."

"No, no, thanks. I've just had dinner." The fragrant odor of roast meat mocked him as he reflected how long ago he had breakfasted.

Janet seized him by the arm. "Never mind. After riding all those miles surely you can eat a little something. It's venison, too. Dick Harris brought it to us."

Whether it was the temptation of the venison or the pressure of her strong brown fingers O'Neill did not know. But he found himself being led up the steps murmuring, "Well, maybe I can manage a little bite."

"You know Mr. McKenzie, don't you?" she asked with a pretty *savoir faire*. "He's come to visit us."

"So I understand," O'Neill admitted, torn between an impulse to strangle the sad-looking visitor and a desire merely to trample on him. He did neither. He shook hands.

As they stepped into the cool interior Tilden's voice boomed. "Hello, there! How's the boy? Goin' to have dinner with us? How's everything? Haven't seen you since—why, it must've been as long ago as day before yesterday. Ain't been feelin' sick, now, have you?"

Blushingly O'Neill denied the implication and let himself be led to the table. It was a paradisaical spot! To think that Janet's fingers had arranged the roses in the bowl, Janet's taste had supervised the setting of the table! Truly, the poet was right who had said that the touch of a woman's hand—what was it he had said? O'Neill turned to consult Janet, who was his authority on poobs. The back of her head was toward him and her attention focused on McKenzie, who was chanting:

"I dream of a red-rose tree,  
And which of its roses three  
Is the dearest rose to me?"

Was it a riddle? O'Neill ventured the question. Janet looked at him reproachfully. McKenzie smiled with the remote sadness of an archangel.

"No, it's Browning," he explained.

Tilden paused in the labor of carving the venison, removed his tongue from his cheek and gazed inquiringly across the table.

"Browning? The buyer from Kansas City?"

Janet choked and began talking very fast. McKenzie gazed at her in complete absorption, and O'Neill was left in the outer circle of neglect, face to face with father and the venison. It quite deprived him of his appetite.

"By the way, son," Tilden continued, plilling venison, frijoles, sweet potatoes and gravy on O'Neill's plate, "how many head did you sell Gunstadt? When do you begin shipping?"

Resolutely the young cattle man plunged into facts and figures that lay near his heart. If he could not chant poetry he could talk what had the ring of dollars and cents, and that was cows. But the little ears under the yellow hair heard him not.

On the whole, that dinner was a miserable fiasco. O'Neill ate no more than two helpings of venison, frijoles, sweet potatoes and gravy. Frustrated love, outraged pride and a choking sense of unfair play tore at his vitals like so many mountain lions. He wondered that he could sit there and remain alive. Finally he rose and took his courage by the throat.

"Have to hurry back to the ranch," he explained. "Mighty fine dinner. Janet, may I speak to you alone a moment?"

Smilingly she followed him outside to where his little horse dozed over the reins between its feet.

"What's that fellow doing here, anyway?" he demanded jealously.

"Why—dad felt sorry for him and asked him to come and visit us. He thinks it may do him good. You see, he's not very strong. Something's wrong with his heart or his lungs—I don't know which."

"I don't suppose it's ever occurred to you that something's wrong with my heart," he growled.

She threw back her head and laughed gleefully.

"You big, healthy ox-man!"

"Well, there is, and you know it, too." He reached for her hand, but she put it behind her. "Ah, please, Janet, be fair with me! I'm going to be too busy to see you at all, these next couple o' weeks. I must round up those cattle for Gunstadt and ship 'em off. You know what it means. Please don't let that guinea get the inside track. I can love you a million times more, with his poetry and all."

Janet's eyes blazed. "Don't you dare call my friends guinea. I'll tell you right now, Jerry O'Neill, Mr. McKenzie is a gentleman and a scholar, and I feel sorry for him, and we're going to keep him here until he gets well! So there!"

With that she flounced into the house. Desconsolately O'Neill put on his hat, pulled it down over his eyes, and flung himself across his horse. In a matter of moments he was a mere speck of dust on the brush-ringed horizon.

After a highly satisfactory exchange of

beef on the hoof for cool silver dollars in the bank, O'Neill returned. It was sunset as he rode to the ranch house. Tilden, McKenzie and Janet were on the porch. McKenzie comfortably snuggled within a nest of pillows in a big rocking chair. Janet sat at his feet, and in her eyes was a brooding maternalism which baffled O'Neill.

"Good evening, folks!" he sang out, conscious that he made a striking figure silhouetted against the setting sun. He held the pose with his new cowboy hat extended, hoping Janet would note the bright bandanna at his throat, the shiny boots and the beautifully carved Mexican spurs. After a breathless moment he dismounted and came up the steps with much cracking of leather chaps.

Janet extended her hand, but it was clear that her thoughts were elsewhere. O'Neill sat beside her. He might as well have been enjoying a siesta in the lay of an iceberg in Siberia.

The evening dragged. McKenzie had but to make a move and Janet was instant attention. "Are you comfortable?" "Can I get anything for you?" "Are you sure you're not thirsty?" That and more, to the point of nausea, were the burden of her conversation. O'Neill writhed in impotent fury. Why should she waste her exquisite sympathy on this—this weakling?

At last McKenzie rose luxuriously. "I think it time for me to retire," he drawled and made his exit in the midst of Janet's soft cluckings of regret and tenderness.

It was the acme of insolence. Apparently he felt so sure of his success that, without concern, he could leave a formidable rival alone on the field.

Tilden fell asleep. The two were alone on the top step. A new moon, silvery and slim, hung on the edge of the desert. Coyotes howled. A bird cheeped plaintively. O'Neill reached for Janet's hand and grasped it.

"Honey girl," he said huskily, "I want to ask you something. Will you marry me? One time you half said you would. I've made a bunch of money this last deal that'll let me build an addition to my old 'dobe and buy a machine. We'll be comfortable and—well—what do you say?"

She shook her head but did not draw her hand away.

"I don't know. I—I used to like you—a lot. I do yet, but—"

"Is it—is it because of that—that McKenzie thing in there?" He choked and made a disgusted wave of the arm.

"Don't call him a thing. He's—well, Jerry, he's not strong. He needs someone to look after him. You don't know how delicate he is. Why, he eats scarcely anything at all! And he's so patient, so grateful for everything! He says he needs me as he needs the air!"

"Good heavens, girl, don't you think I need you?" Jerry groaned. "I can't live without you! Why, I'd rather lose every cow on my range, every dollar in the bank, every—"

"Of course," she sighed, "but that's different. You're big and strong and you can take care of yourself."

"Well, isn't that the kind of man a girl should marry?"

"You don't understand," she said uncertainly. "I—you—he—"

"Are you—in love with him?"

"Oh, Jerry, I don't know!" She twisted her fingers together. "He's so noble and sweet and—brave. He says he's faced death and pain so long that now it has no terrors for him."

Jerry groaned. Was the girl blind? Did she not see that a noble man would never ask a girl to marry him when he was practically an invalid? Did she not understand the selfishness which had sought her, the only daughter of a wealthy rancher? She had cared for Jerry once, a little. Surely there was some way of reawakening that spark, small though it may have been. Jerry knew that his affection for her was founded on nothing but herself. He wanted her for herself and he rather resented her father's affluence. It made what he had to give smaller by comparison.

He stood up. "So I'm too healthy for you? You really want to spend your life waiting on that invalid?"

"I'm afraid so, Jerry," she said, almost tearfully. "I'm sorry."

"It's all right, Janet." Desperately he crushed the brand new hat between his hands. If only he could manage to stay at the house as McKenzie did! He was sure he could "show the man up." He slapped his thigh with the hat and his arm brushed against his six-shooter.

Janet had crossed the porch half-way when the sound of a terrific discharge whirled her about. The smoke of powder burned her nostrils. She screamed.

"Oh—Jerry! Are you—killed? What's happened?"

She ran to where O'Neill was crumpling in a heap on the steps. Her father had waked with a roar.

"What is it? Mexicans? Where—what—why—" He stared about him for a moment before he made out the pair on the steps.

"Dad, come here!" Janet sobbed. "Jerry's hurt. I don't know—whether he's dying or not, but—oh, dad, he's—he's shot!"

"Shoot!" cried Tilden, hastening to them. "How'd it happen, boy?"

"Accident!" groaned O'Neill. "Six-shooter went off."

"Went off!" exclaimed the older man. "How under the sun—" But the pressure of O'Neill's fingers on his arm warned him. He finished up lame with, "Hm. Janet, go into the house and get a couch ready. I'll bring this here blunderbus in and we can look at him. I don't think he's killed."

Janet sped into the house. O'Neill ceased his groans and stood up.

"Now, Tilden," he warned, "I'm a wounded man, a sick man, in need of attention. Never mind how it happened nor why. Remember there's always danger of blood-poisoning."

Open-mouthed, Tilden helped O'Neill into the large living-room. With the light he saw that the boy's left hand was badly torn by the shot. Janet bustled about, bringing water and linen strips.

"Oh, Jerry, Jerry!" she moaned, bending over his hand and wrapping yards and yards of bandage around it. "I'm so sorry! You poor boy! What if it had killed you?" At that she broke down and sobbed, letting her tears splash down on the bandage.

Above her head O'Neill's face was white. But he looked up at Tilden and with a strong inclination of his left eyelid signified that there was a crowd. With remarkable quickness—for a father—Tilden understood. Putting his tongue in his cheek he tiptoed from the room.

"Don't cry, honey," O'Neill murmured. "It's only a flesh wound. It'll be all right if blood-poison doesn't set in."

"Blood-poison!" she cried. "Jerry! Oh, no! What can we do to prevent it?"

"I don't know. A little care and attention, I suppose. I have a pretty good mozo over at the house. I guess he can pull me through."

"I guess not!" she flashed. "You're going to stay here until you're well, and I'm going to take care of you!"

"Won't I be interfering with—er—the other gentleman?"

"Don't be silly, Jerry." She frowned. "I can do my duty by both."

"Duty—hm!" O'Neill reflected. "Duty—d—m!"

"Just to show you, I'm going to sit up with you all night!" she cried, her face glorified with an inner light. What a passion she had for martyrdom!

Before he could protest he perceived McKenzie, garbed in a red plaid bathrobe, standing in the door. They glared at each other.

"What's happened?" inquired McKenzie.

"Jerry's shot!" Expectantly Janet turned to McKenzie for his sympathy.

But there was none forthcoming. He stood silent, jealous, beetie-browed. Then he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Where?" he asked drily, after a long sullen pause.

"In the hand." Janet had difficulty in controlling her temper.

"And all this excitement—just for that?" McKenzie sneered. "I thought it was something serious."

The pain had been causing O'Neill severe discomfort. His arm throbbed and his hand ached. McKenzie's very presence irritated him.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

## THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE IN BRAZIL.

[Saturday]

Jan. 18, 1917.]

School breathing being extremely difficult, we find it with the slightest exertion.

In the problem of eating and drinking many items quite ordinary on our daily menu, we find here have leaped into the luxury class, and vice versa. Fruits heretofore considered as exclusively for the millionaire's table are ours for a milreis (35 cents) per dozen—alligator pears, sapotes, etc.; while apples actually put on purple and emerald, so as to speak. With brain befogged by the reckoning of reis and milreis, we find upon gaining chartered bearings that we have paid \$1.50 (gold) for a dozen bellefleurs. And at that you are not allowed to carry your precious fruit if you are homeward bound on the street car. It is not the thing to carry parcels, anyway. They are ordinances off first-class cars, and you are ordinances off second-class cars—so there you are. In order to transport your purchase you must hire a "carregador" for a small fee and pay his second-class fare. There is little hope of economizing in the details of housekeeping which at home we can, without great inconvenience, treat with frugality. The sense of values is necessarily re-standardized to conform to new conditions; this being forced, as it were, into being "something of a lady" is only one of many little circumstances that arise.

American-made soda crackers are not to be had; and the Edinburgh crackers packed in tin boxes, the only way practicable in this damp climate, cost 300 reis (30 cents) for the regular 10-cent package. Lowney's chocolates, also packed in tin, are \$2 per pound, and the price of Minnesota flour more than doubled. So, on we go, through the list of imported foods and conscientious

stomach, not knowing the dietary value of one-half the vegetables which the routine "quintais" brought to our door, my first dinner consisted of three salads and not a single cooked vegetable; it took several weeks to convince the cook that we were not abnormally fond of fresh vegetable salads.

Meat, excepting fowl, which is peddled in baskets from door to door, is the only thing for which it is best to go to the market; this should be bought very early in the day for the markets seldom have ice. Slaughtering is done between 12 and 1 o'clock a.m., and whatever is not sold by midnight of the same day is confiscated by the government. Seldom is there any left; instead, the markets are more apt to be sold out early in the afternoon, the butchers buying "short" rather than risk losing the profit of that which has been sold. Then he closes his shop and goes home for the day. At the market which does happen to have a surplus the poor people vie with one another in a freeze-out, seeing who can hang around the latest and thus get "for almost nothing" whatever is left. The price of meat is reasonable and the quality very satisfactory. The government inspector performs his duties with relentless concern for the glorification of his position, living up to every inch of his natty uniform and cocky little cap.

One's troubles are not ended with the buying and cooking. The art of eating is in many cases a serious subject, not to mention that of acquiring a taste for the untried. The enjoyment of eating a mango is considerably reduced by the anxiety as to a safe finish. This soft, fibrous fruit

smells no torn in Germany does not easily with a spoon, and the logical mode of eating—the mode in which one瓢is when not in polite society—is to suck the deliciously sweet juice, smearing your face from ear to ear in primitive pleasure. If you think you are losing your appetite just watch a shiny-faced negro boy eating a mango and immediately you will get it back; the enjoyment is contagious.

The "mamão," similar to the cantaloupe, is rich in pepita; you anticipate your generous breakfast portion with health-abiding prospects. Seeds, too, are to be eaten—small, round, black ones set in a slimy substance. A generous spoonful is your first bite. Bah! the cook has spilled the turpentine in it! "No, no," smiles the Brazilian, "that is nature's flavoring—the health-giving quality." Quipping heroically the bite is at last swallowed, but very nearly at the cost of the remainder of the breakfast. Subsequent trials accomplished little more for me, though I have heard there are those who have succeeded. More or less of this turpentine flavor is found in many tropical fruits. I presume there is a reason.

The banana and pineapple are regarded as staple food products and no larder is ever without a supply of both. The newcomer, however, is warned against eating too much of either one before he has become thoroughly acclimated, lest he get a "touch" of fever—said "touch" often lasting for years. This tropical fever is usually found to be the result of improper diet, so the housewife's imperative duty is to promptly investigate what is proper and what is not. Bahian oranges—I hesitate to say this, yet why not, for they are parent

of what may be called the world-beaters and when they smile women and men we may as well take off our hats.

In many households coffee is roasted fresh every day, a servant being kept for this particular task; few Americans, however, have arrived at this degree of coffee discernment. The process is tedious and slow, for under the heavy iron kettle is never a blaze—only glowing coals. Hour after hour the patient, gaily-turbaned black woman sits and stirs, and stirs, and stirs the fragrant smelling grains until they are almost burned; then it is only pulverized as needed, and made by the dripping process. The Brazilian says he never drinks coffee out of his own country; one sip and the honor is his.

The American housewife who survives her first few spasms of homesickness for apple pie and English-speaking servants seldom fails to find life in Brazil most alluring; and maintaining a home does happily mean the joy of turkey and pumpkin pie at Thanksgiving and plum-pudding at Christmas. But since that snow-idealized holiday arrives in the hottest part of a tropical summer, many of the American colony prefer to have their national dinner on the Fourth of July—the one day when all Brazilians are United States-Americans, too. They join in our sports and in every possible way give the Yankee plenty of elbow room in which to demonstrate his pent-up patriotism.

But in spite of this show of homeland devotion, it stands that the United States has lost a number of good citizens to Brazil's charming capital.

## The Salve Regina of "Gran'ma" Padilla.

BY MARIA DE PUY DE GALEANA.

"GRAN'MA" bent near the dim light of two kerosene lamps that stood on a small table, and crocheted a lavender dressing cap. "I will try to sell or raffle it for \$2, to help pay my rent," she said. "Dios es grande. He will not let me fail to pay my rent nor let me starve. If only I could hear from my niece in Guanajuato, my sister's daughter. She wrote me that she had sold her piano and two sewing machines to get the money with which to come. For her I took these two rooms. This is my little house."

Gran'ma smiled cheerfully, showing her toothless gums behind lips once beautiful; her black eyes sparkled with unshed tears that refused to brim over; her snowy hair crowned a head poised with dignity; her needle flew, forming loops and points and curves. "Truly I do not know why my niece, Loreto, does not write. Perhaps the typhus—God knows. They tell me that her grandmother an' her married sister that lives in Marfil an' all of her three children an' her sister's husband, are dead of the scourge. Loreto knows how to sew; together we were to have lived. I making flowers out of ribbons, and crocheting caps an' yokes. But now, quien sabe? Solo Dios."

"But your children, gran'ma?"

"Yes, my children do very well. My two daughters, they have very good husbands, very good. For that may God be thanked. They lack for no thing. Laura she live in New York; she marry to a doctor; she have six children. Laura, she say to me, 'Mother, you come live with us?' I say, 'No, Laura,' because when I live with my son-in-law in Guanajuato his brother who live with him—no not my son-in-law; my son-in-law he very good Jew; but the brother of my son-in-law—he say to him: 'What for you keep this old woman? I think she no good for anything.' So they write my son Ed to send me the money, an' I come here. When I get to station I see my daughter-in-law Cora inquire of very fashion'ble people, 'Are you Mrs. Padilla?' and I try to hide behin' some people because I so shame. I not very rich dressed; I not elegant. Cora, she very elegant, she very rich dressed; she buy forty, \$50 dresses. So I come out from behin' rich people an' say 'I am Mrs. Padilla.' Cora look my black dress, my long black coat, my plain hat. She say, 'ver' rough,' 'You come with me.' I not see my son. Cora she leave me alone all day. I live with my son ten months. My daughter-in-law treat me very bad. She say I all time make her very nervous. At las' she say me, 'You can have the day off. Ed and I

will dine in town.' I say, 'That is what I was accustomed to say to my servants but I no will stan' this from no Dago daughter-in-law.' Then Cora she have nervous prostration, an' I go. Cora she go her Dago papa, that sell wine, an' have nervous fit. Gran'pa Cusi he say, 'You an' Ed nice pair! When I old you both treat me same way. I no leave you one cent but one only dollar; so you go hustle with your Ed.'

Gran'ma winked both bright eyes very hard and smiled. "I hope I get enough work to pay my rent. I want show them I can maintain myself. Cora she say me, 'I get you permission to go Sister's Charity Home because, you know, Ed an' I cannot get on in the world an' give to an old woman such like you.' I say, 'I know that. Wait a little longer. I try.'

"And your other daughter, gran'ma?"

"My other daughter—she also marry very well. She live in Guatemala. She have very good bosban' too. She tell me, 'Mother, you no come here; you die mala; you don' want die so far from home.' God very good to me, I say. 'When I die, all my children I leave very happy. I think I go bed soon. I try get money for lan'lady tomorrow. I tired now.' And gran'ma put up her crocheting and smoked a cigarette preparatory to saying her night prayers; for gran'ma was still addicted to the habit she had acquired in her girlhood, notwithstanding her being a real and very charming lady. She turned out one kerosene light and, by the dim light of the other, composed herself for prayer. Her thoughts strayed back to her girlhood. In her memory it did not seem so far away. Praying, she dreamed.

She was back in the open-courted house of her fathers. Brothers and sisters were hers. Hers was a stern father. Her mother was only a memory. She was beautiful. Though poor, she had many admirers; she was of good family, and that counted for much. She had a musical voice and sang in the church choir and in amateur theatricals. She loved, and was beloved but her father disapproved her choice. He deserted for a rich suitor. Her cousin, Ricardo Mendez, was only a poor composer. He composed for her, his sweetheart, a "Salve Regina" that she only was to sing in the church. Only her thrilling voice should soar on his celestial notes.

Gran'ma's head bent lower and lower beside the iron bed. A cold gust of air blew the flame of the single lamp until its oil burned, it flickered and went out. Gran'ma still dreamed the dream of her girlhood.

Back in the greatest silver-mining city in the world, in the old church choir, Gran'ma

waited to commence the splendid notes of the "Salve Regina" composed for her by her lover. Those notes were never sung by her. A commotion in the choir caused her to turn. They laid his body at her feet. Attempting to reach her on this, the first night of his great composition, his horse had fallen over a precipice. He was dead. The original "Salve Regina" of her lover was stolen. Gran'ma was long in recovering her voice.

An unfortunate marriage—still against her father's wishes—motherhood, bereavements, abandonment, still found gran'ma's form erect and her black eyes sparkling under the crown of silver hair. Once she had returned to the city of her birth, many years had passed. She knelt in the ancient church she knew so well. The strains of her "Salve Regina" floated through its vaulted naves and columned arches. She who had been faithful wife to an unloved husband, mother of many children, had seen herself abandoned in their young childhood, now heard the soul of her girlhood's lover not in the voice of the singer but in the voice that her imagination told her that lover had come so far and so tragically to hear, nearly a half a century before. A great light burst on her closed vision. The hard years in a foreign land among alien peoples; her stern father; the husband that had long ago deserted her; her children that were so well settled in life that she thanked God daily that they would not miss her; the charity home or the poor house to which they would consign her, were all blotted out in the ineffable light.

Gran'ma's fashionable "Daga" daughter-in-law pressed a perfumed piece of lace to her painted nostrils before venturing over the threshold. She turned to her husband impatiently. "I have been telling you for a long time that she was fit only for the poor house. You see she is incapable of caring for herself and I am sure we cannot afford to support her. Besides, the smell of her cigarettes—I, myself, may smoke one occasionally," she checked herself at her husband's accusing glance and giggled, "but I smoke not for comfort but for pastime and I smoke fashionably," and she pressed the perfumed lace handkerchief still closer to her painted nostrils as they entered the spotless room where gran'ma knelt, unheeding.

The sparkle was gone from gran'ma's eyes when they lifted her. "I think you go to Sisters' Asylum now," said her daughter-in-law.

Gran'ma's dim eyes sought the photograph of the prosperous-looking father of the six children that had been born to her, three of

whom lay in their far-off graves under a southern sky, three of whom were so well married that she daily gave thanks to the good Dios that when she died they would not miss her. She smiled her toothless smile with lips still beautiful. Her snowy hair crowned a personality full of charm and dignity.

"Well, if you wish, I go," she answered and tears streamed from her unusually dim eyes. Her accustomed fingers reached for the lavender cap that she was trying to complete to finish paying her rent. "Only, I like to wait to see if my bosban', the father of my six children, no want me before I die. I try pay my rent. I try maintain myself. Dios es muy grande. I like wait a little longer to see if he remember me or if Dios take me. My children all very happy. Dios es muy grande."

## Grafting in China.

[World Outlook:] Why can't China build her own railroads, dredge her own canals? She has engineers who are no slouches, she has limitless material, and the cheapest of labor.

There are two reasons, sloth, and graft, the outgrowth of sloth.

Try to take one of the little steamers that ply from point to point along the coast of China. "Will the boat leave today at the schedule time?" you ask the agents at the pier. Well, no, probably not till tomorrow, the courteous Chinese will tell you. Tomorrow again there is some delay, and you may hang about a week before you get off in that steamer. How could such methods build a trunk line from Pekin to Canton, even if the government could float all the bonds in the world?

Graft, which permeates all China, from the highest official to the poorest coolie, would make it very difficult for a corporation to live. So many would take bites from the melon!

A missionary over here on a visit tells a story of a Chinese boy, educated in a mission school, who nearly upset a whole province by refusing graft. Sent on some expedition for the local government, he was given what in our money would be \$300 for expenses. When he returned he handed in \$50.

"What is this for?" they asked.

"I only spent \$250," he explained.

There was a great to do, and the Governor of the province sent to see this lad, who had done what no man had ever been known to do before. But he was solemnly assured that he must not return the \$50 because it would mortify others who kept all they could get.

## JERRY BRINGS MATTERS TO A FOCUS.

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

Jan. 12, 1917.]

## THE MARRIED LIFE OF HELEN AND WARREN.

*Helen Economizes on the Meat Bill. By Mabel Herbert Urner.*

THREE monster turkeys, a tray of lamb chops with paper curls, a brace of partridges, and a scored-back suckling pig with a necklace of sausage links, graced the holly-trimmed window of Boyd's meat market.

Inside, against the white-tiled walls, hung a row of lamb carcasses festooned with chains of evergreen. The marble slabs and glass-fronted refrigerators were crowded with the usual Saturday-morning supply of choice and expensive cuts.

Helen could never enter a butcher's without a shuddering thought of all the helpless animals so ruthlessly slaughtered. Shrinkingly she turned her back on some rabbits hanging head-downward, their gray fur, limp paws, and pathetic, blood-stained heads reminding her distressingly of Pussy Pur-  
mew.

Forcing back her futile, unavailing pity, she glanced about, trying to decide on her order. Nearing the end of the month, her household allowance was alarmingly low. For the next few days she must buy with the strictest economy.

She had prided herself on the fact that, in spite of the alarming rise in all food, she had so far kept the grocery and meat bill within a very small advance of the same months last year.

"No guinea-hens this morning," Mr. Boyd himself, freshly white-coated, was at the telephone. "We've some fine partridges . . .

"Three?" writing the order . . . "Sweetbreads for luncheon—and a porterhouse steak cut thick. Now that is all, Mrs. Ward? . . . Yes, I'll send them right over."

Helen, waiting to be served, wondered at this carefree extravagance of ordering lavishly over the phone without an inquiry as to weight or price.

"Good morning, Mrs. Curtis," said Mr. Boyd, closing the order book and with bland suavity turning to Helen. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"How much are lamb chops?"

"Loin thirty-four—rib, thirty-six."

"And pork chops?"

"Twenty-four," with the faintest note of condescension.

"Six, cut very thin, please. Not more than a pound and a quarter."

Disappearing into the electric-lighted refrigerator, Mr. Boyd returned with a loin of pork. With deft, surgical precision he cut six clefts in the pinkish flesh, then chopped through the bone and tossed them on the scale. The needle flew to a pound and three-quarters.

"Forty-two cents," as he lifted them off, with no apology for the heavier weight.

## Jerry Brings Matters to a Focus.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO.)

"Say," he growled, "I'll bet if you had it it'd be serious, all right. But, of course, you know as much about bullets as I do about—Brownning."

"Jerry!" Janet remonstrated, sharply. "He's my guest!—Mr. McKenzie, please go to bed. I know it's not good for you to wander around at night."

McKenzie cleared his throat once, shifted his weight again and opened his mouth as though to protest. But, struck by the futility of it, he whirled abruptly and stamped down the hallway. His door slammed and the old ranch house echoed with its petulance.

O'Neill wanted to shout with glee. How sweet and noble was McKenzie! But when he saw the pained abstraction on Janet's face he studiously avoided smiling.

"He's not used to being waked up at night," she explained.

The clock ticked on the mantel. Outside was the shuffling of feet as the vaqueros crowded around the house to ascertain the source of the shot. Tilden's voice rose in benevolent explanation that there had been no raid from the border, that the dove of peace still slept with its head under its wing. Gradually the shuffling ceased and the chatter of Spanish faded away.

What a wonderful night it was! Janet banked him up with pillows, covered him with Indian blankets and sat holding his uninjured hand until the first ribbons of

"Now what else?" Some fine Canada saddle this morning?"

Helen ignored this suggestion. Mr. Boyd's habit of always cutting a quarter to a half pound more than she asked for was most annoying. She had said definitely to cut them thin—about a pound and a quarter—and he could cut to an ounce when he wished. He deliberately chose this method of increasing her bill and his profit.

"What are your fowls?" deciding against a complaint on a busy Saturday morning.

"Twenty-eight and thirty. One about five pounds?"

"No, thank you, I believe the chops will be all," rebelling at the exorbitant price and his air of taking her order for granted.

Knowing that six pork chops was a conspicuously small and impeccable Saturday order, and conscious of Mr. Boyd's imperceptibly waning suavity, it was with a heightening color that Helen hurried out.

Why must she always trade there? It was the highest priced and most independent shop in the neighborhood. Twenty-eight cents for fowl! Even on this wave of high prices that was excessive. Boyd's catered to an expensive and exclusive patronage.

There must be shops, dependent upon a less affluent trade, that handled good meat.

She remembered a small butcher's next to a little Italian grocery, several blocks down a side street, where she occasionally bought spaghetti and Parmesan cheese. It would be worth investigating. Holding her muss against her cold-reddened face she hurried on.

Small, dingy shops and a swarm of children proclaimed the cheapening neighborhood. Before the butcher's window she hesitated, unfavorably impressed by the array of discolored signs.

"Roasting Lamb, 18 cents;" "Navel Corned Beef, 12 cents;" "Prime Roast Beef, 20 cents;" "Sausage, 16 cents;" "Chicken, 16 cents—20 cents," they read.

The shop was narrow, low-ceilinged, and dimly lit by the one sign-cluttered window. A man with a blood-stained apron was serving a shawl-headed customer. With interest Helen watched her order—a pound and a half of liver and 10 cents' worth of soup meat.

A greasy chopping block, and the soiled, clotted sawdust on the floor, contrasted unpleasantly with the white spotlessness of Boyd's. Very little fresh meat was displayed; instead were rows of smoke-blackened hams and strips of oily bacon. Some sausages, spareribs and cuts of round and chuck steak were in a counter case.

"A good-sized fowl for fricassee," remarked Helen, as the woman, with her parcels under her shawl, passed out.

dawn fluttered across the sky. Together they watched the sun break through the clouds, and tried to interpret what the mourning doves said to each other in the olive trees. When the Indian maid peeped into the room Janet suddenly decided that she herself and no other should get Jerry's breakfast.

Left alone, he stretched happily and rambled out to the porch to breathe the fresh desert air. There is a tang to an Arizona morning that is nowhere else. O'Neill loved it.

But his enjoyment was short-lived. There sat Dustin McKenzie.

"Good morning," he sneered. "I see you didn't die."

"Your eyesight is excellent," returned O'Neill.

Janet's calling "Jerry!" prevented further hostilities. She came out to them. McKenzie rose at once and stood in front of her.

"Janet," he said, "yesterday you led me to believe that my suit for you was not unwelcome. If you meant what you said, prove it by allowing this—this bounder to take care of himself. I want to tell you right now that you must choose between us. I cannot remain under the same roof with him. Either he goes or I go. Which shall it be?"

Janet gasped. This was certainly high-handed treatment for her to receive.

"I don't quite like the way you—well, I don't understand you today at all," she stammered.

"Very well. I'll explain. I understand, from roundabout gossip, your father, to be pure. Only at first, I thought you had tried

From a small wooden refrigerator in the dark rear, he took out a couple of chickens with dangling, feathered heads.

They were very different from the plump, white-fleshed poultry she bought at Boyd's. They looked bruised and bluish, and so scraggly thin that the breast bone almost pierced the leathery, roughly plucked skin.

"Haven't you some that are plumper? And these look so dark and mottled."

"They all run about the same, ma'am. They're fine, fresh chickens—that's only skin bruises."

Helen hesitated, undecided. It was probably only from careless handling. She must expect some difference for the eight cents less on the pound.

The five-pound chicken was only a dollar—32 cents less than at Boyd's, she reflected, hurrying home, the brown paper parcel concealed by her muss. Besides, to buy their meat elsewhere occasionally would be a salutary lesson for Mr. Boyd. Helen thought. He would not be so smugly sure of their custom, and it might correct his tendency to cut overweight.

"The meat's come, ma'am, but there's only pork chops," announced Jane, as Helen entered the kitchen. "Didn't you order something for Sunday?"

"Yes, here's a chicken—I went to another place," giving her the package. "Wash it well before you put it in the refrigerator," running in to answer the clamoring phone.

It was Warren, calling up to say he was bringing Mr. Holton home to dinner. They were starting out now to look at some Long Island lots, and might be a little late, but they would try to get back around 7.

"Jane, Mr. Curtis is bringing a gentleman to dinner. Those chops won't be enough—we'd better have the chicken."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't keep, nohow. It don't look any too good to me."

Stooping over the pan in which Jane was washing the chicken. Helen sniffed at it anxiously. There was no odor but the bluish skin was loose and flabby.

"Oh, I think what's all-right, Jane," reassuringly. "Boil it well, and Mr. Curtis likes plenty of gravy. We'll have the cauliflower tonight too—and rice the potatoes. You can open a glass of that grape jelly."

It was a quarter past seven when Warren and Mr. Holton, tired, cold and hungry, came stamping in their overcoats glistening with the fine, misty snow. By the time they had washed up, Jane had dinner on the table.

"Jove, that was a cold ride!" Warren rubbed his still glowing ears.

"You get used to that," laughed Mr. Holton, who lived in Riverdale. "I drive in al-

most explicit, that this—madman shot his hand intentionally. Now what other reason, may I ask, did he have, than to work on your sympathy and take advantage of your tender-heartedness?"

How like blundering old Tilden to tell that as a joke on O'Neill. Before Janet could reply to the conundrum Jerry whisked his gun out and handed it to McKenzie.

"If it's so, pray don't let me keep the advantage. Shoot your hand and we'll be even," he cried.

Janet gave a little scream and drew back. McKenzie paled and his hands shook as he put them in front of him.

"Put it down! You're crazy! Put it down!" he shrieked womanishly.

"I was given to understand that you were brave," O'Neill remarked, slipping the gun back into the holster. He turned to Janet. "He's right, though, about my doing it intentionally. But it's more than he'd do for you, at that. All I wanted was an excuse to be near you. It was the only way I could discover. I guess I am a madman. But you're the cause of it."

Furiously McKenzie stamped. "Does he go or do I?"

"I thought you were sweet and patient, Dustin McKenzie," Janet said slowly. "But you are jealous and selfish and bad tempered. Of course Jerry is crazy, but he's braver than you are. Whenever you are ready Pancho will drive you to town in the Buick. I'm very glad this little accident has come up. It helps me wonderfully."

Smiling up into Jerry's face, she went on. "Jerry, I had a suspicion you did it on purpose. Only at first, I thought you had tried

every day—don't think anything of it."

"What do you like—blonde or brunette?" Warren was forked over the platter of fricassee chicken, garnished with rice, boiled onions and gravy.

"Anything; I'm not particular. Yes, that's fine."

It was not until Jane had finished serving the cauliflower and potatoes that Warren assaulted the second joint on his plate.

"Hello, what's the matter with this bird?" struggling with the sinuous leg.

Regardless of who was at the table, Warren's remarks were always uncurbed. He never hesitated to criticise the food before guests.

"Tough? It's like leather?" ignoring Helen's restraining glance. "How's your piece, Holton, can you cut it? Well, that's more than I can. Talk about the high cost of rubber—right here's a substitute."

"Oh, dear, please don't," entreated Helen. "There's some cold ham—"

"Well, trot it out! This old cock won his championship the same year as John L. Hold on there, Holton, don't risk your teeth."

Mr. Holton, distressed at Helen's embarrassment, was struggling courageously with the piece on his plate.

Though the boiled ham was delicious, Warren's indignation was unabated.

"Boyd's keep open Saturday night, don't they? Well I'll give 'em a calling down over the phone. They can't put over that antiquated rooster—and get away with it. That old Methuselah is coming off our bill."

Fortunately Mr. Holton, having to drive to Riverdale, left soon after dinner. Helen was hoping fervently that Warren had forgotten the chicken, but now as he settled down to read, he turned abruptly to the telephone.

"By George, I almost forgot about that butcher. What's the number?"

"Oh, dear I—I didn't get that at Boyd's!"

"You didn't?" sharply. "Well where in blazes did you get it?"

"At a little shop—they wouldn't have a phone."

"Trying to economize on meat, eh? That may work on vegetables but when it comes to meat—we'll try no experiments. You buy the best!"

"But dear, fowls at Boyd's were 28 and 30 cents. That seemed an awful—"

"Well, any woman who's kept house as long as you have—and buys an old patriarch like that! Huh," with scathing derision, "you'd better stick to a reliable shop where they keep the right stuff—even if they do soak you!"

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to kill yourself. That's why I cried."

When McKenzie had gone O'Neill took Janet by the shoulders.

"Tell me, dear," he asked hungrily, "what do you like meat about me?"

"Your irresponsibility with a six-shooter," she laughed. "It shows you're a boy in need of a guardian." Then, more soberly, "I realized a great many things last night, dear. You're sweet and brave and noble and—I love you."

## Milk From a Vegetable Cow.

[Youth's Companion:] The milk problem is by way of being solved in Japan, where cows are scarce, by an extensive use of artificial milk derived from the soy bean. First, the Japanese soak the beans, then boil them until the liquid turns white, when they add sugar and phosphate of potash. The boiling is resumed until a fluid results very similar in consistency and appearance to ordinary condensed milk. When water is added, soy milk is hardly to be distinguished from fresh cow's milk.

In composition also the artificial milk is almost like genuine milk. Its protein, fats and sugars are in very nearly the same proportion, although, of course, they are wholly vegetable in origin.

Whether the substitute is equal to real cow's milk as a form of nourishment is not quite clear, for much of the value of milk as a food comes from the enzymes or vitamins it contains. The Japanese, however, declare that it serves all the purposes of cow's milk, and that it has the advantage of being less liable to infection when properly and carefully manufactured.

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JERRY'S CREW  
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**—The Illustrated Weekly News—**

## **THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE IN BRAZIL.**

*Women's Ways in Their Homes.* By Elsie Noble Caldwell.

**K**EPPING house in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, sounds as simple and easy as if it were in our own home town, but the housewife soon learns that existing conditions complicate matters until one is a stranger in a hitherto familiar field. The very first problem, of transacting in the Portuguese language all the intricate business of renting a house very often wrecks the resolve to maintain at all costs the joy and comforts of a home, although it requires only a few weeks, or months, at a hotel or "pensao" to renew the battered desire.

Property leases, we find, are made with a tremendous partiality toward the interests of the landlord, the tenant taking the crumbs, as it were. Most Brazilians have an idea that North Americans are shrewd bargainers, hence their caution in protecting themselves by being one degree more shrewd.

While the houses, with their high ceilings and French windows, are wonderfully well adapted to the tropical climate, there is, from the standpoint of our modern building, a conspicuous lack of what we term necessary conveniences. There are no built-in buffets or kitchen-cabinets—not even the indispensable clothes closet, which we feel sure we have inadvertently overlooked because of its very familiarity. However, one soon learns to appreciate the reason why things are not built in; everything must be "get-behind-able." "Baratas," or cockroaches, abound from cellar to attic and devour everything from your best dinner gown to the precious leaf sugar for which you had to write home. Another reason is that everything and every place must be thoroughly and frequently aired; atmospheric humidity is so great that the housewife is kept constantly on the watch for mold and mildew, and Milady usually loses several pairs of kid gloves in this peculiar way, and perhaps a pair or two of evening slippers, before she learns to air them every few days. Losing shoes, by the way, is like losing gold dollars, the New York price being doubled and sometimes tripled.

The rental price of a six or eight-room house varies from 200 to 300 milreis (\$65 to \$160) per month, according to the location, a good breeze and a pleasant view being considered the chief assets. Sharp rivalry exists between the district of Avenida Beira Mar, facing the bay, and the hillside houses. With the latter one must take into account the inconvenience of approach. This may be one of three ways: a walk up a narrow street, a "ladeira," paved with huge blocks of rough stone and much too steep for a carriage or automobile; another alternative, climbing a hundred or more "out-sized" cement steps which are too wide for one comfortable step and too narrow for two; or the easiest, though longest way, to ride on the electric tram that winds creakingly around and up the hillside, get off at the station of the same elevation as your house and walk two or three blocks around the hill.

Whatever the inconvenience, it can be counted as naught in comparison to the beauty and grandeur of the view—a view of which one never tires; like the beauty of the classics, it grows with familiarity, and hour after hour one spends in simply "looking." Morning gives us the singular beauty of a tropical sunrise from out of the broad, hazy Atlantic. The sun as it runs toward the zenith pours its sweltering heat upon the sparkling bay and deep-foliated hills, until, in pity, the afternoon clouds come down and shower the drooping leaves with welcome rain. Following the shower is really a second morning to the day; activities begin afresh, shops which have been closed during the heat of the day re-open, the Ouidor is thronged with shoppers and the Biera Mar is gay with the daily auto dress parade. Then, the divine evening! A flaming sunset outlining the western hills; the deepening dusk of misty rose and lavender and gray, settling like a vesper prayer over a sensuous land and a summer sea; the city, a siren at your feet, calling you with twinkling, beckoning lights to a festive night of revelry—fascinated you watch, as evening-gray passes magically into night-darkness; the islands in the bay flash, one by one, to light; it is as if a giant fairy were lighting the candles set before a gleaming altar. And, at last, on the far shore between sea and bay, Nictheroy's dim lamps blink sleepily through



## Vegetable peddler



*Comfort and ease in carrying a huge wardrobe.*



*He peddles kitchenware*

the maze. Drunken, we are, with the wine of vision in this "City of Beautiful Views." Suddenly we remember those sordidly material vows about the joys and comforts

the maze. Drunken, we are, with the wine of vision in this "City of Beautiful Views." Suddenly we remember those sordidly material vows about the joys and comforts of a home.

Like many other large cities where beauty and romance still supersede commercialism, Rio de Janeiro has no modern auto-vans and your furniture arrives at your door verily on the heads of men. Licensed "carrigadores," they are, and four stalwarts with abnormally developed necks and shoulders balance a piano as if the ton weight were scarcely more than featherweight. Two others bring the gas stove and another comes swinging blithely up the "ladeira" with the slender legs of a precious "Chippendale" swaying in the air to the rhythmic step and head motion which spells destruction in capital letters. Words of remonstrance work rapidly from confusion to confounded state and at last you are glad to side-step the whole controversy—this fencing match of languages—with a smile of submissive resignation and a "nao faz mal" (no matter,) and in twinkling the undisciplined is happily resolved from any further concern in the matter.

Notwithstanding the abundant supply and the minimum wage, the servant problem is no less pressing here than in our own country; as a rule servants are trained to do but one thing which necessitates two or three women in the house and a man for running errands, beside the gardener and his assistant. The fact of being well equipped with servants does not insure domestic bliss, until one has acquired sufficient knowledge of Portuguese to surmount the inevitable obstacles to smoothness and precision in 'the day's work' and however efficient the housewife may be she dare not sacrifice her position as mistress by any demonstration of her own ability.

Servants are not careful of their attire, principally because they lack the necessary energy, and are so benignly favored by indulgent Mother Nature, who requires more in the matter of raiment than that the sense of sight be not offended. Even this dearth of wardrobe offers picturesque, grotesque combinations, each separate piece vying with another to gain contrast and seeming not to belong anywhere in particular; as an instance, the abbreviated shoe, hiding only the toes, with the heel free, fit equally well on either foot.

The falling of the wooden shoe at every step makes the continuous and rather musical cluck-cluck-cluck which one hears on the streets of Rio de Janeiro from the first stir of morning activity until time for the afternoon "siesta," and again from this second morning until late at night. It is a comforting sound, perhaps because you know the wearer is a kindly soul and the sole speaks soothingly; at any rate it is one to which you quickly become attached, and for which you find yourself listening as you would at 4 a.m. for the chime of the big clock down in the hall. The way they go skipping down the wide stone steps of the "ladeiras" without losing their "tamancos" still remains a puzzling mystery to me, notwithstanding many hours of surreptitious practice of the elusive art, evidently one must be "to the manner born."

In Brazilian households servants are treated very kindly, and, I am told, are not dismissed for incompetency; simply another is added in the hope of increasing the degree of efficiency—a benevolent method from the servant's point of view.

A story-book luxury, almost undreamed of in this ultra-modern twentieth century, is at once the surprise and delight of many of the older houses—a genuine, though miniature, old Roman bath. Not of the proportions of those described in fiction and history, yet sufficiently large for a good plunge; and the steps leading down into the water lead, also, the imagination back across the centuries until one faintly fancies he bathes in Rome. In the homes of the very rich these sunken baths are built of white marble, but cement is ordinarily used, the water being turned into a shower; hence, glory be to the Brazilians, his bath is a cold one. In the hotels, however, and most of the apartment-houses the porcelain tub and tepid bath have

placed the grand, but cold, old Roman style.  
Speaking of cement, Rio de Janeiro is  
the most thoroughly cemented city I have ever seen; not a crack or crevice is left unguarded against the collection of rubbish or the secretion of foul deposits. This means a quick drainage of the heavy rains and diminishes greatly the atmospheric humidity caused by the warm sunshine which immediately follows the afternoon shower.

rocks leaves the water as free from mineral properties as when it fell from the low, billowy clouds which float in from the Atlantic, shed their accumulated moisture and float away over the western hills, with

sharp claps of thunder as an "au revoir."

Having taken every known precautionary measure regarding proper sanitation, the voice of the government is ever manifest thereafter in this matter. A record is kept of the last time you "cleaned house," and if you do not repeat the process at the end of two years, as it is required by law that all buildings must be thoroughly cleaned and painted inside and out, then the government sends workmen to do it for you, and you get the bill. Of course, those not in the habit of delinquency in such matters need have no fear of the imperious inspector, but it is a wise law for the lower classes of a lazy, languorous country. Although apparently lacking sympathy with the indolent, Brazil understands her people, for in spite of all these regulations I have had glimpses of dirt floors which looked as though they had not been washed for months, but sanitary.

If there is one thing that will set the household in a commotion more quickly than any other, it is the voice of a mosquito. The "Chefo de Policia" is notified at once. Early the next morning the white-uniformed mosquito brigade will call upon you, each of the four carrying a gallop can of crude oil, and following your emphatic affirmation that you really have heard a mosquito, they scour the neighborhood until they find the wary criminal's breeding place and flood the stagnant water with oil. Much praise is due Dr. Oswald Cruz for his notable work in stamping out yellow fever by this seemingly simple method of eliminating the mosquito. Though it is but one branch of a large family whose bite carries the germ of this dread disease, no one regrets the extermination of the entire tormenting tribe. Hasten the day the world over. No telling how many evenings of moonlight-jasmine-and-a-lover have been ruined thus. And it has made of this notoriously unhealthy country a climate which utterly enslaves one's affections; its only sin being the fascinating lure of the "dolce far niente" mode of life. For the woman inclined to accumulate. Such this means a constant battle, and nine times out of ten a losing one. Vigorous exercise is impossible except for the very

How Fertilizers Stimulate. By Thomas C. Wallace.

# ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE

JAN. 18, 1917.]

(Saturday)

## CALIFORNIA, LAND OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS

-Real Life by the Great Western Sea.

THE Chamber of Commerce of Santa Barbara is back of a plan to construct a land-locked harbor for the protection of shipping at that point.

Visalia is growing, as shown by the receipts at the postoffice, which for the year 1916 showed an increase of \$4000 over the previous year.

The Citrus By-products Company of Redlands has received an order for 30,000 pounds of orange peel. This is using our full oranges profitably.

According to the chairman of the Public Works Committee of the city of Los Angeles, the cost of street improvements and sewers during 1916 amounted to \$2,000,000.

Brawley in the Imperial Valley is already preparing for icing the cantaloupe crop of the coming summer, estimated at 5000 cars, which will call for a new icing plant.

Up at Porterville in the San Joaquin Valley houses are so scarce that newcomers cannot find any for rent.

The Los Angeles harbor starts off the new year well, with a permit for a new two-story brick business block, with a ground space of 10x120 feet.

Bremerton Navy Yard at Seattle on Puget Sound is after an ammunition ship which will cost \$3,000,000.

Building permits at South Pasadena for the year 1916 totaled \$305,518, an increase of 40 per cent, over the preceding year.

While gold and silver production in the United States during the year 1916 showed a falling off from the previous year, California gold mines showed an increase, the value being given at \$22,110,300, leading all the States in this respect.

Directors of the Imperial Irrigation District in the Imperial Valley are busy with a plan to float bonds to the amount of \$2,500,000.

The Booth Fisheries Company, one of the largest in the United States, has had a representative at the Los Angeles Harbor looking to the establishment of a branch at that point. Among other things contemplated is a big wholesale fish market and cold-storage plant.

The Visalia and Corcoran sugar mills have contracts already for 15,000 acres of sugar beets, with the prospect of increasing this by 10,000 acres more.

Eighty-five acres of garden peas now being harvested near Pismo, San Luis Obispo county, are estimated to bring in \$28,000.

Some people would not be satisfied with heaven. Lloyd R. Macy of Pasadena has just bought a residence site overlooking Santa Barbara, and announces his intention of erecting a \$10,000 Italian residence. Both places are paradise.

At Swansea in the Owens Valley is a pyramid of salt estimated to contain 30,000,000 pounds of sodium chloride.

The Los Angeles Board of Public Service Commissioners, in a report to the Council, showed that for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1916, the gross revenue of the water system of the city amounted to \$3,331,651.99, with nearly \$50,000 more from non-operating property.

At Washington, eloquent speakers have been urging the conversion of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado into a national park. This ought to succeed.

A report filed upon the Lindsay-Strathmore Irrigation district shows that about 30 per cent. of the work has been completed at a total cost of \$310,000.

The city of San Bernardino shows material gains, as indicated by the postoffice receipts, building permits and bank de-

posits. The banks showed a gain of two-thirds of a million dollars in twelve months in deposits, the postoffice receipts gained more than 12 per cent. in the year, and building gained 10 per cent.

The California Mausoleum Company is contemplating the erection of a new structure at Hollywood.

A rancher at Chino has produced a pumpkin with a circumference of eighty-six inches by actual measurement.

San Dimas has in course of construction a new grammar school to cost \$20,000.

Whittier during the year 1916 did street paving to a cost of \$60,000.

J. H. Adams and Morgan Adams have purchased a lot on Olive street between Seventh and Eighth with a frontage of fifty-eight feet and a depth of 155 feet.

Everything has been smoothed out in the way of the Santa Fe Railroad in its new construction plan near Porterville.

The Mudd & Jacklin Syndicate is reported to have secured the famous Harqua Haila Bonanza mine near Salome, Ariz., at \$1,000,000.

From estimates made by the ginners at Calipatria, it is predicted that 25,000 acres will be planted to cotton during the current year on land tributary to that city.

The last year seems to have been a prosperous one at Monrovia, the banks there having just distributed dividends amounting to \$18,000.

The State banks of California show unparalleled growth during the past year. At the end of the last fiscal year they showed assets amounting to \$817,744,349, an increase for the year of \$90,000,000. The individual deposits increased by \$97,000,000.

The city of Los Angeles is to have two great theaters added to its Great White Way. One of these is expected to cost \$400,000.

The Santa Fe Railroad Company has started the construction of a forty-stall round-house and more than a dozen buildings at Needles.

A commission house of Los Angeles recently received an order from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 500,000 pounds of pink beans. The United States Navy has sent out bids for 700,000 pounds of small white beans, usually known as navy beans.

Santa Claus is estimated to have distributed to Los Angeles stores \$8,000,000 for Christmas presents.

Up to the end of the holiday pool, the shipments of oranges from Porterville amounted to more than 4000 standard-packed cars. The estimated net value of this fruit to the growers is given at \$2,250,000.

The Pacific Electric Railway is now constructing a new bridge over the Santa Ana River between Redlands and San Bernardino which is about completed. The cost is more than \$25,000.

A new scenic roadway overlooking the Arroyo Seco from the city limits of Los Angeles is provided for in plans for the opening of Griffin avenue to Hermon.

Porterville in the San Joaquin Valley is a new factor in the bean market, having shipped recently a carload of tepary beans containing 50,000 pounds, valued by the growers at \$2500.

The San Diego-El Centro roadway had its completion in the finishing of the bridge over Myers Canyon.

Ranchers in the Yucaipa Valley last year reaped good profits from potato crops raised between the rows of trees in grow-

ing orchards. The spuds sold for 3 cents a pound.

Long Beach people are planning a \$1,000,000 pleasure pier to run 1800 feet out into the ocean.

At Calipatria in the Imperial Valley the business of the Southern Pacific Railroad increased 700 per cent. during the past year.

Fish oil from wells of the Pacific Coast during the month of October reached an aggregate value of \$3,715,000, according to figures from the United States Department of Commerce at Washington.

A summary of the estimates for flood control for the Los Angeles harbor reached \$4,000,000.

The Thousand Oaks property at Berkeley, containing more than 3000 lots, has been sold through a Los Angeles broker at a given price of \$1,600,000.

At Hoover and Vendome streets in Los Angeles city a new forty-room flat building is being erected. A distinguishing feature of this building is that it looks like a private mansion.

The Department of the Interior at Washington reports that ten mines in Arizona paid \$34,000,000 in dividends last year.

The University of Southern California believes in giving its young men a practical education. For the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena the university students erected a new set of bleachers.

Arizona produced during last year 675,000,000 pounds of copper. This exceeds the total output of the United States up to 1902.

The output of quicksilver in California in 1916 amounted to 20,550 flasks, valued at \$2,587,245, compared with 14,383 flasks valued at \$1,174,881 in 1915.

The farm crop valuation of Los Angeles county in 1916 showed an increase over the previous year of \$14,000,000.

Mexican trade from the Los Angeles Harbor is growing very rapidly. During the year just closed the valuation of exports to that country showed an increase over the previous year of \$1,629,206.

The year 1916 was a very busy one on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, sales approximating in value \$12,250,000, an increase of four times over the previous year. The total number of sales on the exchange was more than 2,500,000.

There are nearly 4,000,000 bearing prune trees in the Santa Clara Valley. The average yearly production is more than 60,000,000 pounds, worth \$4,800,000.

The prune crop of the whole State of California is valued at \$9,500,000.

The county government expenses of Los Angeles county for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1916, amounted to \$18,167,311.17.

The district around Porterville in the San Joaquin Valley five years ago had scarcely 3000 inhabitants. It has now well over 5200.

Internal revenue receipts for the district surrounding Los Angeles in 1916 came to \$3,106,275.98, an increase over the previous year of \$434,373.52.

There is no indication of growth of a city better than the receipts at the post office. For the year 1916 the receipts at the Los Angeles post office amounted to \$2,393,055.20, an increase over the previous year of \$188,856.71.

They are finishing up at the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, an immense tank capable of carrying 72,000 barrels of oil.

Azusa has had a pipe line built from the Brea fields which furnishes gas much

cheaper, owing to the increased number of heat units in the natural gas over the manufactured stuff.

The Claremont orange growers have a new packing-house costing \$20,000.

Forty Tacoma financiers have organized for a shipbuilding and drydock concern, with a capital of \$1,000,000 all paid in.

The California Packing Corporation, a New York concern with a capital of \$10,000,000, has invaded the State of Oregon and started packing and preserving food products.

### Submarine Tricks.

[Wall Street Journal:] Officers of British vessels are forbidden to discuss their voyages in relation to submarines, and many interesting stories must await the end of the war. But submarine incidents percolate through various sources.

A common trick of submarines has been to order a sailing ship to lay to, while the submarine conceals her position in the lee of the ship to await larger prey. When a liner appears, its existence is very short after the submarine knows about it.

Frequently, a submarine will partly submerge and rig sails. From a distance it looks like a peaceful sailing ship. The unsuspecting liner approaches. Before the U-boat can be distinguished, a torpedo is launched.

But a ruse which cannot receive sufficient condemnation, and which is akin to an abuse of a red cross flag is the S.O.S. call. In peace times, ships within a 500 mile radius will hasten to this call. To allow a ship to sink without rushing to the rescue, or purposely ignoring distress calls, is a crime on the high seas—not only moral, but one that occasionally reaches the courts. Mail vessels that cannot stop for any other cause, must make some effort at rescue. U-boats have made use of this call to attract vessels. In the early days of the campaign this ruse was successful in enticing quarry, but the sad result is that all S.O.S. calls are received with suspicion, and as a general rule are ignored by munitions carriers.

A strange feature of submarine instructions has been particularly noticed in the Mediterranean. British vessels receive wireless warnings in code. On several occasions, vessels have been ordered to change their courses, and on so doing have steered right into the midst of a submarine zone. Whether a German submarine tapped the messages and had the key to the code, or sent the original messages has always been a matter of question.

### The Human Brain.

[Wall Street Journal:] A learned German scientist mapped out his life for education, for productive work, and for retirement and leisure at 60 years of age. He came to the United States, accumulated a fortune in medical practice, and on the day he had forecasted in his youth he closed his business, planned to invest his inheritance and his accumulated fortune with a trust company while he resided abroad and traveled to the end of his days.

A banker friend protested and said: "Why not leave your money with your friends in the banking world? You may get 6 per cent. and sometimes 7 per cent. and 8 per cent. instead of 4 per cent. from the trust company." The scientist replied: "I have had too much to do in my life with the human brain to trust it with my future. Every seven years the cells in any human brain have changed. That is why some men suddenly go wrong in business or family relation or do some unaccountable or unexpected thing. I want my money with a soulless corporation where it will be handled upon system, and not according to the vagaries of any human brain."

The doctor is now reasonably safe somewhere in Germany. His banker friend, who was willing to handle his money, has been some time dead; but with the trust company in America the doctor's funds, principal and income, are safe, although the remittances through the German military lines may be somewhat irregular.

# THE ONLY WOMAN FOREST FIRE LOOKOUT

June 20, 1917.

## MISS JULIE CLEMENT AND THE NEW CAR

*A Double Awakening.* By Euleta Wadsworth.

THE day before the firemen's ball on the Fourth of July, I came to luncheon wholly abstracted, humming softly. I had been accompanying Julie Clement, and playing accompaniments is a passion with me. I'd met Miss Clement two weeks before when she came to town to spend her vacation visiting her people, and she really fascinated me. She was not only by far the best singer I'd ever had the opportunity to play for, but she amused me by the lively amazement she exhibited in her cunning French way at everything. She had never before been in the country.

I'd barely got seated at the table when mother asked if I were going to the ball tomorrow evening.

"Why, yes, mother, of course," I answered, engrossed by the haunting melody of "L'Envoi de Fleurs."

"Has Archer asked you?" Mother's voice sounded constrained.

That question struck me as being queer, how queer you can imagine when I tell you that my friendship with Archer Cunningham had begun somewhere in the period when two long straight black braids hung down my back and two long straight black stockings showed between my dress and my shoe tops. Since then our constant but wholly unsentimental companionship had been unbroken except for a short time when Archer went East for his business course and I went to San Francisco for finishing music lessons. Now, with Archer back running his father's bank and me teaching the youngsters of our village to play the piano, it was still plodding along unchanged. Our rides behind the Cunningham bay and our tramps in knickerbockers and short skirt to Sulphur Springs and the canyon on Sunday afternoons seemed scarcely to have been interrupted.

I couldn't imagine what had prompted mother to ask such a question. It was not like her to bother her head about my affairs. Anyway, didn't Arch always ask me to go everywhere? Had he ever failed since we were children?

"Not yet, but he will," I answered and looked at her curiously. I hadn't had time to see Archer since I'd begun rehearsing with Miss Clement for the church concert, though he had telephoned repeatedly wanting to see me.

"Oscar came in just now on his way to luncheon," said mother.

Oscar is my cousin ten years older than I, who takes a sort of big-brother interest in me.

"He said he hadn't asked any one to go to the ball, and he'd come for you if you wanted him to," mother explained to my questioning glance.

"Humph! that's funny." I noticed that mother didn't meet my look squarely, but in an instant my mind jumped to that wonderful climax in "The Year's at the Spring;" and a busy afternoon at teaching and another rehearsal with Miss Clement next morning completely absorbed me. I didn't think about Archer again until at 8 o'clock, with my hair fixed and my slippers and underskirt on, I realized that he hadn't called me. He was sick, of course. I caught up a kimono and ran down to the telephone. Arch's young brother answered. "Where's Archer?"

"Gone to the ball half an hour ago," drawled the boy.

I hung up the receiver with the queerest sensation I'd ever experienced. If I'd been told that the Courthouse had just crumbled and fallen into Main street, it might have produced something similar.

Mother came to the hall door, looking as if she'd been expecting it. "Oscar would take you," she reminded.

I suddenly felt like a very small boat without oars or sail or rudder adrift on a very big bewildering sea; but under mother's prodding I called Oscar, and in half an hour we were on our way.

The music for the grand march struck up promptly at 9 o'clock. Still dazed, I was just rising from my chair when I saw Archer walking down the hall. Suddenly the red, white and blue of the draped flags on the opposite wall became a mass of indistinguishable writhing color. Julie Clement was holding his arm.

It was no Courthouse-crumbled-to-Main street sensation that assailed me now. It camp stuff. The energy I put into each

was the crumbling of the very foundation of my little world. But by the time the grand march was over I had recovered sufficiently to sit down by Julie Clement and to chat lightly with Archer, who never once looked straight at me. To hide from others that your world has crumbled requires only the skill of good acting; to deceive yourself on that score, however, is quite another matter. But I continued all through the week to bend my will to that task by refusing to think except in involuntary flashes. I counted my steps or the pickets of the fences as I walked along to give my lessons, and at night I left my light burning to count over and over desperately the roses in my wall paper.

I was just beginning to get back, I thought, to my serene sensible self when an incident happened at the end of the programme at the concert Tuesday evening. Miss Clement had gone back to the stage in response to continued hand clapping. From the wings I was watching her bow and sparkle when Jim Welch, who was acting as usher, came down the aisle and presented her with an armful of American Beauty roses. Hopdale had never in its history seen so many hothouse roses in one bunch. They exactly matched the color of her gauzy bouffant gown; and, as she bowed and smiled afresh, she was a picture to remember. I guessed who had ordered those roses from a city florist, and I fled through the back stage door, leaving father and mother waiting for me out in front.

Although I had the house to myself when I got home, I went straight to my room and locked the door.

"There is going to be an understanding right now," I announced in an over-level voice to the walls as I dropped my coat. Then of the white-faced, set-lipped girl in my dresser mirror I demanded:

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" She didn't answer at once, seeming to have some trouble in forming her words.

"It's the nervous strain of the concert," she finally said, but dropped her eyes as she said it.

"Bah!" I exclaimed roughly, "don't hedge. You're ugly enough to be honest. Now tell me, is there any reason why Archer shouldn't be infatuated with Miss Clement? Hasn't she snapping black eyes (here I looked critically at the wide gray ones in the mirror) and isn't she as different from the Hopdale product as a goddess from a coid?"

As I got no response, I went on severely, meaning to have everything out and settled then and there.

"Why should you care one way or the other? Didn't you refuse three times last week to see Archer on account of those important rehearsals? And haven't you always promptly squelched his every foolish symptom of sentiment? Be honest. It will do you good."

For answer she caught in her breath with a sharp sound that was pretty closely related to a sob. Then she set her strong, even, white teeth over her trembling lower lip and, jerking up her chin, walked away to the other end of the room. I was disappointed at the outcome of the interview; it had not accomplished what I'd hoped it would.

When I heard the front gate click behind father and mother, I went down stairs and turned on the porch light for them. Just that little definite action, having a special thing to do and doing it, was a relief to my feelings. Perhaps it was that which prompted me to seek mother in the sewing room next morning.

"Mother, let's go out to the canyon and camp for a few weeks. Father and Bob can drive back and forth to the store. It will be fine for them to sleep out of doors. I'll do all the packing, every bit of it." My hands fairly itched to drag the old camp stove out of the basement, pack boxes of frying pans and kettles, and roll and rope bedding. In fact, I felt as though I wanted to roll and pack mountains.

Mother looked up from her buttonholes to scan my face anxiously.

"Why, yes, dear, I guess we can. I'll speak to father at luncheon."

By 1 o'clock that afternoon I was nailing up boxes in the midst of orderly piles of street sensation that assailed me now. It camp stuff. The energy I put into each

hammer stroke seemed to come back doubled in courage until I felt I could again stand by my resolution to let no one know, not even myself, the condition of my world's foundation; instead of deserting as I had last night at the sight of the roses. In proof of which 5 o'clock found me saying good-by to Miss Clement and inviting her to spend a day with us in camp.

"Oh," she cried, clapping her plump little white hands, "ah, sat will be beautiful! I shall love it above all songs."

"I shall ask Archer Cunningham to bring you out. It's only three miles." My voice was firm and matter-of-fact.

"Oh, by sat time he will be running his new motor. We can fly out. How sweet of you!"

I grew suddenly sick at the mention of the automobile. Archer and I had talked so much about it, and he'd always said I should be the first to ride in it. It was a joie to my new fund of courage to hear her coolly planning to take my place. But in still further proof of my strength I went home and wrote a note to Archer, asking him to bring Miss Clement to camp Sunday.

Any one who has not settled a camp can never conceive of the work. Mother and I hustled every daylight hour from the time our baggage was dropped under the big pepperwoods on Thursday until we heard the pulse of the new automobile coming up the canyon Sunday. My own pulse began throbbing then with a dull ache, but I forced a smile and hurried out to the road.

The automobile was black and as shiny as a mirror. That was all I noticed until the mist of excitement had cleared from my eyes and Archer was helping Miss Clement out. Then I saw that she was attired in pink silk with white kid gloves to her elbows and bareheaded, her brilliant black hair dressed as for the opera. I felt coarsely unfeminine in my corduroy camp dress and rusty tan boots.

"My! what a dirty place!" she exclaimed, halting on the running board. "Shall I step into se deep dirt?" Her big eyes appealed to Archer while one white slipper poised above the dusty road.

Archer flushed. "I guess you'll have to."

I took Miss Clement through the hazel brush to camp. Archer followed in his knickerbockers and boots.

"Oh!" she cried when we were in the midst of our outdoor living-room, "where is se house?"

"This is it," I gestured to include the whole camp. "Here is our dining-room." I led her to the table under a big madrona. "And that's the kitchen," pointing to the stove. "And our bedrooms are on the other side."

"What!" she almost screamed when she saw my roofless cot with its four walls of canvas nailed at the corners to four small trees. "Do you sleep like sis with se bugs and se—se—snakes?" She began to look around nervously.

We went back to the hammocks and canvas chairs and redwood magazine-table that made our living-room where Archer and mother were standing, and in the quiet moment which followed Miss Clement heard the creek which is right beside the camp.

"Oh! se brook. I should like a drink from se brook."

I took the tin cup from its nail on a tree, but Archer took it from my hand without looking at me and filled it.

"Do you drink from sis—sis tin?" she inquired as she took the handle between the tips of her forefinger and thumb.

"Of course, in camp," answered Archer.

With a melting smile she accepted his dictum in child-like confidence and drank. And I knew it was not altogether her prettiness that had captivated Archer; it was her extreme femininity, that confidently clinging-vine manner which had captivated countless Archers since the world began. I looked at my muscular sunburned arms and my hob-nailed boots, and bitterness began to germinate in my soul.

The sun had got around from the hill, and, shining through a thin place in our roof of pepperwood branches, was making the camp lovely with mottled brightness along the bank of the creek and on the trunks of the two great trees that the red hammock

swung between. Miss Clement was asking if the hammock took the place of my piano when her eyes suddenly dilated with terror. She shrieked in a way to set the marrow in her bones. The next instant she was on her feet in her chair, wrapping the pink silk dress around her ankles and emitting a rapid-fire series of those marrow-curdling shrieks.

"Se—se—beast! What see it?" She pointed to the base of the larger pepperwood.

I followed her finger and saw a little gray lizard about six inches long sunning himself and blinking sleepily. I went over and touched his tail with my boot toe, and he ran off. Archer stuck his hands in his pockets and walked out of camp.

I helped Miss Clement down, and soon after dinner was ready. But she wouldn't eat a bite and kept looking nervously under the table every few moments. I was a frazzled when Archer took her home, and I went to bed in a very unhappy state of mind. Finally I had to admit to myself and the summer stars which burned into my wide eyes that I was terribly disappointed over not being first to ride in the new automobile.

All day Monday that disappointment lay upon my heart as heavy as the automobile itself. By evening I couldn't talk without my voice quivering, so I went down by the swimming-hole to be alone. I walked back and forth along the bank so deep in my misery that I was not conscious of a far-away sound against my ears. It was with a sudden shock which rooted me in my tracks I first realized that the throb of an auto engine was almost upon me.

There were but three automobiles in Hopdale. I didn't have to guess which one was coming to this camp. I looked desperately at the broad stretch of water between me and the opposite bank. I was not in a mood to see any one, least of all Archer Cunningham. If I ran up stream I should confront father and mother and Bob peacefully reading around the table; if I ran down stream I should meet Archer, for most likely he would drive the car to the side of the road and walk to camp the same way he did yesterday. These thoughts flashed through my mind with a speed which by comparison made a snail of the automobile. What could I do? I looked wildly about for a place to hide.

The thin graceful hazel-brush offered no refuge. The pulse of the engine grew louder and nearer. Each separate throb struck my brain like a pile-driver. Once for the fraction of a second I considered diving into the water and swimming across to the opposite side; yet, even in my desperation, I knew I could not climb the steep crumpling bank. The car was now so near I heard the gear shifted for the steep short pitch not a hundred yards from the stopping place. I ran wildly a few steps toward camp; then whirled and ran back toward the swimming hole. The engine had stopped. I heard the snap of dry twigs under Archer's feet. I plunged blindly into a half-made path that cut through the hazel wood. And—I ran square into him.

"Say, Nell, I want you to come for a ride in the car. It's going to be a great night." He said it without meeting my eyes in a voice both scared and apologetic.

"So!" I cried to myself, "so he wants me to ride now that Julie Clement has probably gone." Aloud I said, and I felt my eyes fly sparks, "I don't want to ride tonight."

"Why not, Nell?"

"I'm tired. I'm going to bed." And I started to turn around. He stepped in front of me. His face was white.

"Then you've got to listen to me right here." His voice held me where I stood. "You've never let me say so, but I've—I've loved you since we were kids. You know it." He tried to take my hands.

"If—if you cared about—about Julie Clement, you needn't."

I looked at him with hostile eyes. Archer seemed fairly wound up. I'd never heard him talk so much at one time in all his life.

"After a dose of her silliness your precious level head is a—a prize. I love your good sense, Nell."

My heart began to pound with a sort of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY)

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[Saturday.]

## ORCHARD AND FARM, RANCHO AND RANGE

How Fertilizers Stimulate. By Thomas C. Wallace.

## Nitrogen.

LAST week we arrived at the very initial point in fertilization, the use of nitrogen, or rather its action in the plant. We saw that it is the most important element in growth.

Nitrogen of itself is not a stimulant, but it is taken by plants mostly as nitric acid in the form of nitrates in which nitrogen, oxygen and some base (as lime, soda or potash) occur in compound, and as ammonia which has hydrogen combined with nitrogen. In the changes that take place within the plant these compounds are split up and each to some extent exerts an influence. The tremendous energy of oxygen accounts for much of the stimulating action of nitric acid compounds (as nitrates) and the degree of stimulation is importantly influenced by the base with which it is combined in the nitrates, nitrate of lime for instance being less of a stimulant than either nitrates of soda or potash. The hydrogen of the ammonia is also a stimulant, as is evidenced by the action of it on the green matter of plants. Hydrogen will of itself cause a plant to green in the dark, and when the plant is brought into the light it will become a much darker green as the result of extra hydrogen feeding. These actions of the elements that accompany nitrogen emphasize the value of a consideration of what compound should be used in feeding nitrogen to plants. The stimulative effect of nitrogen compounds is noticeable in young plants, which as they mature gather and use a much larger amount of nitrogen as the result of the stimulus they receive in early nitrogen feeding. Nitrates of soda and potash seem to affect this character of stimulation more than ammoniates, due presumably to the energy furnished by the oxygen of the compounds simultaneously with the feeding of nitrogen with highly soluble bases. Nitrate of lime, as already noted, does not seem to exert a similar stimulative influence, but it furnishes a steady condition of nitrogenous food for the plant.

## Practical Corroboration.

This corroborates the observation of farmers that bone meal does not stimulate while it feeds plants steadily. Again, some classes of guano containing considerable quantities of easily soluble nitrates, with low phosphates stimulate very freely while high phosphate guanos, having most of their nitrogen in organic compounds and their nitrates formed with the lime of the phosphates, are among the best conditions of plant food. A study of this question in complete fertilizers discloses the same general result under favorable circumstances, the nitrate-mixed fertilizers being far more stimulative than the organic-nitrogen fertilizers, the latter supplying the steadiest and most uniform growth. Ammonia as found sometimes in bone meal and tankage is not stimulative in the same sense as nitric acid.

As stated above, ammonia stimulates the color of the plant and deepens the shade of both leaf and fruit. It is, however, changed to nitrates in the soil sooner or later, and the period of its influence in the crop is pretty surely measured by the nitrifying power of the particular soil and its lime content.

## Nitrogen and Plant Diseases.

That a misconception of the office and potency of nitrogen is the most prolific cause of plant diseases is a proposition which will not be readily admitted by a large school of agricultural teachers and writers. It is, however, susceptible of considerable proof, not always direct it is true, but much of the proof is inferential and positive, while there is no proof shown to the contrary. On virgin soils plants suited to the climate and soil flourish and yield superior fruit without disease until the conditions of easily obtainable and readily assimilable nitrogen compounds begin to fall.

Even the crudest and simplest methods of fertilization are seldom resorted to until the soil has become so worn of its original condition of nitrogen and accompanying compounds, that crops are failing

and even diseases may have appeared. This points to the conclusion that these diseases are often the attempts of nature, through purely natural agencies, to get rid of unbalanced and intolerant conditions. After a time the changed condition of the soil becomes so radical that the mere supply of nitrogen to the plant in the soil fails to elicit a response until some of the minerals are also replaced in proper form to allow of healthy soil action.

Chance fertilizing then can seldom hit the trouble, and it is usually so thoughtlessly done that it quite frequently aggravates the trouble. The disease may show up as what is called blight, a fungoid or bacterial pest, or it may be evidenced only as a weakness which succumbs to otherwise harmless weather conditions. There are numerous insect pests that attack a weakly plant and pass by the healthy ones.

## Why Do They Do It?

Is it not because they find in the one plant the exact condition they have a mission to scavenge, while in the other the condition of food they require is not developed? The writer has seen the chinch bug driven from the wheat field by the free use of lime and phosphorus, and this followed by the application of rich nitrogen feeding with new healthy seed. In the case in point it was first proved on half the field and then the whole brought under control.

Spraying or fumigation for the removal of insect pests already established is usually essential, or at least advisable, but permanent results of these operations can only be had by fertilizing the land and the plant to make it resistant to the pest, by changing its condition to one which the pest will not attack. At least all the plights can and will be got rid of by intelligent soil treatment and plant feeding. That nitrogen is the element through the lack of which the by-products result in the plant which feed disease and plant pests in the vast majority of cases is, I believe, susceptible of proof, but it is equally true that the conditions of the soil in any case may be such as to call for advance fertilizing with some important mineral or minerals before applying the nitrogen. It may be argued that this can be done most easily with complete fertilizers, and this may in some cases be true. If it does not prove too expensive at the start. In the end, when the adverse conditions have been overcome by intelligent fertilization, the complete fertilizer can be the ideal condition for application of extra plant food.

## Nitrification in Dark Places.

Recognizing that nitrification is promoted away from the sunlight, as for instance in the soil, so long as the oxygen of the air and water can reach it, and that it is decomposed in the light, as for instance in the plant leaves, we look for and find that nitrification occurs in the dark parts of the plants, in the stems and roots. The ammonia and organic compounds of nitrogen sometimes absorbed by the plant, and more by some plants than others, is thus changed to nitric acid and nitrates without being digested in the leaves. This is sometimes a benefit to some plants, and at some times to any plant, but under some circumstances it may be the cause of the formation of compounds, as by-products, which are detrimental to the life of the plants, and the attempt on the part of the plant to throw off the unassimilable product appears as a plant disease. This has not, to my knowledge, been followed sufficiently by research to define its limits or to allow of special reference being pointed to any particular diseases, but there is already reason to believe that some of the gum-oozing diseases of plants can be, with careful research, traced directly to such an action. It must be borne in mind that there are other compounds that may be elaborated in the dark, though nitrification is the most likely action in the plant. Also such an action is most likely to take place in large and perennial plants, in which the movement of sap and the translocation are

slower than in annual rapid-growing or the semi-arid and irrigated section of the short-lived plants.

## Action of Nitrogen in Hot Countries.

The nitrification within the plant occurs more readily in very warm weather as the operation is one requiring heat, and it is therefore most likely to occur in hot climates. This is in keeping with the known fact that plants in cold countries use nitrogen as ammonia more generally and to more benefit than plants in hot countries.

This production of nitrates within the plant is not an unmixed evil as it may prove a great blessing in producing by-products harmless to the tree but inimical to some parasites on the plant, and result in its flight or even extermination. Indeed, the actual formation of nitrates may so nourish the plant that it may be enabled to overcome the ravages of disease and parasite. While this may be said to be of a great extent conjectural, it is yet founded on observed facts not otherwise accounted for, and if followed to its conclusion by careful research may furnish the information to guide us surely to the manner and method of fertilization to render plants immune to certain kinds of insect and bacterial attack. Everyday farmer observation shows that certain plants in a field, orchard or garden are not molested by certain pests, while others of the same variety succumb, perhaps the same as some of the human and brute creation prove resistant or immune to epidemics and even are not affected by some insect pests. Sometimes we find a field or orchard almost as a whole exemplifying this fact.

The conditions of health, mostly controlled by the conditions of food, and feeding, is often plainly the key to the phenomena. It is well known that the feeding of cattle heat and fat making food, out of proportion to nitrogenous or flesh-forming food, not only lowers the vitality, but actually causes or induces the generation or infestation in the hide of the animal of lice, which will disappear gradually as a result of feeding the animal a ration to which a proper proportion of nitrogenous food is added.

There is a great deal to be said in reference to the respective merits of nitrate, ammonium and organic nitrogen fertilizers for different crops, and at different seasons, and it is also of far-reaching importance that we shall consider the times of application of nitrogen fertilizers, but if the readers' patience holds out they will be discussed later when referring to the various materials which enter into or are used for fertilizers.

## More About Rhodes Grass.

DALLAS (Tex.) Jan. 1.—[To the Editor of the Illustrated Weekly.] When in the Lower Rio Grande territory last August and September, I heard of wonderful results from feeding Rhodes grass by some of the farmers along the Gulf coast, from Dr. Harrington, the agricultural expert of the Gulf railroad lines. Dr. Harrington was for many years at the head of the Agricultural and Mechanical College here in Texas and is an authority of high standing.

One of the statements made by the doctor was that a man he had but recently visited had stated that he was keeping two cows on a patch of Rhodes grass less than half an acre, and that the cows had improved both in their milk yield and in flesh without any other feed. He also stated that he had been told that a man whose name I have forgotten had turned into a one acre field of Rhodes grass five head of grown cattle, and that they had fattened in six weeks.

This grass is fast taking possession of the ranges along the Rio Grande.

(Signed) J. A. EDMUND.

## FIELD NOTES.

The curtailment of open range for cattle raising has stimulated the work of research to point methods for live stock production on efficiency basis in the close farming sections. The State of Louisiana has deeded the Department of Agriculture 500 acres for this work, to be used for dairy cattle, hogs, horses and mules as well as beef cattle. The research work is to be extended into

the popularity of the purple raspberry seems to be increasing so that it has supanted the black-caps in some regions, it seems worth while to note that those wishing to breed purple raspberries will find the best method or procedure is to cross the most desirable reds and blacks rather than to attempt intercrossing among the purples or to grow seedlings of purple sorts. It has been proven satisfactorily that Peck's Rubus-neglectus is a hybrid.

Land used for experimental purposes is not worked for profit but its expenses are charged to profit and loss without question. An experimental orchard is looked upon as the least likely to yield a profit and the most difficult to compute as it is divided every year into several experimental tracts for as many differing purposes, some of the experiments of which are as likely to be unprofitable as to show profit. The Delaware station found such a widespread critical inquiry arising among the farmers that they concluded to make an expense show-down. The result has been rather a surprise for they have shown that the peach orchard of 1000 trees planted in 1903 yielded an actual profit in 1912 of \$414 cents per tree; in 1913, 49 cents; in 1914, \$1.46; and in 1915, \$1.05 1-4 per tree. During that time they gathered 12,596 baskets of picked fruit and 2537 baskets of drops at a cost of 34 cents per basket, leaving a profit of 13 cents per basket. The cost per acre was found to be \$62.31, and per tree, 58 1/4 cents.

A limestone soil with a poorly organized loam or no loam at all will fail to feed trees with iron compounds, and some authorities think that the cause of chlorosis, or white pallid of the leaf, is due to the lack of iron food.

Sir Henry Gilbert, at 80 years of age, said: "It would be more profitable for the farmer to keep his land in good, all-round condition than to work on lines of hand-to-mouth, single crop production." He urged the liberal feeding of clover with manures, phosphate in particular, as a means of economically raising the standard of fertility and preparing for grain crops, as phosphate manuring enhances the quality and yield of all grain crops and corrects the tendency to lodge and produce thin grain.

Until transpiration from trees in the forest was studied systematically, the source of ground water was believed to be wholly from the seepage of rains through the soil. It is now known that transpiration in great forests is a great source of water supply, and not that the trees merely conserve moisture by shading the ground. As high as fifteen inches annually have been reported as due to the transpiration from the trees in dense forests. This moisture transpired from the trees is returned to the soil in the form of vapor and there condensed into water.

In practically all garden crops, except cabbage and very late roots, mulching with straw has not proved as good as cultivation. During the summer the mulch, while helping to hold the moisture, excludes the heat from the soil, so that the plants do not get the benefit of the warm weather, and the bacterial action in the soil is consequently kept low.

Experiments have shown that alfalfa can be grown into healthy plants from pieces of the stems and even of the leaves. This is in keeping with an announcement made more than twenty years ago by an Englishman that clovers could be grown from any part of the plant transferred to the soil and protected.

The seven-day test in butter-making contests has received a black eye and no longer has general commendation. It has been shown from records that cows that did the best work in weekly tests often fell down badly in the yearly tests. In fact there seems to be ground for the contention that the cows that do best in the first few weeks do not hold out as well as those that produce less during the early part of their lactation periods, and the higher the seven day test the less accurate it is as an indicator of true production.

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136 Pages  
ET-16 PAGES

## THE ONLY WOMAN FOREST FIRE LOOKOUT.

Lives Alone on Mountain Top. By a Special Contributor.

**T**HERE are comparatively few cases of woman's intrepidity equal to that of Miss Hallie M. Daggett, who in her choice of work has chosen a post which makes it necessary for her to live alone for most of the time on the summit of one of the highest peaks of a western mountain range, with a full half-day's journey between herself and her nearest neighbor. The surrounding region is the haunt of the wildcat, the bear and the coyote, and her only companions her dog and—let it not be forgotten—her gun.

Miss Daggett is an employee of the United States Forest Service, and her duty is that of a forest fire lookout. Her station is one of the most remote, being upon one of the highest peaks of the Klamath National Forest, in Siskiyou county, Cal. She is the only woman who holds the position of fire lookout in the service, and she does it from a love of the wild and its life and an intense desire to help in diminishing the danger and damage wrought by the fires of the great western forests, which she has learned to watch for and fear from childhood.

The government was for long loath to give a woman a position which would subject her to the exposure, danger and loneliness involved in fire finding, but for months Miss Daggett pressed her cause and brought all influence to bear. Finally she was granted a season's trial. Such was her satisfaction with her post, and so well did she fulfill it, that next June she will enter upon her fifth season as an enrolled member of the government's forest fire lookouts.

Miss Daggett spends her days in her lookout tower, 6444 feet above the level of the sea, and sometimes above the clouds. With her field glasses she sweeps the horizon for miles and miles around for the soaring smoke wreath which bespeaks the tale of future havoc if left unheeded. When she discerns the sinister gray column rising she consults the map lying beside her, a miniature of the extensive range surrounding her.

With an instrument which is attached to this map she locates the exact spot whence the smoke is arising and immediately telephones the intelligence down to the headquarters of the chief forest ranger below, and a force is immediately sent out to fight the fire. In the past the forest fires caused an annual property loss of \$25,000,000 and took each year a corresponding toll of human lives.

The daily telephone reports which she makes to headquarters keep Miss Daggett in touch with humanity, and once a week

### Keeping Track of Soldiers.

It is doubtful whether any foreign war office follows with an accuracy greater than that displayed by our own War Department the movements of its officers. The following is an interesting case in point.

A young army officer who had seen service in the country and in the East was once with a small scouting party in Arizona. After two weeks in the desert his squad came to the railway near a small station. Within ten minutes a telegram from Washington was brought to him by the station agent. It asked if the officer wished to be transferred to one of the new artillery regiments then forming.

He answered by telegraph that he would be glad to enter either of them. Then with his squad he set off again across the desert.

It was six days later when they again struck the railway, this time eighty miles from the point at which they had previously crossed it, but the officer's reply from the War Department was awaiting him. It had been telegraphed to every station within 200 miles.

A more striking instance of accuracy occurred after the same officer's transfer to the East. He was traveling home on leave and, as the regulations require, had notified the department of the day, hour and probable route of his journey. After he had been on the train for eight hours at a small station the conductor entered with a telegram, asking whether any one of his name was on board. On opening the telegram the officer found that it ordered him to detached duty.

she has a woman visitor. Her sister's self-appointed task is the bringing up of weekly supplies to the isolated station on the heights. She, too, is a woman of the field and forest, and enjoys the three-hour ride up the mountain trail leading the pack horse laden with the necessities of life for the lonely watcher.

The Daggett sisters come naturally by their love of the open, knowledge of its dangers and command of its difficulties, for they are the children of pioneer parents. The father, John Daggett, late Lieutenant-Governor of California, crossed over the Isthmus in 1852, and their mother was brought West from Kentucky as a small child at about the same time. Clustered near the foot of Klamath Peak are the houses at Klamath mine, where the Daggett children were born, so that the mountain on which the lookout takes up her yearly task has been a lifelong and familiar friend.

Early in life Miss Daggett learned to know the danger of forest fires, which year after year consumed millions of dollars' worth of property and took many lives, and from childhood she was taught to do her part in lessening the constant menace to the forest regions of the West.

To few people did the inauguration of the protective service by the United States government for the national forests bring greater joy than to this western girl, and her ambition from the first was to take some active official part in the nation's

Exactness of detail could not be carried much further. The War Department knew the whereabouts of a second lieutenant even when he was traveling on leave of absence.

### The Poetic Chinese Signboards.

In the cities and towns of China are to be seen many poetic and striking signboards. Here are a few samples to illustrate their general character: "Shop of Heaven-Luck," "The Shop of Celestial Principles," "The Nine Felicities Prolonged," "The Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight," "The Ten Virtues all Complete," "Flowers Rise to the Milky Way."

From all of which it will be seen that the Chinese can combine the soul of a poet with the pocket of a shopman.

"The Honest Pen Shop of Li" implies that other pen shops are not honest, but this sort of sign is rare. "The Steel Shop of Pockmarked Wang" suggests that any peculiarity of a shopman may be used to impress the memory of customers. Snub noses, squint eyes, lame legs or hump backs, are all used in this way.

A charcoal shop in Peking calls itself the "Fountain of Beauty," and a place for the sale of coal indulges in the title of "Heavenly Embroidery." An oil and wine establishment is the "Neighborhood of Chief Beauty," a description of which it is hard to conceive anywhere in Peking. "The Thrice Righteous" one would scarcely expect from an opium shop. It has, however, been closed since the recent enactment of the opium laws.

fight for the protection of the forests. She was unfitted by her sex and its limitations to undertake the work of a forest ranger, but when the lookout stations were instituted she saw her opportunity, and she won her post.

Many of the men of the service prophesied early defeat of her purpose when she found herself the sole occupant of a lonely mountain, but she has never flinched, her work is well done, and season after season sees her better satisfied with it. She declares it a never-ending pleasure to search the vast acres of her territory for new beauties at every changing hour, from one sunrise to the next.

The birds and the smaller animals of her mountain home have learned that she is their friend, and come to her cabin for food and shelter. She declined the proffered company of a cat, a pair of owls proving more satisfactory as mouse catchers and less destructive to small life. The deer come of an evening to her dooryard, and bears, big and little, make free with the neighborhood of her spring, a mile away down the slope, while porcupines find their way into her domain at any hour of the day or night. None of these she fears, and against none did she arm herself, until she found the track of a big panther out on the trail.

Since then it has been her habit to buckle on a gun when going on her morning and evening official tramp around the

### Red Tape in War Time.

[Christian Science Monitor:] From time to time, a story comes along from "Somewhere in England," or "Somewhere in France," or somewhere elsewhere, which shows that "the official routine of the official department" is receiving much buffeting in these times. A certain commander on a certain front decided, after careful thought, that he needed certain things, and needed them very much. He sent his list to headquarters, and, after a long delay, came a sheaf of official forms full of detailed inquiry as to why he wanted each thing he had asked for. The commander thought over the matter for a day or two. Finally he took his courage in both hands, and a blue pencil in one of them, and, so the story goes, wrote across each of the forms the legend, "I want these things because there is a war on over here." He got them, without further question.

### All Weddings on One Day.

In Plougastel, in Brittany, all marriages take place on one and the same day. The men are all fishermen, many of them going home only during a limited period in the winter. One day in early February is set aside for the weddings. Little courting is done, but much haggling over the dowry of the girls. They have to bring a certain quantity of linen, chickens, pigs and vegetables. Frequently a match is broken off because the girl's father refuses to add a sack of potatoes to the dowry.

On the day set, the inhabitants of the en-



Miss Hallie M. Daggett and a victim of her gun.

Miss Daggett's Station on Klamath Peak.

### THE ONLY WOMAN FOREST FIRE LOOKOUT.

confines of her post before reporting to headquarters. A practiced sportswoman, she has killed her share of marauding coyotes, which she has found prowling around her province in search of any living prey in which to set their destructive teeth.

Here is Miss Daggett's description of the view from her high and lonely station:

"To the east a shoulder of snowy Shasta and an unseen neighbor lookout on Eagle Peak; farther to the south, the high jagged edge of Trinity county, and just discernible with the glasses a shining new cabin on Packers Peak. In the west, behind Orleans Mountain with its ever watchful occupant, a faint glimpse of the shining Pacific showing with a favorable sunset, and all in between a seeming wilderness of ridges and gulches, making up what is said to be one of the finest continuous views in this western country."

tire region proceed to Plougastel. The whole population goes to church to hear the mass, to take communion, and to witness the wedding ceremonies. Often fifty or more couples are united on the same day. Bride and groom do not walk together until the ceremony has been completed. For the rest of this and the whole of the next day every house is open to receive guests and to provide food and drink for them. On the evening of the second day the young men carry the dowries of the brides to the houses of the grooms. There they dance and frolic until early morning, and, after they leave, the couples are for the first time together and alone. During the remainder of the year no marriages are concluded.

### Could Look It Up.

[Indianapolis News:] He was of that type of genteel beggar that "puts up a front," as the fellows say. His face had more tears in it than a cemetery, and he was just getting ready to tell his down-and-outer's tale when the man at the desk reached into a drawer and brought forth a dictionary, placing it in front of the appealing one.

"What do you want—sympathy?"—the man at the desk asked.

"Yes, sympathy," was the half-sobbed reply.

"Look in S for it. I saw it there the other day."

The sympathy-chaser grunted and headed for the door. He wasn't looking for work, just sympathy—in the form of a piece of loose change.

# BREAKING INTO THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

Dec. 10, 1917.]

## VALUABLE INFORMATION IN A NUTSHELL.

Wisdom in Paragraphs. By Ernest Braunton.

The proper problem of landscape design is to make the useful beautiful.

The chief enemies of plants in light soils are drought and heat in summer.

The chief enemies of plants in heavy soils are damp and cold during the rainy months.

The improvement of plants and flowers by selection and crossing is as old as the art of gardening itself.

Garden designers should forget styles and design for comfort and pleasure only; they would then avoid many very serious errors now quite common.

Adobe is a black clay, rich in plant food of a lasting quality and therefore very resourceful, but too heavy and sticky for garden purposes.

The Torrey pine is limited to a small spot in San Diego county and to Santa Rosa Island, and the Monterey pine is nearly as limited in range.

In warm wet autumn weather a full crop of live oak acorns will sprout on the trees, only to die when a hot dry spell follows, for none will sprout again.

All the mountain ranges in Southern California possess important woodlands above 4000 feet altitude, chiefly of yellow pine, Jeffrey pine, Coulter pine, white fir, desert fir, and incense cedar, and form forests of open stand.

The black cottonwood of Southern California has the greatest altitudinal range of any tree in North America. It occurs a few feet above sea level up to 9000 feet on the south fork of the San Joaquin.

The yellow pine in California ranges from 100 feet above sea level to 7000 feet, and its variety, the Jeffrey pine, is found at 9000 feet, the most remarkable range of any species of pine in the world.

Southern California boasts one native species of acacia, the cat's claw (*A. Greggii*) which is but a shrub in this State, but becomes a tree in Arizona. It bears small pale yellow flowers and an abundance of very sharp thorns.

The grass family contains possibly 5000 species, distributed over all parts of the earth and of first rank among plants in its value to man. The panic-grasses, or genus *Panicum*, are by far the most numerous, having 300 to 400 species.

Among grass seeds those used for food are: barley, corn, millet, oats, rice, rye, wheat, and a few less important; roots of many are used for medicine; stems, as of sugar cane for sugar, molasses, etc.; bamboo for timber and other uses.

The nightshade family, Solanaceae, is a most curious and useful one, for aside from the tomato, potato, and tobacco sections, many of the plants yield poison, yet close species are edible as the ground cherry, chili pepper, egg plant, pepino, melon pear, etc.

The mallow family is most important as the one possessing the cotton plant, which also furnishes oil, soap and artificial butter; but we eat okra or gumbo; make jelly from roselle; mucilage from many closely related species; perfumery, hemp and shoe black from the hibiscus.

The abelias, beautiful flowering shrubs belonging to the honeysuckle family, are valuable for hedges of two to four feet high and flower abundantly over a long period with myriads of pinkish-white bells that make them very popular with all who have given them a trial.

We must still plant more avocados, not necessarily in orchard quantities, or merely as home fruit trees, valuable as they are for the latter purpose, but also for ornamental trees having a double value.

There are many varieties hardy enough for any spot in our sunny Southland.

Let us not call him honey-bee that pollinates more flowers than any other agency; plain bee is a higher title. We

largely depend on him for full crops of apples, blackberries, raspberries and strawberries, peach, pears, plums, quinces, beans, currants, cranberries, cucumbers, grapes, melons, mulberries, peaches and

Makers of flower and plant catalogues and garden books have of late years erred in giving illustrations of single plants without background or without showing use or association. Such illustrations have very little educational value except to those who are looking to technical recognition of species or varieties.

In garden building never imitate nature with intent to deceive; but where natural beauty already exists make use of it, and add to it. Banks to be restrained often have large out-cropping rocks; make use of them even if remainder of wall is of distinctly different material. Merely assist nature.

A garden should not be considered as a piece of wild nature, nor plants regarded as architectural ornaments, for one must not do violence to the other. Above all must there be harmony. Otherwise the builder has labored in vain. If he has not made a picture that artist's care to produce.

Much trouble is experienced in local gardens with growing herbaceous peonies. One of the chief faults of culture is failure to rest them sufficiently. They should be allowed to become entirely dry in the soil and to remain for some time before growing season. They also need a cool or cold, damp situation.

Some of the trumpet vines we have known in the past as bignonia or tecoma will henceforth be found under pandorea, hence Pandorea jasminoides and variety alba, P. Mackenii or Ricalisiana, and P. Australis. Bignonia venusta is now Pyrostegia venusta and B. Chirere or buccinatoria becomes a phaeodanthus and nearly all others remain tecoma or bignonia.

Two ferns are common throughout the world. One is the common brake found on the floors of all our canyons, known as

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Pteridium aquilinum. The other is the polypodium found on rocky canyon sides and much surface nitrification takes place, known here as Polypodium Californicum and elsewhere, the world over, as *P. vulgare*. The specific differences are due entirely to geographic range.

In addition to plant food contained in well-rotted stable manure all soils to which it is added will thereafter retain more moisture and retain it for a longer period. All gardens should annually receive barn manures, but in well-decayed condition.

Very sandy soils so treated have moisture evaporation reduced at least one-half of that formerly prevailing.

Heat is the chief essential for plant growth and one of the principal factors in making soil warm is good drainage. The surface soils of well-drained lands are almost invariably several degrees warmer than those of poorly-drained lands. Drained soils also warm up faster after cold spells and much earlier in spring. It is certain that dynamiting heavy soils will pay.

Nitrogen is the most costly and most necessary of all elements of fertilizers and therefore anything aiding nitrification tends to increased fertility. Deep stirring is one solution and the longer a soil has been cultivated the deeper and more thoroughly should it be stirred. Rich virgin

soils should be plowed more shallow or too

much surface nitrification takes place.

A close study of soils and crops shows that the relation is purely natural, in that crops showing preference for a certain soil is due entirely to the demands of these crops for a definite amount of water and warmth. Plant food is a secondary consideration and as this can easily be supplied by man the problem is solved.

When selecting sites for small parks, civic center plazas, etc. It is well to remember that business abhors and will hardly tolerate a vacuum. Therefore do not try to thrust open spaces upon centers where business is at high pressure or they may prove a check rather than an incentive to development. Therefore proper provision would dictate sites somewhat retired or to one side.

Let not the idealist become discouraged if efforts for civic betterment seem to have been in vain, for labor hath sure reward, and the necessary legislation is the last step ere we reach the goal. For twelve years the present writer has herein constantly and persistently urged proper street tree control. Los Angeles, on the surface at least, is no nearer its solution than ever, but the leaven is working.



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## VALUABLE INFORMATION IN A NUTSHELL.

BREAKING INTO THE POULTRY BUSINESS.  
Advice to a Correspondent. By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

The Season for "Starters" in Poultry.

THE poultry show that is now on in full swing in Los Angeles will undoubtedly give more than one individual the chicken fever, which makes the following of interest at this time:

"Los Angeles, Dec. 26, 1916.—I am a young man with limited capital, some 'gumption' and 'grit' who has an ambition to break into the poultry business along conservative lines, either as an egg farmer or possibly more ambitiously to cater to the demand for breeding and fancy stock. To get foundation knowledge, what books should I read, and what breeds would you suggest? Many people I talk with on the subject say there is no money in poultry, yet a product like eggs and table fowl, that is universally in demand, ought to be grown at a profit. What are the facts in the situation? Will you please throw some light on the subject in the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly?"

Sure. There is probably no division of our rural economy in which there are so many degrees of both failures and successes. It is really astonishing to note the number of people who "go in" only to "come out" to try something else for a livelihood; and yet there are many who make a good living at poultry farming, and not a few who have gained a competence at the business. Your want of capital need not frighten; indeed, it is to your advantage; your chief asset (if it will "stack up") is your claim for "gumption" and "grit." In its broadest sense it is the best capital that a person can have in any business, and especially in poultry keeping. For with it one may lift the world. So here's looking at you; may all your ambitions be realized.

Now as to the printed word. The literature on poultry is about as plenty as falling leaves in an October forest; to know it all is impossible, nor is it at all necessary. For books we recommend Robinson's "Poultry Culture" and his "Poultrycraft"—these cover the field in a broad way. For local color and practice get "Poultry for Profit," by Jean A. Koethen, and "California Poultry Practice," by Susan Swaygood. Both are written by women, and while poultry breeders will not always agree with all that these two authorities advise, they nevertheless will give you a good general idea of poultry practices in California. Then take one or two good eastern poultry papers of national scope and reputation and our local publications, not forgetting the great weekly that has championed poultry culture in Southern California for the past twenty years in which you read these lines. Having grasped the basic principles contained in these authorities, visit the shows and the successful poultry farms; these will supply veritable object lessons of the industry and supplement your reading advantageously, thus broadening your observations and investigations along sane and safe lines. These intelligently studied will lead you to a decision as to breeds and varieties.

As to breeds, a word or two may not be out of place. The selection of a breed depends upon objects sought for. If the end is eggs, we should select some one breed of the Mediterranean class. In California the Leghorns and Minorcs are dominant for this purpose; indeed, the single comb White Leghorn is pre-eminent with us as an egg fowl. By this is not meant that other breeds are not equally as good, but experience seems to prove that, all factors considered, the Leghorns stand supreme in numerical strength on this Coast. If meat is the object there are the Sussex and Cornish, two excellent breeds of table fowl. The dual purpose breeds—Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Orpingtons, etc.—have their place, but none of them is supreme as an egg fowl nor as a meat breed. Select the one that appeals to your sense of the beautiful, for after all, we all do best with those things that please us. This applies to the egg breeds as well as to those that yield a plump carcass.

Capital required and average returns, are quite other questions which depend wholly on ways and means by which one hopes to start in the business. Possibly to supplement what has here been said by a year's



ROSE COMB BLACK MINORCA COCKEREL.

Of the four standard varieties of Minorcs, the single comb blacks are much the most popular, the single comb whites being second; with rose comb blacks and whites trailing in the rear. We have never had it explained why single combs in all breeds are the most popular, as in practical values there is no difference, while in beauty of plumage and handsome carriage, what shows more graceful curves and type of breed than our illustration of a Crystal Palace winning Rose Comb Black Minorca cockerel?

Employment on a representative poultry farm would be an experience that would give your "gumption" and "grit" an opportunity to show its quality and lead to tangible as well as satisfactory results. Who knows?

## Eggs Is Eggs.

It is questionable with even present prevailing high prices for eggs if they are not cheaper than a meat diet. Eggs in their preparation for the table entail little additional cost, while meat often calls for the addition of spices and flavors and also time and labor. In the matter of nutrient values the egg holds its own with meat, cereals, fish and shell foods. It is said that in Germany (where the nutrient and chemical constituents of foods are well understood) the consumption of eggs just before the war was on the increase; even the average housekeeper being keenly alive to the fact that a couple of eggs are quite as nourishing as the average pound of meat. Dietary experiments carried on in this country in educational institutions, the Department of Agriculture and the State experiment stations, all go to show that, as compared to semi-cooked cereals, fish and meat, hen fruit is one of the most economical and nourishing of foods. Chemically considered hen's eggs consist of about 65.5 water, 11.2 fiber, 6.9 ash, 11.9 protein, 9.3 fat, 1.8 nutrient ration, calories in 1 oz. 40. Methods of preparation are indeed diverse and many; but that which renders them the easiest of assimilation should be given the preference. The main point to be given emphasis in the present hue and cry on the high cost of living is that as market prices go (whether high or low) the egg not only maintains its own, but possesses the largest value in competition with other staple foods. Hence, dearly beloved housewife, and especially those who comprise the High Cost of Living League, abolish your boycott against the product of the industrious hen and give her owners a fair field and no favors. Induce her to multiply and fill the land waste, wear and tear, and losses

with her cheerful song, and the problem of high cost living will regulate itself.

## A Good Turkey Story.

That delightful weekly publication for the young, the Youth's Companion, tells a good turkey story. It seems that a turkey grower in the Northwest sent to New Orleans a consignment of dressed turkeys. The consignee was evidently a commission man with a chronic grievance founded on fiction, because he mailed the following form letter to the consigner:

"Dear Sir: We regret to advise you that four of the turkeys in your consignment of December reached here dead. Please make deduction for same, and return correct amount. Yours truly."

Live dressed turkeys are something new, even in California, even though the commission man "picked" the wrong form letter. The rube who sent the birds, however, was "onto his job," as witness the following diplomatic reply:

"Dear Sir: I am sorry to say I find it impossible to make concession requested. I have established a rule requiring all customers who desire live dressed turkeys to notify us in advance, so we can send them in heated cars. Turkeys without their feathers and insides are liable to catch cold if shipped in the ordinary manner. The mortality among dressed turkeys was very large this year. Yours mournfully."

Evidently the newspaper paragraphs have no monopoly on wit and humor.

## Income and Outgo.

It almost goes without saying it, that the average poultry breeder does not keep books, not even in the simpler forms. This is all wrong, because such a course affords no check on the business—no means of knowing where the leaks are and how better results may be achieved. To keep track of a poultry business does not call for an elaborate system of book-keeping but it should show receipts and expenditures, so that final results may be studied and income and outgo.

avoided. This month is a splendid opportunity to begin. Open a single account with the flock, giving it credit for all it produces, and charge it with all it consumes, even repairs on plant and overhead expenses. A three month's trial will soon show where conditions can be improved, expenses reduced and profits strengthened. Do it today.

## The Boy and the Hen.

Did you ever stop to think that the boys and girls can be made self-reliant, and at the same time help out on the family expense, by growing a few hens in the back yard, or in some neglected spot in the orchard or ranch? There is nothing complicated in the undertaking, a modest house, some ground, a few pure blooded fowl and a nucleus is established. By a little practice, a little study and observation, and an ambition to succeed, and the young people will soon be in the way of growing fowl successfully. At the beginning of the year is a good time to put in the foundation stock and make the necessary improvements. The boys should be given all the hens earn over cost of maintenance, thereby encouraging thrift and industry. A visit to a good poultry exhibition, and a few practical books and periodicals on the subject will soon teach the tender mind to grasp the salient features of poultry culture. Why not give the rising generation a whirl at the business?

## Barley Straw for Litter.

There are those among the fraternity who object to barley straw for fear the heads may prove objectionable in the litter. W. R. Rees, a popular breeder in Sonoma county, advises using it in preference to other material. He considers it the best litter obtainable, and is to be preferred to wheat straw, which is not only stiffer but of a coarser character. In his experience the heads do not cause any trouble as they are so brittle when threshed that they soon disintegrate and pulverize. Since it is usually cheaper than some other materials, it should at least be given a trial.

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## **THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN ALASKA.**

*How the Soldiers Live: By Frank G. Carpenter.*

## *The Post of St. Michael.*

ITS CURIOUS FEATURES—ESKIMOS AS SERVANTS—FORT GIBBON ON THE YUKON, SOLDIERS' AMUSEMENTS—THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH AND CABLE SERVICE—HIGH RATES FOR MESSAGES—ALASKA DEVELOPING PROPOSITION—TALKS WITH THE OFFICERS—THE ROADS OF THE TERRITORY AND THE DEMAND FOR NEW ROADS AND TRAILS.

**S**T. MICHAEL.—On this little island of St. Michael, situated in Bering Sea, several thousand miles from Seattle, sixty miles from the mouth of the Yukon River, I write of the name of Alaska. So

probably due to the wind. The lieutenant tells me that the winter is the pleasantest part of the year. He gives vivid pictures of life in the Arctic when the thermometer falls far below zero and the glare of the sun on the snow is almost blinding. During that season he takes long trips with his dogs to visit the various stations. Last year he made one of 200 miles, in a dog sled, to Old Woman Mountain. He had to sleep out in the snow, but he did not suffer as much from the cold as when stationed at Fort Lincoln, near Bismarck, in North Dakota.

I was interested in Mrs. Jepson's description of her housekeeping arrangements. She says that most of their supplies are canned.

thing is under army regulations. The soldiers looks well and happy. They have comfortable quarters, and what with their drilling and rifle shooting, they are kept busy. They rise at 6 o'clock in the morning, except on Sunday and holidays, march to their breakfast at 6:45, and have dinner at noon. The mess call for supper is sounded at 5:30 o'clock, and the call to quarters at night is at 10:45. Taps are sounded at 11 p.m., when all lights must go out.

quartermaster's department. All of its buildings, are steam-heated, a large central plant being maintained for the purpose. It has a gas-lighting plant, but it is now planned to install electricity, and engineers are estimating the cost of a plant.

The soldiers at Fort Gibbon are husky and healthy. They do not object to their stay in Alaska, and manage to keep themselves in good spirits summer and winter. They have a gymnasium, amateur theatricals and moving picture shows. They play baseball, and have two good teams which have matches once a week when the



Darrecks at Fort Gibbon in the heart of Alaska

## On the Government, Engil, Parlaments & Valdes

Michael is one of Uncle Sam's military reservations. The whole island has been set-aside as a military outpost, and its chief buildings are those of the soldiers. It has large barracks, a hospital, a canteen and a drillroom. It has several cottages, the homes of the officers; and, apart from these, down on the harbor, are a hotel, a few stores and some houses occupied by the traders who buy and sell furs and live off the soldiers and trappers. A part of the population is Eskimo, but all told, it does not number more than 200 or 300, and these people live here year in and year out. The island is especially dreary in winter, when for six months or more it is locked up in snow and ice, and when it has practically no communication with the outside world.

It is different in summer. Just now the country is as green as any part of the United States. As we approached the shore in our steamer, St. Michael rose like a green mound out of the water and, with its American flags flying, it seemed a fortification guarding the ice-locked golden coves of the north. Our boat came into the bay and docked at the wharf. St. Michael has the only good harbor near the mouth of the Yukon, and a number of river steamers were lying at anchor. All the ships that steam down the Yukon end their voyage at St. Michael, and to this port come the steamers from Seattle before going to Nome.

Leaving the ship, I strolled through the settlement. It has a hotel of fairly good size, three or four stores, a postoffice and some warehouses. There is also a blockhouse that was built by the Russians, who used this place to support their claims to the mighty territory drained by the Yukon. The blockhouse is now deserted, but inside it may still be seen a half dozen cannon, which were left by the Russians. Some of the guns even now look out of the portholes commanding the harbor.

The military force at Fort St. Michael consists of about fifty-six soldiers. Its commander is Lieut. W. F. C. Jepson, who came to Alaska two years ago, at the close of his service in the Philippine Islands. Lieut. Jepson has his wife with him, and it was at his home, a pretty little six-room cottage, that I talked with him about St. Michael and his life here. He tells me the climate is not at all bad, although in the summer the winds are sometimes so strong that they almost blow the flowers out of the ground. The island is treeless, and this is

goods from the outside, but they have also wild fowl and reindeer from St. Michael. The reindeer meat is as sweet and as juicy as a tenderloin steak. They have plenty of fish, and the Eskimos bring fish and berries to the house for sale. One of the chief troubles of the housekeeper is the servants. The day I called Mrs. Jepson had expected an Eskimo woman to do her washing. The arrangements had been made the day previous, but 10 o'clock came and no wash-woman appeared. She was sent for. She came and worked from 11 o'clock until 3. The washing was then half done, but the girl said she had to leave, and that she could not come back on the morrow, as she had to pick berries. I am told that the Eskimos do not care enough for money to work steadily. The other day a fisherman whose nets were full, could not get the Eskimos to help him pull them out of the water, although he offered them half of the catch.

The Island of St. Michael is under military rule. The storekeepers, traders and others live here merely at the will of the army, and the commander makes the laws. No liquor is allowed to be sold, and every

there was formerly one at Eagle, not far from the boundary of Canada. I visited the post at Eagle on my way from Dawson to Fairbanks. It is now abandoned, and the buildings are in the hands of one or two soldiers as caretakers.

Going on down the great river, I stopped at Fort Gibbon, at the junction of the Tanana and the Yukon. This military post is one of the most important in Alaska. It is in the very heart of the Territory, about half-way between the international boundary and Nome, and almost midway between the Arctic Ocean and the Pacific. Fairbanks, the terminus of the government railway, is several hundred miles up the Tanana Valley. Fort Gibbon was established in 1898, and the next year Congress set aside 28,000 acres of land there as a military reservation. The post is on the southeastern corner of the reservation. It adjoins the town of Tanana, which, next to Fairbanks, is the most important place in interior Alaska. It is estimated that it cost something like \$1,000,000 to clear the land and erect the buildings for the post, and that it costs \$500,000 a year to maintain it.

The post now has about 150 men, including the officers and soldiers of Company B of the Fourteenth United States Infantry. It has a hospital corps, a signal corps, and a

weather is good. They have also a band, and a part of their regular exercise is practice shooting with rifles.

The government has now five military posts in Alaska, and its force consists of about 1200 officers and soldiers. These men not only guard the Territory, but they operate the cable and telegraph service, make and superintend the roads and trails, and have the control of all river and harbor improvements undertaken by the government. In the past they did a great deal of police work; but just now their chief business is the maintenance and operation of the cable and telegraph system. The army telegraph is the only one in the Territory. It consists of about fifty stations, of which ten are wireless. There are forty telegraph offices and more than 1000 miles of land lines. The submarine cables are about 3000 miles in length, and they connect the Territory with the United States proper at Seattle. The cable goes to Sitka and Skagway, and it reaches every important port from Ketchikan to Seward, the southern terminus of the new railroad.

southern terminus of the new railroad. There are wireless stations at Nome, Circle and Eagle operated by army officers, and also at Valdez, Sitka, Cordova, Kodiak Island, Ushuaia, Dutch Harbor and Pribilof Island, operated by the Navy Department.



Russian Block-House at Fort St. Michael



Wingless Toper at Fairbanks  
Lieutenant Mason and his  
dog team in foreground.

**“HOME, SWEET HOME.” BY A HOUSEKEEPER.**

The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

**THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.**

Aids to Good Health. By a Medical Man.

**Chilblain.**

**C**HILBLAIN is one of those annoying conditions which is usually classed as a "minor malady," but which, if judged by the amount of discomfort it produces and its stubbornness in resisting treatment, might easily be classed as a major affliction. The disease usually attacks the feet; but sometimes it selects the hands, and occasionally the face. Whatever the location, however, the amount of itching and burning caused by chilblain is often almost intolerable.

The immediate cause of the disease is cold, particularly prolonged chilling. The first symptom is persistent itching of the feet, usually beginning in the evening and accompanied by congestion and redness of the skin. This itching is followed by an acute tenderness which may be so severe that the pressure of the shoe cannot be borne; and dryness and cracking of the skin may add to the discomfort.

To all appearances this condition is a localized skin disease, but this local condition is merely a symptom of an abnormal systemic disorder. It is found, for example, that the blood of persons who are subject to chilblain is often abnormal. Frequently it does not clot quickly, as indicated by a tendency to prolonged bleeding from small cuts and bruises; and local treatment of the chilblain in such cases usually fails to check the disease. But if the local treatment is supplemented by some treatment for improving the condition of the blood, the chilblains disappear.

**Treatment of Chilblain.**

The coagulability of the blood is thought to be dependent upon, or at least influenced by the presence of lime in the fluid, since the administration of some lime salt increases the blood's clotting power. It is a good plan, therefore, for the chilblain sufferer to fortify his system with small doses of one of the lime salts, such as calcium lactate.

For the relief of the intolerable itching, nothing seems to be quite as effective as heat. The affected parts should be immersed in very hot water for several minutes. They should then be mopped (not rubbed) with a soft, absorbent towel or cotton, until dry. When thoroughly dried a local application of some preparation of iodine or menthol should be made. Iodine is probably the more effective of the two, but is disagreeable on account of its color. Some of the newer iodine ointments, however, are almost tasteless and are about as effective as the older kind; and these may be used advantageously in combination with menthol.

These local measures should be considered as merely palliative and in addition every possible precaution should be taken to prevent chilling any part of the body. For this purpose thin woolen underwear should be worn, even though such garments may be somewhat uncomfortable in our climate during the middle of the day. Thin woolen socks should also be worn, and an old pair of loose shoes. Tightly-fitting shoes or gloves should never be worn by persons subject to chilblains during cold weather, as these tend to obstruct the circulation; and obstructed circulation is one of the prominent features, and often the exciting cause of this disease.

**The Golden Age of Medicine.**

There have been so many advances in medicine within the last quarter of a century that we often overlook the wonderful accomplishments and discoveries of our ancestors. In point of fact, our present knowledge of diseases, and the causes of diseases, is dependent upon the discoveries of a group of men who were contemporaneous with Shakespeare, and most of whom lived in Shakespeare's country. Indeed, judged by great medical discoveries, the seventeenth century seems entitled to the distinction of being the golden age of medicine.

It was in this golden age that William Harvey discovered the secret of how and why the blood circulates—probably the most momentous discovery in the entire field of medicine. Every school child today knows that the heart pumps the blood to the system through the arteries and that the blood returns to the heart through stages of their life history that they would

the veins. Yet the wisest person in the world prior to Harvey's demonstration, in 1628, did not know this now seemingly self-evident fact. As a result of this ignorance, there was no knowledge of the group of diseases that affect the heart, kidneys, liver and blood vessels, and which now claim at least 1,000,000 victims annually.

Half a century after Harvey's discovery, the function of the lungs was discovered and demonstrated by Robert Hook, who was the Thomas Edison of his time. The lungs hitherto had been considered as "air bags for cooling the body," and no one had any particular knowledge of lung diseases.

These two great discoveries were supplemented by a third, the discovery of the existence of germs. The vital importance of this discovery is conspicuously in evidence at present—the basis of all modern sanitary measures. Yet a Dutchman, Anthony von Leeuwenhoek, discovered these "little animals" in the tartar of his teeth in the same century that Shakespeare lived.

As most of our knowledge of disease is based upon these three great discoveries, and as these discoveries were made in the seventeenth century, we are justified in considering this century the most important in medical discovery.

**Physiology of Eight Hours Work.**

It seems to be established on purely physiological grounds that eight hours of hard work each day is about all the average person's system will stand, and maintain its normal efficiency. This conclusion has been reached after exhaustive and protracted scientific investigation, without any regard whatsoever for legislative aspects, and based upon the measurements of nervous and muscular exhaustion produced by work.

This eight-hour limitation rule, it should be remembered, applies to the average person. But apparently no person has ever risen above mediocrity whose physical condition restricted him to such a limited period of work as one hour out of every three. "It is a noteworthy fact," says a writer in Science, "that with the world's leaders, in industry, in finance, in professional life, the duration of the daily task is wholly secondary to its accomplishment. They are limited by no eight-hour, ten-hour, or twelve-hour considerations. This indicates why such men become leaders.

Laborers may learn a valuable lesson from this fact. The greedy employer who saps the energies of those who are the medium by which he gains his wealth, is to be condemned no more than is the 'slacker' whose only guiding principles are a minimum of effort and a maximum wage. Moreover, it is trite to say that the obligation rests upon the laborer that rests upon all men, so to use his free hours as to benefit himself, his family and society."

It is the belief of most physicians, that few persons are ever injured by hard work alone, either mental or physical.

**Dogs and Ringworm.**

It seems clearly proven that certain types of ringworm disease, and possibly all types, may be contracted from dogs. Needless to say, the dog largely responsible for the transmission of this disease is the ownerless, vagrant type of mongrel that infests every community. But such dogs come into contact constantly with the better kept animals; and those of friendly disposition are frequently petted and handled by children. The results may be the development of ringworm, the source of which is not suspected.

The addition of ringworm to the list of dog-carried diseases increases the suspicion that there is a direct relationship between certain epidemics and dogs. "In the recent outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease," says Medical Progress, "it was determined beyond any reasonable doubt that dogs were responsible in some instances for the spread of the disease, not only from one farm to another, but from one State to another.

"The dog is of primary importance and in many instances the sole carrier in the case of many dangerous and even deadly animal parasites of man and domestic animals. Some of these parasites depend so absolutely on dogs as carriers during certain stages of their life history that they would

probably or certainly become extinct if dogs were not available as hosts." A partial list of dog-carried diseases which must be headed with the most important one, rabies, of course, is the following: hydatid in man and stock; gid in stock and possibly man; so-called "measles" in sheep; tapeworm, especially in children; roundworm and tongueworm.

**Verm and Camp Fever.**

Typhus fever, which is variously known as camp fever, jail fever, etc., has always been, and still is, the menace of every army in the field. Formerly it infested jails, and ships, and, indeed, any place where people were huddled together for any considerable time; but the disease has now practically disappeared from the ordinary walks of civil life. Armies, however, are still menaced by this malady, as shown by the frightful ravages of the disease in the armies of the Far East; and armies, except under the most favorable conditions, are always afflicted with body lice. And it appears that one of these conditions is often (perhaps always) dependent upon the other—the louse transmits camp fever just as the flea transmits the plague.

The case against the louse has not been proved as unequivocally as the case against the flea; but there is most convincing evidence of a practical nature. Thus, it is a matter of official record that one regiment in the typhus-stricken armies of the East remained practically free from this disease despite the fact that the epidemic raged all about it. The commander of this regiment, it develops, was a "crank" on the subject of vermin. When his regiment was not fully occupied in fighting human enemies they directed their energies to vermin fighting. Bedding and clothing were searched and aired morning and afternoon, and all sanitary precautions rigidly carried out. As a result, this regiment remained practically vermin free and also free from the deadly camp fever.

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1. Stratum Corneum.
2. Stratum Lucidum.
3. Stratum Granulosum.
4. Stratum Spinosum.
5. Germinating Stratum.
6. Touch corpuscle with nerve.
7. Capillary blood vessel.
8. Sweat duct with gland.
9. Large blood vessels.
10. Palisade.

The removal which does not reach the living structure, gives an impression to the germinating stratum to produce new and perfect Epidermis. Sagged cheeks from age or sickness are restored to normal condition. The new regenerated skin gives to the patient a healthy and youthful color. The time required varies from ten days to two weeks. We can refer you to a number of cases successfully treated. For further information address:

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The Illustrated Weekly Magazine

# COUNTING THE VOTE OF THE ELECTORS.

*The Duty of Congress. By a Special Contributor.*

**O**N THE second Wednesday of February

Congress will be in joint session to count the votes of the Electoral College. In various newspapers one may now see published very formal statements made by the "executive authority" of the several States of the Union. They are duly attested by official seals and secretaries and they certify that as the result of the general election last November certain persons received the votes set opposite their names, and that in consequence those receiving the most votes, up to the number of representatives which that State has in Congress—the House and the Senate combined—are chosen to sit in the Electoral College, which never meets, for the selection of the next President of the United States.

These certificates contain the names of all persons nominated as electors by the various conventions and parties in the States; they designate by name the men who are chosen electors, but do not indicate to what party they belong.

They vary in form; some are signed by the Governor, some by the Secretary of State; the only general requirement being that they shall be executed by the State's "executive authority."

The Constitution provides that the national election for the selection of the President shall take place on the same day throughout the land, but leaves the method of voting, the selection of electors, the counting of the votes and the reports thereon absolutely to the States. The qualification of State voters is also left to the State, except that they must be the same as those of the electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislatures.

After the State vote is officially determined the "executive authority" makes four certificates of the ascertainment of such electors; sends one to the Secretary of State of the United States, and delivers the other three to the electors themselves.

The Secretary of State retains his certificate and publishes copies thereof in various newspapers. He also furnishes officially copies of this certificate to both houses of Congress. The electors retain their certificate and forward it later to the seat of government with the results of their balloting for choice of President and Vice-President.

On the second Monday of January the electors of each State met at a place within its own State designated by its own Legislature; and there, after organizing in their own way, gave their votes for their candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency; presumably in every State which went Democratic last November they voted unanimously for Mr. Wilson, and in those which went Republican for Judge Hughes.

If any State had been carried by a Progressive, labor or Socialist vote so that its electors were chosen by that party, presumably their own ballots would have been cast for that party's candidate, although there is nothing in the Constitution or the law requiring them to vote for their candidate or preventing them from casting their votes for the choice of any other party.

To prevent delay in the determination of the electoral vote in any State it is provided that if any State shall have provided for the determination of any controversy over the choice of electors, and such determination shall have been made at least six days before the meeting of the electors, that determination shall be the final so far as the ascertainment of the electors appointed by such State is concerned. This was enacted not only to prevent delay but to protect each State from having Congress "go behind the returns."

After the meeting of the electors in their States on the second Monday of January, it becomes their duty forthwith to forward the certificates of their appointment and the lists of their votes for President and Vice-President, to the president of the United States Senate.

All these preliminary details are not for the purpose of telling the candidates or the people how the various States voted last November, but to establish an official record of the vote on which the national election is predicated, and to preserve with exactness the rights of the States of the Union



Thomas Jefferson,  
chosen President by  
the electors, 1800.

Aaron Burr, chosen  
Vice-President by the  
electors, 1800.

### COUNTING THE VOTES.

In the selection of the presiding officers of the government.

The act of Congress prescribes with great detail the final pronouncement of the action of the Electoral College, whose members never meet.

When Congress meets in joint session on the second Wednesday of February, succeeding the meeting of the electors the two bodies will convene in the hall of the Representatives at the hour of 1 o'clock off that day, and the President of the Senate shall be their presiding officer.

Tellers are appointed and all certificates and papers purporting to be certificates are opened and acted upon; the tellers make a list of votes as they appear from such certificates.

The President of the Senate announces the vote and that is deemed sufficient declaration of the persons, if any, elected President and Vice-President. The result, together with a list of the votes, is entered in the journals of the two houses.

This ends the procedure if there be no question over the returns from any of the States, but if, as has happened in the past, such questions arise, the act provides the procedure in an effort to settle the disputed questions.

Every objection must be in writing, must state, without argument, the ground thereof and must be signed by at least one Senator and one House member. Right there is where the clash will, if ever, begin. The two houses consider the objections separately. No electoral vote from any State from which one return shall have been regularly given by electors whose appointment has been lawfully certified can be rejected; but the two houses concurrently may reject the votes when they agree that such votes have not been regularly given by electors whose appointment has been certified.

The two houses must respect the return, which is regularly given; but if there is a question between two or more State authorities as to which is the lawful tribunal of a State to determine the authority of the electors, then there must be a concurrent determination of the two houses as to which electoral returns shall be accepted.

If the two houses cannot agree upon the acceptance or refusal of a State's electoral vote, then the voter certified under the hand of the executive of the State, and the seal thereof, shall be counted.

The act provides for the conduct and duration of debate, for the method of voting on disputed questions, and that the votes of no other State shall be acted upon until previous objections are disposed of. It also provides that no recess shall be taken and in other ways for the expeditious disposition of objections.

It was the undoubted intention of the

framers of the Constitution that the people at large should not vote directly for the President and Vice-President, but "that each State should appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to its whole number of Senators and Representatives." They

vote for two persons and send in their lists to Congress. When all the votes from all the States were counted, the person having the most votes was to be President; the next to him, Vice-President. It was in this way that Washington and Adams were elected.

They were meant to be a council of the ablest men in the country and were expected to exercise their independent choice in selecting the chief executive of the nation.

The method of selecting the electors was left to each State, and they were at first chosen by the State Legislatures.

The theory, however, never became a fact, and the intention of the Constitution has been so modified by popular demand that the Electoral College has become merely a means of preserving the rights of the States to be heard in selecting a President instead of leaving that question to a popular vote.

Some have advocated such a change, but it cannot be made without an amendment of the Constitution.

Two serious controversies have arisen as a result of this method of voting. The first was the Burr-Jefferson imbroglio, when the two leading candidates tied in their votes for the Presidency. The question was decided ultimately by the House of Representatives. It carried a long and threatening contest, resulting in the election of Jefferson and a subsequent amendment of the Constitution by which the electors voted for President and Vice-President, thus preventing a tie between candidates of the same party.

Later on, the Hayes-Tilden election brought about grave national danger on the contest of the returns from the States of South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana. The House was Democratic, the Senate Republican, and the country remained in suspense while the joint commission appointed by the houses sat to determine the issue. By agreement judges of the Supreme Court were to decide questions upon which the commission could not agree.

In the end it was decided by Justice Bradley from New Jersey, a Republican whose vote was cast with his party. It declared that Rutherford B. Hayes was the duly elected President, and he thereupon took the office.

The system is not wholly free from dan-

ger, but probably presents as fair a way as

### Hawaiian Music.

[Minneapolis Journal:] "Hawaiian music and dancing are riding to a fall," says A. P. Taylor, secretary of the Hawaiian Promotion Committee of Honolulu. "This is what all fear unless something is done to change the conditions of things on the mainland at present."

"Hawaiian music as it is composed and sold here by the local publishers is Hawaiian music at its best and no one will have any apologies to make for the quality, but the managers of the east have changed much of the spirit of the songs, and as a result Hawaii is not going to benefit by it."

"Managers of vaudeville companies and cafes always seek for the punch, and the Hawaiian songs are interpolated to such an extent that they verge on the ridiculous. Hawaiian music has made a success, because it is typically Hawaiian, and the vaudeville effects weaken it. Managers are prone to get all that is possible of the music and the original music is oftentimes different."

"This is true in dancing as well as in the music, and the hula has been made into a hoochi koochi by many of the producers in the East. As the hula is danced in Hawaii it is pretty and accompanied with proper music has been a big feature of the life here, but the mainland producers have often made the variations which have proved to be ridiculous."

### Japanese Trade Growing.

[Worcester Telegram:] The sale of more than \$10,000,000 worth of lumber from the forests of Japan to the United States in the past year is only a small part of the tremendous increase of exports for the Japanese in the years since the European war gave them the chance to get out more ships and carry more goods away to other countries.

They have more than doubled their sales and deliveries in South America. And the deliveries have been accomplished by their own ships, subsidized by their government. They are now selling more than a million dollars' worth of exports to South American cities, where in years before the war they were unknown as shippers. They are selling goods to Russia at the rate of more than \$75,000,000 a year, and buying there only a few thousand dollars' worth. They have increased their exports to China more than \$16,000,000 in the past year. They are increasing their carrying capacity by a big ship a month right along. They are paying from 10 to 50 cents a day for the manufacture of more than a score of the staple goods of the world in direct competition with the United States, wherein the wages range for the same kinds of work from \$2 to \$10 a day, including war munitions.

### "You Always Pay."

[Kansas City Star:] "You always pay, you know," said the forger, Whiteman, who was captured recently in Cincinnati after years of liberty as a fugitive from justice.

Sure you do. Whether you violate man's law, or nature's law, which is another name for God's law, you always have to pay—and the full price, too. Some pay, as Whiteman did, in dodging and slinking through the world like a hunted beast, his mind worried, his face gradually taking on a furtive look, knowing always that somewhere ahead lay the steel-jawed trap all set and ready.

Some pay with broken health; others with broken hearts; some surrender friends and love; some give all in life worth living for; some cast their conscience to be gnawed by the wolves of remorse; some not only pay their own share in full, but shift part of the burden to their children, and their children's children, even to the third and fourth generation; for the debt must be paid to the last farthing.

### The Mammoth Spring.

[Indianapolis News:] Mammoth spring, at Mammoth Spring, Ark., is the largest spring in the world. This spring covers eighteen acres, flows 600,000 gallons of water a minute and is seventy feet deep. It forms Spring River, 350 feet wide. The flow does not fluctuate the year round.

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## THE HUMAN BODY: ITS CARE, USE AND ABUSE.

[Illustration]

Jan. 18, 1917.]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

## “HOME, SWEET HOME.” BY A HOUSEKEEPER.

For Wife, Mother, Daughter and Maid.

## IN THE LAUNDRY.

Right Use of Washing Soda.

[Woman's Home Companion:] If the water is hard, or the clothes especially soiled, or if you wish to reduce the soap bill, add washing soda to the dissolved soap just before it is ready to bottle. A fine quality of washing soda prepared especially for laundry work may be obtained from all laundry-supply houses. To the soap-chip solution just described, one to two pounds of powdered washing soda may be added. Do not boil after the soda is added. The old-fashioned lump washing soda should never be used unless it is previously dissolved, and then only in small quantities. To dissolve, use one pound of soda to one gallon of water. The greatest care must be exercised in using soda for washing woolens, silks and colored clothes, because a trifle too much will prove injurious to the fabrics.

Javelle water forms a very efficient bleaching liquid for unbleached fabrics, as well as for cotton goods that have become yellow with dirt and age.

Handle Woolens Carefully.

Woolens, if woven, should be pulled into shape and hung straight. Because of the inclination to shrink, they should be reshaped frequently during the drying. Fine quality blankets and shawls look best when dried on curtain-stretchers. When dry, brush with a whisk broom so as to raise the nap. Knitted woolens should be laid on a pad to dry, unless, as in the case of babies' socks and mittens, one has a wooden form. One can be quite sure of the shape and size of such garments as sweaters, if the sweater is measured before washing, and these measurements used in shaping the sweater to dry.

## HOME ENTERTAINING.

Inexpensive Strawberry Ice.

[People's Home Journal:] A most inexpensive strawberry ice may be made by boiling two cups of sugar with a half a cup of hot water for three minutes. Cool and add a box of berries, crushed, and the juice of a lemon. Then add a cup of ice water and partially freeze. Stir in the stiffly beaten white of one egg and finish freezing.

Tiny sponge cakes iced with strawberry juice and confectioner's sugar are delicious to serve with this ice, or a big layer cake, frosted with white and decorated with a wreath of roses made from candied rose leaves and citron, with yellow candies for centers.

Or the ice may be made from grape juice and the little cakes decorated with candied violets. Strawberries dipped in pink fondant and served in little paper cases are very pretty.

Tuna Patties.

In the evening when there is a small party of three or four tables, they may be covered with small tea cloths and refreshments served from them. Men, of course, like something more substantial than a pink ice and a flower cake. The things one would like best to serve at such affairs have gone up in price with such leaps and bounds that most of them today are not within reach of the woman with no maid. Lobster has become almost extinct in most small households. Tuna fish can be used in many ways. Cut up with celery and pimientos it is a good substitute for chicken salad, and it is delicious creamed and served in patties.

## HOME PHYSICIAN.

Treatment of Colic.

[Ladies' Home Journal:] The colic of children is most prevalent in hot weather when fruits and vegetables are found on every hand and eaten on all occasions, and at all times of the day. Colic is not to be attributed in all cases to the undigested food but also to the numberless bacteria which raw foods and fruit carry. The child's colic is generally indicated by pains in the center of the abdomen, particularly around the umbilicus, by the development of gas, and by the onset of diarrhea, nature's natural method of relief. If the disturbance arises in the stomach in which there re-

mains too much undigested food, it is hardly colic, but often is attended with similar sensations, with nausea, and vomiting in addition. The hot-water compresses over the abdomen and a generous enema are the best remedies. The mother may add to her drug collection a bottle of ammonia, sodium bichlorate, aromatic spirits of ammonia, sodium bicarbonate, and a little syrup and peppermint water, which can be put up by a druggist. One teaspoonful will often be found palliative of the pain of colic. In extreme cases there are symptoms of collapse, and in such an instance the services of a physician should be secured as soon as possible.

## Taboo Headache Remedies.

The mother who gives headache remedies to the members of her family, and especially to her children, is in my opinion committing a crime. All the headache remedies that I know are heart-depressants. They are chiefly composed of caffeine, phenacetin, or acetanilid. All these drugs are powerful, and the last two are extremely dangerous. Headache is one of the common ailments which should never be treated by home remedies nor by the secret remedies which are sold at the drugstore. I can not sufficiently emphasize the importance of this statement.

## PREPARING A FOWL.

## To Cut a Fowl in Joints.

[Modern Priscilla:] First cut off the wings, taking a slice off the breast with them and separating them at the joint. Then remove the legs, cut them in two at the joint and chop off the ends of the bones. Now separate the breast, bone and all, from the back of the fowl. Cut the breast in two, lengthwise, right through the bone and in two again, if large. Then chop the back through in two or three pieces.

The number of joints depends very much on the size of the fowl, but ten pieces at least should be procured—two wings, four pieces from the legs, two from the back and two from the breast.

## How to Lard.

Larding, although very easy, requires to be seen to be properly understood. Very hard bacon is necessary, as soft bacon breaks on being passed through the fowl or meat. The bacon should be cut into small blocks, and then again cut into even strips, called lardoons. In larding, put a strip of bacon into a larding-needle, and then pass it through the meat, leaving the bacon in the meat, with the ends showing; this should be done in even rows, taking care to do the work as neatly as possible.

Larding improves the flavor of birds and meat not having much fat, which would have a tendency to get dry when cooked.

## CLEANING PROBLEMS.

## A White Coat.

[New York American:] A white coat may be cleaned by brushing the following mixture well into the cloth the way of the nap: Mix some powdered pipeclay and whiting, some fuller's earth, and a little stone blue dissolved in vinegar, in sufficient quantities to form the whole into a paste; rub into the coat and leave it to dry on. When the coat is quite dry, rub it well, beat it to get the dust out, and then brush.

## Stains on Black Silk.

To reduce mud stains from black silk or woolen dresses, first let the material become perfectly dry and then brush off the mud. Any stain that remains should be washed with a piece of flannel dipped in hot coffee to which a little ammonia has been added.

## NEEDLE NOTES.

## Old-Fashioned Tatting Popular.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] Tatting is coming in again, and this edging, so much in demand in our grandmothers' day, is not only pretty and easily made, but exceedingly durable. It is successfully used for hand towels that are much laundered, and excellent on fine glass and silver towels for edging.

It is practical to embroider the latter in

outline stitch with delineations of the articles to whose use they are reserved, and some towels may be had ready stamped in such designs.

A new guest towel, or hand towel, shows a border of tiny pink hollyhocks and above them flits a blue bird.

## Little Chintz Sets.

In making up little chintz sets for a child's bedroom, not only should one include the daytime bedcover, table cloth, pillows and chair sets, but a shoe bag and laundry bag. These are as welcome to a child as to "grown up people," in fact, frequently more so, for little children often would not need so much help in keeping their rooms tidy if more items of ordinary convenience were provided for their help. One of the new designs displayed for children's bedroom sets shows "Molly Cotton Tail."

## KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

## Deep Fat Frying.

[Philadelphia Press:] Many young housekeepers are afraid to attempt deep fat frying because they either share the common belief that fried food is indigestible or they find it difficult to get uniformly perfect results and hesitate to serve poorly formed croquettes or imperfectly cooked doughnuts. As a matter of fact, perfectly fried foods are seldom indigestible, because they have not been allowed to "soak fat." When the fat is hot enough to form a crust over the outside of the food immediately, the fat particles do not permeate the starchy interior, and fried food can easily be digested by any ordinarily healthy adult.

## Left-over Vegetables.

Few vegetables will stand reheating well, for it ruins their flavor. Instead, we use left-overs for a vegetable soup. Cold carrots, parsnips, asparagus, squash, corn, spinach, tomato, celery, onions, peas, lima and string beans, and even cold mashed-potatoes make excellent soups.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[New York Evening Journal:] To remove grease spots from tablecloths, coats, trousers, etc., sandwich the article between two pieces of blotting paper and rest a hot iron over the damaged part for a few minutes.

Fruit stains on linen should be smeared with glycerine and left for about an hour; then wash the stains in warm soapy water; repeat the process if necessary.

When whipping cream add three or four—not more—drops of lemon juice, and it will soon become thick.

To whiten knife handles which have become yellow with age rub with fine emery paper.

For cleaning hearth tiles, try a cream made of soft soap and skim milk.

Melted butter is a very good substitute for olive oil in a salad dressing. Many prefer it.

## HEARTSEASE.

## Happiness in Adaptability.

[Hume:] He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

## The Old Loveliness.

Old books, old friends are best; Old things are loveliest; Old houses, and the glamour of old days, The olden peace, the olden, quiet ways.

## Old gospels, and old dreams!

With new delight life teems When these are read, when these are told: All youth at last grows old.

In bleak December, lo!

A whirlwind of white snow.

O heart! lost April then

Seems wonderful again.

Yet dream new dreams, be glad For all the soul once had.

Old books, old friends are best—

Old love is loveliest!

—[Charles Hanson Towne.

[93]

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Finest Vici Kid, Button or Lace, Plain Toe	\$4.50
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*The Illustrated Weekly Magazine*

Jan. 18, 1911.

# A TRAMP THROUGH STEVENSON COUNTRY.

*Two Hundred Miles of Bliss. By Meredith Nugent.*

**T**HE choleric "Frisco" policeman is in doubt as to my sanity. "Walk down to Carmel from Frisco! For—for the fun of it! Bill!"—this with an explosion culminating his irascibility as he roars to the conductor of a westward-bound beach car—"here's a patient for you!"

However, Bill is no more successful in starting the patient off aright than had been the "cop," or the Irishman who demoniacally had tapped his forehead in agreement with the "cop's" opinion of me; for he whizzes me to a beach I should not have made acquaintance with.

However, I'm off. "Rah, I am off!" Up goes my hat in boisterous jubilation as I set out like speeding Mercury to conquer the dusty distances. "Frisco" is soon a haze, the sand hills soon a haze, and as I reach this strip of beach brimming the boiling ocean, farms, fields, roads, houses, indeed the whole man-civilized country, has seemingly raced to that obliterating haze.

Dawn and resurrection! From the chrysalized walls of duties, conventions, proprieties, exasperations, bread-earnings and the thousand and one circumscriptions of 365 yesterdays, I have emerged into complete freedom. There is not a "shalt not" in my Decalogue. There is not even a Decalogue.

"Afoot and lighthearted I" now "take to the open road." The miles reel under me so easily that I am quite unconscious of effort. Here a succession of fine headlands sweep by, here valleys of green artichokes sloping glacier-like to the sea, for this is one of the artichoke centers of the whole United States. Now it is a rocky bend, now a stretch of breakers, now a winding path, now breakers again, now reefs over which I slip and sprawl and get so thoroughly well wetted that I'm surely as amphibian as the crabs racing from me.

A fog blows in from the ocean and in a twinkling all is changed. Now I am with the Norsemen; with the gray-bearded Vikings; I feel their clammy breathings; I see their charging warriors; I see the sun's light flee before their ragged banners. I slowly mount a hill, and from the height of its wooded summit behold terrace after terrace of stately Druidical groves rising in tiers of majestic beauty clear to the fog-domed skies. If the glory would only arrest itself! If it would only hold for an instant so that color might attempt to record it! But no, the scene is shifting with kaleidoscopic rapidity, now disclosing luscious valleys, now phantasies of fairest forests, now tumblings of many waters, now visions of phantom ships. All is continuous change, all is continuous movement. Veils of fog are withdrawn, veils of fog are tossed in, veils of fog are superimposed with the bewilderment of pageantry gone mad. It is the supremest art, the mockery of art if I might dare to so put it, staged in a derisive moment by "The Master of the Show." Yet in barely thirty minutes the glory has disappeared. Has He tired of His play? Has He sought other corners of earth to dethrone reason by His magic?

Now all is commonplace; indeed anything would seem commonplace after such an exhibition. An automobile roars down on me, and its driver halts hurriedly to ask if I would ride. I gladly accept. I will ride anywhere to escape this barrenness, or what to me now appears as barrenness. The ride proves a race, a race down a mountainside for 1300 feet. It is a reckless cutting of the letter "S" to the edges of a cliff towering high above the white-caps, inland to the hills, and out to the dizzy edges again. "Is this machine yours?" I ask as once more we approach suicide. "Nopa, this machine's Kelly's" and ere the breakers greet the pebbles we're now showering from this crumbling bend, I'm wishing Kelly here!

Level ground at last, and houses that fairly shriek at us "Italian Dinners \$1.00." "Tis a dot and dash for miles, the dots "Italian Dinners," and dashes, the fields between. Half Moon Bay and the ride endeth! "Thanks awfully! Again thanks! Thanks! Than-a-ka-sai!" And if the inhabitants of San Gregorio, which place I'm now hurriedly entering, are suspecting me a convict escaped, there is abundant evidence in the time made for the last dozen

miles or so that I've certainly escaped something!

This morning finds me sauntering along miles of dying roads. The new State highway is near to completion, and then these well-ruled ones will be returned to oblivion. I am probably the last pilgrim to wander over these old ways, the last of all their lovers to lovingly tread their dusty lengths. The fences are fallen low where they have not already gone, and the trees which have cast long their cool shades in the hot mid-day hang drearily their branches as if sighing for those dreaming ones who will dream under them, no more. I hate to leave these old beautiful roads, these long, winding stretches of sunlight and shadow; for compared to the State highway upon which I'm now stepping, they are to me as the sweet girls of years ago, as against the more modern and bolder specimens of today.

I am out for a walk, but not out for a record. I will ride when I will, and I shall will whenever the country promises to be uninteresting. Such a country appears ahead of me now, a cement-dust-ravaged country, and I stage it twenty miles through a gray inferno to Santa Cruz. After a sleep at Santa Cruz, I am tripping it through apple orchards, through lands of blushing beauty, and tonight finds me reaching a curious old whaling station, where in a marvelously constructed building I put up for needed rest.

My next stop is Monterey. The very winds seem to shriek it, the heavens to stormily proclaim it. 'Tis a riotous morning, a roaring, unearthly-lighted, flying-cloud gale of a morning. I am bucking straight into the wind's eye through hurricanes of blinding sand, a sharp gravel road dressing put down but yesterday. At times I turn about, and digging heels into the soft, smash backward into the blasts to partially shield my smarting face. The storm-din is terrific, a tree-raging, telephone-wire-screaming, telephone-pole-howling, infernal din, below which the weeds hug the earth as if "Old Nick" were after them. 'Tis a gain of a few yards for me and a turn-about for breath, another few yards and a reverse for more breath. There's a fine savagery, though, to this storm wrestling, an aboriginal wildness, "a fizzy-dizzy, muddle-headed sort of joy" as Stevenson has somewhere put it, which suits my mood exactly.

Monterey! I could throw up my arms in insane jubilation as I step on its sacred soil. The harbor is thronged with a mob of carousing boats, hilarious, storm-intoxicated, storm-baffled little boats. They roll, they toss, swing this way, swing that way, leap half out of the water, plunge half-way under; suddenly take it into their crazy heads to breast in front of their crazy fellows, and just when well in front are jerked back by the anchored rope to the very point they started from. No amount of failure daunts their inebriated enthusiasm. "If at first we don't succeed, we'll try, try again," I almost hear them say, and try again they do.

I turn from these drunken ones to wander along the wharf. I wander among the fishermen and the fish. I drop into canneries, stroll through open doors, gaze through tiny windows, stray into darkest corners, and fancy, when lost amidst a maze of nets and pulleys that I've scattered into the foreground of a strong-lined Brangwyn etching.

But elsewhere in Monterey. Here is Stevenson's house. Here is the first wooden house erected in California. Here is "The House of the Four Winds," so dubbed by the Indians because of its weather vane, the first the savages had ever seen. I wonder if these Indians, though, could clairvoyantly have beheld the future, and purposedly willed us this inheritance of baptismal name and joy; for today this many-winded house is occupied by a woman's club—"The Woman's Civic Center," if my memory serves me right.

Of course, I visit the Stevenson house. It is indeed my chiefest pilgrimage, a pilgrimage I could reverently make on bare and bended knees. "Which room did Stevenson live in?" I ask of the Mexican who now strolls through the wooden gate.

Evidently this question is a frequent calamity with him, for he brings down his fist as he quivering replies to me: "I tell you that man Stevenson, he no live here!" I plausibly walk the paths fronting the wooden L. Stevenson actually did occupy, feeling that perhaps these may have been those he walked on himself. I walk on them till I'm ashamed to be seen walking on them any longer, and then I sneak back and walk on them again.

The sun has set, and the sky is a seething glory. I slowly climb the hill to where silhouetted stands the monument to Father Junipero. I read the inscription at its base. I turn about and face the cove where the brave Franciscan landed. Its waters are of gold, the bay is of gold, while, beyond, the vast Pacific is a trembling mass of vibrant gold. From this hilltop steeped in glory, I watch the coming night. The stars twinkle forth. In the harbor, the little boats so recently drunk with storm twinkle forth their stars, too. All is calm and holy. Material world has vanished, and in the serenity of this blessed peace, earth sings its ecstatic soul. Suddenly there looms a dark and staggering figure, a mandolin, shrieking drunkard. Endeavoring to keep the path, he bumps into the monument railings, and in a trice is a senseless heap on the ground right at my feet. I back from the disgusting beast that has so shattered my beautiful reverie. I hasten to leave, then turn for one last look at Father Junipero. Am I mistaken? I look again! I hastily rub my eyes and look again! Why—why there is Father Junipero with hand kindly raised actually blessing the fallen man! Hollest spirit; I, too, am in the dust now. But a moment before this drunkard appeared I had not noticed that thy hand was upraised even; yet now with all the love thou ever hadst for the Indian, it is bestowing its tenderest blessing—not on this sober Pharisee, but on the more deserving unconscious prodigal.

After a rapturous night's wandering under the light of a glorious moon, I am traveling through pine forests to lovely Carmel. I reach the old mission where Junipero lies buried. A tiny, large-eyed Spanish girl opens the church door for me, and I saunter in a species of dream all about the sacred place. On top of the tabernacle is Father Junipero's stole and it is difficult for me to realize that I am actually looking at the precious relic. However, all the Junipero relics that could possibly be shown me, as well as all that has been printed or has yet to be printed on the merits of that wonderful man, would affect me not one tithe as did that unspoken Sermon on the Mount at Monterey.

But even Carmel, with its mission, and its wealth of queenly loveliness, cannot stay my madding journey. I will have more! more! I will drink beauty to its dregs.

I am strolling by the water's edge again on my return to Monterey, for I have reached my farthest south. But how describe this returning? How express with poor human words the inexpressibly divine? Shall I say that this returning is one long gallery of pictures—academic, impressionistic, post-impressionistic, cubist, vorticist, a bewildering array of all schools that have ever been or that ever will be? Then I shall not say the half of it. Shall I say that it is sea, sand dunes, rocky cliffs, pines, cypresses, distances, foregrounds, a splendor of bewitching color such as artist never dreamed of? Then I shall still as surely fall. I'll abandon attempt even.

I let my eyes loose. I release them from the knowledge of all pictures they have seen, from all learned in schools. I sprawl on the rocks and gaze up at the cliff heights. I sprawl on the cliff heights and gaze down into the thundering waters. I clutch gnarled or hanging pines and peer deep into dizzy whirlpools. I run far into the dark woods and look back at the stained glory of those deep, deep blue windows. It is black cypress against Prussian blue, Prussian blue against black cypress, emerald green over reefs, dazzling white under cliffs, maddening crests whirling out of caves to combat

maddening crests whirling to caves, foaming, sputting, improvisations endless

of the game. He plays Upon this checkerboard of nights and days. I reach Pacific Grove dazed as in a dream; ride forty-five miles to busy Santa Cruz, and am now suddenly 'midst trolley cars, automobiles, electric lights, stores, markets, crowds—Saturday night crowds. What a day—and what a week!

**Miss Julia Clement.**

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.)

wild happiness. At the same time hot tears of resentment smarted my eyes.

"You're so different from other girls," Arch was saying while I fought the threatened deluge. "You've never let me kiss you or—or anything; but I've hoped you cared, or you'd have sent me about my business long ago." He leaned toward me and asked huskily. "Do you?"

I was beyond speech. My teeth were clenched in an effort to hold back those Julie Clement tears. Archer stood silent. I brought all the force of my being to my task, but in spite of me two big hot disgusting drops spilled over and ran down my cheeks. Suddenly and without warning Arch swept me into his arms and kissed me fiercely.

"You've got to, honey," he whispered in a shakier voice that left me breathless and weak.

After a moment, though, I thought of the American Beauty roses. I set my palms flat against Archer's chest and pushed him away.

"You've got to tell me what's the matter," said Archer then. And by the steel grip with which he took my hands and held them and by the pallor of his face I knew I had to say something.

"You promised me the first ride in the car. You gave it to—some one else."

Relief flashed across Archer's face. He put my two clenched fists together, rested his chin on them, and looked straight into the back of my brain.

"Didn't you tell me to? Now think."

It was hard to think with his eyes looking into mine like that, but I did remember the note I wrote about his bringing Miss Clement to camp.

"Ye—es," I admitted, looking at my red tie.

"Then—" began Arch. But I never heard the remainder of the sentence.

[Yonkers Statesman:] "Who directed you here, madam?" asked the clerk in the store.

"Why, I walked here," replied the lady. "Did you think I came by parcel post?"

**Sore Eyes**

Grassiated Eyelids,  
Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Sand Wind  
quickly relieved by Marine Eye Remedy. No Smarting,  
just Eye Comfort. At  
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men would be glad to trade for a their infancy with the racing dog, or a platter of liver and then live to tell the nearly so.

envious what a swell affair the banquet of the Pelicans was.

If a man goes somewhere where he is supposed to have a good time he thinks he has to have it. If he doesn't, he lies about it. But in half the cases the place he goes is not where one of his tastes and inclination would enjoy himself anyhow. So he is up against it and learns to easily prevaricate. Possibly in advanced stages he deludes himself into the belief that he was having a good time. He knew that he was bored and uncomfortable, and therefore thought he must have been having a high old time.

Folks who are left to find a good time in their own way, stumble on it oftener than the rest. Some people are still able to enjoy themselves without spending a bucketful of dollars in the doing. The cream of happiness is not purchasable in the glossy coinage of the mint. It is a state of mind and is as apt to be found amid the lonely grandeur of the mountains as in the carnival call of the congested city.

To those who confess to the quest of a good time, and whose ambitions are thus centered, the Pacific Coast furnishes an almost infallible field for occupation. If one crave solitude it may be found in communion with nature in her fairest moods—on mountain peak, in fertile vale or by the limitless expanse of the sea. Here also are all the pleasures of a large and frolicsome city—the enthusiastic companionship of the crowd, and the pursuit of the bonny broiler. The ordinary outdoor pastimes and occupations of America may here be practiced and enjoyed the year 'round. If one would have a long ride over magnificent roads and amid matchless scenery, with occasional stops for refreshment at country inns, this is the land in which such pleasure may be found.

The combined joys of all the favored resorts of both the New and Old Worlds are practically at the command of the dweller in Southern California.

It is the country of the good time—and you don't have to lie about it.

### Glory Be!

THROUGH co-operation between the United States government and the National Geographic Society with headquarters at Washington, one of the most magnificent playgrounds of the world has been preserved from destruction for all time for the benefit and enjoyment of the people.

This playground is a tract known as the Giant Forest, situated in the heart of the Sequoia National Park, "the only scenic section of this great preserve of more than 160,000 acres which is accessible to motor-driven and horse-drawn vehicles." This tract contains the biggest and oldest trees in the world, and the saving of it came about in a rather unusual manner.

During the last session of Congress the Interior Department secured an appropriation of \$50,000 for the purchase of private holdings which the owners refused to part with, except on condition that all private holdings should be secured at the same time. This brought the price of the tract up to \$70,000, and a six-months' option was secured on the 670 acres, including all the private holdings in the tract. Congress would not authorize the expenditure of the additional \$20,000, so the Interior Department appealed to the National Geographic Society, with the result that the additional \$20,000 was secured. This gives these magnificent trees to the people of the United States forever; they were giant trees when Abraham kept sheep on the plains of Mesopotamia, and long before historical data exist of any human transaction; they were contemporaneous in

as a whole, however, though it may be with the summertime orders to produce manufactures in the hands of our divelopment. The two leading political parties have agreed to meet the war will settle the question of the election of president. The Democratic candidate, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, has been elected. The Republicans have chosen Mr. Warren G. Harding as their candidate. The election will be held on November 7th.

Individuals with ought to come from home tomorrow, general speaking.

We dislike duties levied on imports coming in from abroad, general speaking.

Foreign countries have agreed to cease to tax the fact, but the war will

about all the sources of power.

Command, and sometimes new, that is not for many months now to come.

At the end of the war there will be some demand for many months now to come.

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## A TRAMP THROUGH STEVENSON COUNTRY.

Jan. 12, 1917.]

—The Illustrated Weekly Magazine—

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Recent Notable Cartoons.

Good Short Stories. Open Court.  
The Motion Picture Business in South America.  
Glimpses of the Bean Industry in Southern California.  
Pictoresque Views of Rural Life in South America.  
Independencia de Chile.  
Some of the Vagaries of Tim Benito.  
Larry Riggs, the Boss of the Ranch.  
What Tom Edmonds Learned at College.

Sixty-Sixth Number to a Friend.  
Married Life of Helen and Warren.  
Gardening Land of Flowers.  
Gardening and Rural Books and Maps.  
Valuable Information in a Nutshell.  
Breaking into the Poultry Business.  
The Human Body; Its Care and Abuse.  
Home, Sweet Home. By a Housekeeper.  
Poetry and Humor.

## GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

## My Winter Garden.

I used to feed a furnace.  
I used to shovel snow.  
But now, I watch my radishes  
And cauliflower grow.

I used to stand on slipp'ry streets.  
I've seen my neighbors fall.  
But now, mid rows of tasseled corn  
I hear the wild birds call.

My turnips and my salsify  
Are growing side by side.  
My parsnips and my carrots spread  
Their foliage, with pride.

Instead of sifting ashes  
I pull a mess of beets.  
A dish of my sweet, tender peas  
The finest feast completes.

I'd rather dig potatoes  
Than handle tons of coal.  
My winter garden nourishes  
My body and my soul.

BELLE WILLEY GUE.

## The Outpost.

It was a dismal, stormy night.  
The outpost paced with head upright.  
His keen eyes scanned the battlefield  
And corses which a foe might shield.  
He thought of comrades in the camp,  
Asleep amid the cold and damp;  
And then his thoughts began to roam  
From the bleak of battlefield to home.

Mid darkness that defied mere sight  
He saw the home-lights shining bright;  
Among grotesque shapes in the storm  
He saw a child's beloved form;  
And near it was a form of grace  
And a fair woman's careworn face.  
He stretched his arms forth in the air  
To clasp the forms, which were not there.

He prayed: "God, give me strength for I  
Am weak when fancy tricks my eye  
With scenes of home and loved ones dear;  
When though afar, they seem so near!"  
The outpost said that he was weak—  
Words which no other man would speak  
Of him; for while his comrades slept  
Brave vigil over them he kept.

A flash of lightning lashed the field;  
And to his vision was revealed  
The crouching outline of the foe—  
An ominous, silent, stealthy row.  
He stopped! His gun flew to its place  
And courage sprang to set his face.  
No weakness there. Though death was  
near

His challenge rang out sharp and clear.  
A thousand black mouths belched reply,  
The overwhelmed night storm seemed to  
die,  
And o'er the field in fury spread  
A battle-storm which piled its dead  
Across the martyred sentinel.  
Who'd warned his comrades ere he fell—  
The outpost has no place in fame,  
Because the world knows not his name.

—[Charles H. Meiers, in Visalia Morning Delta.

## My Country. (Preparedness.)

My country, land of precious story,  
Land of freedom, land of song;  
I love thy streams and mountains hoary  
Vales and woodlands broad and long.

No ruins thine of ancient glory;

Thine no castles on the Rhine;  
Yet by our Father's edict holy  
Freedom was graven on thy shrine.

Then flew aloft the flag beloved,  
Sacred ever to remain;  
Which all thy loyal sons and daughters  
Vowed in honor to maintain.

How well they've kept this compact holy  
Thy history hath shown thee;  
Still, stars and stripes of loved Old Glory  
Wave on in pride and liberty.

Thus thou in careless peace hast floated  
Down the tide of centuries,  
Regarding not the question mooted,  
The need of strong defenses.

An adage old: "God helps the mighty  
Who themselves hold fast the plow,"  
Applies today; preparedness rightly  
Will with peace this land endow.

Now dark war clouds o'er thee hover;  
All unprepared they find thee.  
Ho! sons and daughters, bravely gather;  
Your troth in honor binds ye.

Arise! Gird on strong, valiant armor,  
To be defeated never.  
Then, in truth, thy flag of freedom  
Shall o'er thee float forever.

LOUISA M. PRATT.

Written by a California pioneer eighty-nine years old.

**The Wonderful Power of Prayer.**  
When I sit alone with my conscience,  
And sometimes with a tired brain,  
When the frosts of life bite so bitter  
That my being is racked with pain,  
When by friends and by friends forsaken,  
In the lone, dark hours of care,  
With a faith in my God unshaken  
I seek and find solace in prayer.

When the spirits of vile dissension,  
The friends that have loved drift apart,  
And feelings I dare not to mention  
Are trying to enter my heart.  
Then I kneel and I plead for pity.  
And the grace and the gift of love,  
Alone for new courage and solace,  
To the merciful God above.

Religion! What an untold treasure  
Doth that wonderful word contain—  
A beauty that glorifies pleasure—  
A God-given solace in pain!  
Though treachery, tyranny, hunger,  
Cast 'round me a serpentine snare,  
All the hosts of Heaven defend me  
When I lift up my soul in prayer.

Oh, God of all Mercy, protect us,  
Whoever we may be or where,  
From spirits of darkness that lead us  
To ways that reach only despair.  
This life may seem filled up with worries,  
With sorrows, with tears and with care,  
But we find an eternal sunshine  
In the wonderful gift of prayer.

—[Kate Beirne O'Rourke.

**Got the Best of It.**  
[Boston Transcript:] Agnes: I hear that  
you and your fiance had a fight. How did  
it come out?

Edith (flashing her solitaire:) You will  
notice that I am still in the ring.

[Yonkers Statesman:] "Pop!"  
"Yes, my son."  
"My school teacher isn't married, is she?" very fresh!  
"No, I believe not, my boy."  
"What makes her so cross then, pop?"

## SCOPE, OBJECTS AND AIM OF THIS MAGAZINE.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building, Price, with the Sunday Times, \$1.00 a year; without, \$2.00 a year in advance, postpaid. Single copies by mail or at news agencies, 10c. Sample copies mailed free on request.

Established December 5, 1897. Reconstructed, expanded or otherwise improved January 6, 1917; January 4, 1918; May 21, 1918; March 27, 1919; October 15, 1919.

**A Weekly Greeting:** A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Illustrated Weekly (32 copies) costing only \$1.00. An extra copy of the Magazine will be sent to you at any separate address, postpaid, for 25 cents, or 6 months for \$1.00 in advance. A still more valuable combination is a subscription to the Sunday Times and the Magazine together, both for \$4.00, post paid. This rate was established October 15, 1919.

**To Contributors:** In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1917, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P.O., under Act of March 3, 1879.

(95)

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SUNDAY MORNING,

# PRESIDI

For Eastern  
SHUT DOOR  
\$ON DOLLAR

Keep Out of China,  
Japs Tell Us.

Tokio's Insistence on Oriental  
Monroe Doctrine Disclosed  
to Financiers.

If Bankers Persist in Trying to  
Make Loans still Complain  
to Washington.

BY ROBERT WOOD—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH  
WASHINGTON BUREAU OF  
THE TIMES, Jan. 12.—Disclo-

sure that Japan is insist-  
ing on a "Monroe Doctrine" for  
China, so far as Chinese financial  
affairs are concerned, was made here  
today in discussion of pending plans  
for the financing of Chinese Indus-

trial. This subject is under considera-  
tion by the financiers of interest in  
the United States and Japan, but  
strong intimation is given in Jap-  
anese circles that if American bank-  
ers decline to recognize the Japanese  
finacial "Monroe Doctrine," the  
Japanese government will take up

the question with the government in  
this country.

**BASIS FOR JAPAN'S POLITICAL**  
The basis for Japan's adoption of  
this policy in China was explained in  
the phrase, "The political stability  
of China is essential to Japan." The  
basis for Japan's financial stability  
is not regarded as superfluous.  
It is explained that Japan cannot  
permit American financiers to fore-  
close on a Chinese railroad which  
might have pro-

THE WORLD'S NI  
THE TIMES

## CARNATIONS—CARNATIONS—CARNATIONS

The present is an ideal time to make a planting of these universally popular favorites; set out now means an abundance of fine blossoms next summer, autumn and winter. We have a splendid collection of fine, thrifty plants in 2½-inch pots.

### Three Fine Novelties

**BELLE WASHBURN**—Pure bright scarlet, very large, long stemmed.  
**CHARLOTTE**—Immense blossoms, delicious fragrance, very free, deep scarlet.  
**MATCHLESS**—Large, pure white, pointed petals on smooth stem, nice clover leaf.

Price of any of the three novelties, each 25 cents; per doz., \$1.50.

Special Offer—Four plants of each of the three varieties, twelve in all, postpaid to any address for \$1.50.

**DR. CHOATE**—Highly scented, medium sized, scarlet.  
**ENCHANTEUSE**—Enormous shell pink flowers.  
**ELDORADO**—Yellow, faintly penciled, scarlet.  
**FAIR MAID**—Blush pink, very free bloomer.  
**HALLOWARDEN**—Rich crimson maroon.  
**LOS ANGELES**—Deeply fringed, pure white.

Price of any of the above 12 varieties, each 25 cents; per doz., \$1.50.

General Collection Standard Sorts

**ADMIRATION**—Strongly clove scented, immense blossoms, color, white overlaid rose.  
**BATRACHIE MAYBERRY**—Rich, bright pink.  
**E. H. HARVEY**—Pure white, stained rose pink.

**GORGEOUS**—Deep rose pink, enormous size, long stemmed, fragrant.

Price of any of the above four varieties, each 25 cents; per doz., \$1.50.

Special Offer—Three of each variety, twelve in all, postpaid to any address for \$1.50.

### Four Superb Newer Varieties

**PROSPERITY**—White, overlaid deep rose.

**PROSPER**—Showy white, large.

**ROOSEVELT**—Dark maroon red.

**WHITE ENCHANTRESS**—Immense bluish white.

**WHITE FAIR MAID**—A pure white sport of Fair Maid.

Price of any of the above 12 varieties, each 25 cents; per doz., \$1.50. If wanted by mail add 10 cents per doz. to cover postage.

### CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS WHICH SHOULD BE SOWN NOW

**ALYSSUM**—Nothing prettier for ground cover in parks, ways, beds, etc. We offer you three choice varieties:

**LITTLE GEM**—Dwarf white, 6 in. high. Per pkt. 10¢.

**PROCUMBENS**—White. Very dwarf. Trailing or creeping in habit. Per pkt. 10¢.

**LILAC QUEEN**—A new deep lilac colored variety. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—(Snapdragons) One of the most popular flowers of the present day. Of course, there is exceedingly choice. Unscrewing for bedding or cutting. We offer them to you in the following varieties:

**ANTIRRHINUM**—Atroscocia—Coral red. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—Cottagemaid—Dark pink, white throat. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—Fire Fly—Scarlet with white throat. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—Fairy Queen; orange salmon, white throat. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—Galathes—Orange with white throat. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—Golden King; deep sulphur yellow. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—Purple King—Extra large purple white throat. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—Red Queen—Red with white throat. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—H. & S. Price Mixture. Per pkt. 15¢.

**ANTIRRHINUM**—Pink pearl; white ground; shaded peach blossom. Per pkt. 15¢.

**AQUILEGIA**—(Columbine) Hybrids of Coerulea. A splendid strain of hybrids of the giant Rocky Mountain Columbine. Includes all colors from yellow to scarlet, pink, etc. Per pkt. 15¢.

We have one of the most complete and best equipped florist establishments in the West. Our stock is brought to the store fresh and crisp each morning from our extensive nurseries and conservatories at Montebello.

## FLORAL DEPT.

We have one of the most complete and best equipped florist establishments in the West. Our stock is brought to the store fresh and crisp each morning from our extensive nurseries and conservatories at Montebello.

If it wasn't  
so GOOD, we  
wouldn't take the  
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Clean & Good

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"Keeps  
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Call  
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## Social Favorites



Rich, aromatic,  
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it never varies.

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The Foremost Events of Yesterday.  
 (1) The Wreck of  
 (2) The Checkboard of the War.  
 (3) Mexico. (4) Congress.  
 (5) Justice. (6) The Cold Wave. (7)  
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4. Senate and Complete, 32 Pages.

## SUMMARY.

**THE SKY.** Partly cloudy. Wind east, south; velocity, 7 miles per hour; highest, 65 deg; lowest, 55 deg. Forecast: Fair. For complete weather report see last page of **THE CITY.**

**THE CITY.** Charges of sensational nature affecting the former teacher at Point Loma were made yesterday.

**THE COLD WAVE.** It is a mistake to jump to conclusions of the more important news in the world than get all the news in the paper. The **Times** has the facts and the figures that really impress.

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**THE COLD WAVE.** It is a mistake to jump to conclusions of the more important news in the world than get all the news in the paper. The **Times** has the facts and the figures that really impress.



LOS ANGELES TIMES

Life-giving outlet of the Owens River Canal.



Liberty Under Law.

# ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

MAGAZINE OF THE FAR-FLUNG SOUTHWEST.

TEN CENTS

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1917.

1781—1917.

*The Envy of the World.*

\*Issued with the Los Angeles Sunday Times and served to its subscribers. The Magazine, complete in itself, is also mailed separately to any address ordered. (See terms, etc., see page 51.)

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